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THE EARLY ESSAYS AND ROMANCES OF

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE Bt.

with THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

by his sister LADY GIFFARD

Edited from the Original MSS.

by

G. C. MOORE SMITH

Also two unpublished Poems of Sir William Temple and two poems on 'Mother Ludwell's Cave'.

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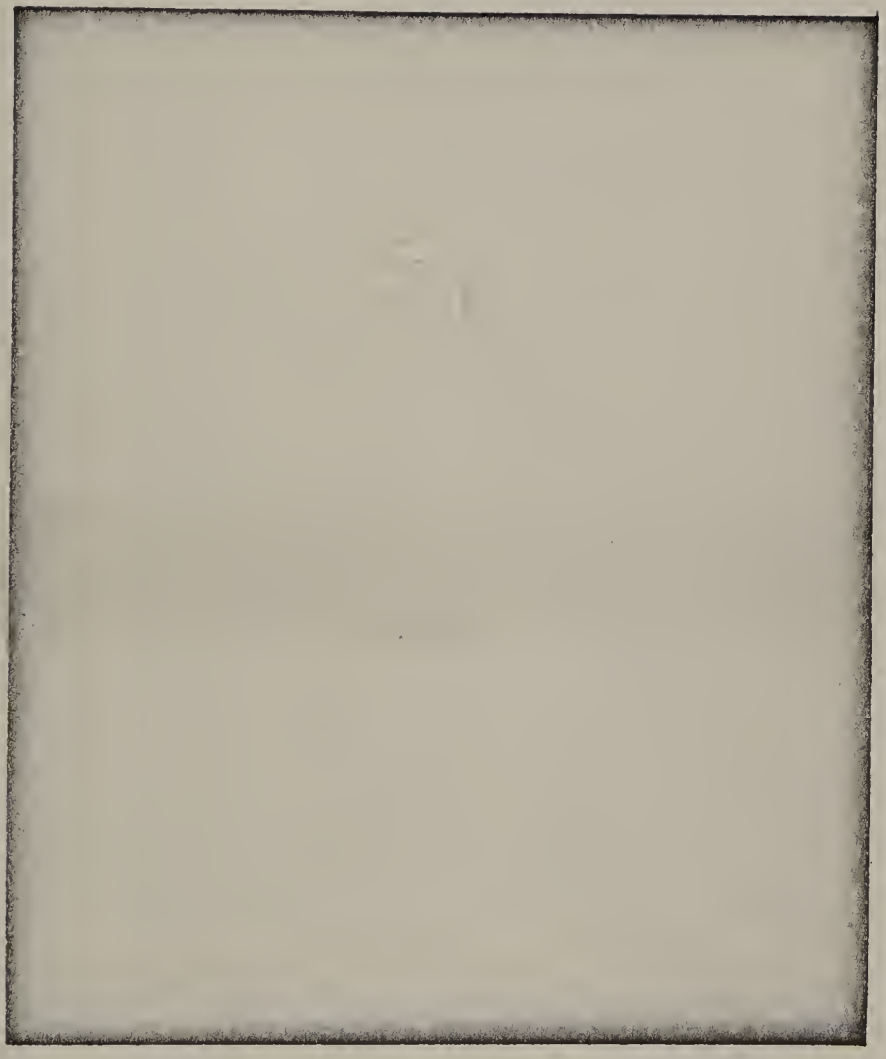

William Temple

from the portrait by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery

Ernest Walker sc.

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PREFACE

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S 'Early Essays' and 'Romance', Lady Giffard's 'Life and Character of Sir William Temple', and the two anonymous poems are here printed by kind permission from autograph manuscripts in the possession of the Rev. John Charles Longe, M.A., of Spixworth Park and Yelverton Rectory near Norwich. My most sincere thanks are due to him for his very great kindness. The 'Romance' has never been published before: the other matter only with omissions and modernizations which will be described below. Two original poems of Temple here given are only known from a privately printed book of which the British Museum possesses the unique copy. The poems 'Mother Ludwell's Cave' and the imitation of 'O fons Bandusiæ' have never been printed. It seemed desirable that students of Temple should be supplied with all this material in the form in which it has come down from the hands of its authors, and I am indebted to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press for undertaking its publication.

My thanks are due to my lifelong friend Sir Alexander Harris, K.C.M.G., C.B., of Greenhill Brow, Farnham, for a journey he kindly made on my behalf to Mother Ludwell's Cave, and for the sketch and information which followed: and still more to my sister Miss Moore Smith (late of Durban) who transcribed for me a great part of Temple's and Lady Giffard's manuscripts, and to Professor J. A. Rice of Rollins College, Florida, U.S.A., who, visiting Yelverton and Broadlands for the sake of his own work, thought of me as well as of himself with the happiest results. I owe to him, not only the second poem on the Cave, and the engraving, but more than I can explicitly mention.

In transcribing the manuscripts I have accommodated the use of *u* and *v* to modern custom.

G. C. M. S.

SHEFFIELD, *August* 1930.

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INTRODUCTION

I. LADY GIFFARD'S 'LIFE AND CHARACTER OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'

THE manuscript from which the following *Life* is transcribed is in the handwriting of the authoress, Martha Lady Giffard, Sir William Temple's only surviving sister, and has a note on it in her hand 'writt in 1690'. It occupies 30 quarto pages. It contains corrections and deletions of a later date in the same hand.

The *Life* is found in another MS. in a shorter form, which I call 'B', also in Lady Giffard's hand. It here occupies 16 quarto pages. This has appended to it a still shorter sketch of the *Life* in 4 pages, headed 'some passages out of y^{e} other paper written by S^{r} John Temple [i.e. Sir William Temple's brother]', and finally the following note:

'The passages in these papers of S^{r} W. T. life were recollected & writ at y^{e} desire of S^{r} John Temple in y^{e} year 1690 & with no designe of ever appearing but amongst his friends, but it was alwayes thought fit when all his writeings are made publick together with those y^{t} have already printed them severaly had always in designe some passages of his life should be added to them, & y^{t} I beleeve S^{r} John Temple design'd should be those he collected out of the other & w^{ch} when he return'd it I found written very imperfectly in his owne hand. twas not long before I lost him [Sir J. T. died 1704] & I never saw this paper till after, & so leave it with very little alteration, & hope y^{e} friends in whose hands it shall fall will take care if ever 'tis thought fit to be made publick y^{t} y^{e} hand it came from may still be unknowne.

I found at the end of it added by s^{r} John Temple & writt in his owne hand theese words. He very little encreas'd his estate by his imployments had nine children of w^{ch} only two Daughters of his eldest son survived him his parts & abilitys will best be knowne by his writeings & then y^{e} time & place where we lost him.'

There is some incoherency which one would attribute to Lady Giffard's advancing years (she died at the age of 84 on 31 Dec. 1722).

The second manuscript (B) differs from the one here printed chiefly in its greater compression and reticence.

It contains practically nothing which is not in the other version. But it has a sentence referring to the mysterious suicide of Sir William's son in 1689, and carries the narrative over to Sir William's death

'y^e^ cruel blow y^t^ happen'd in y^e^ loss of his son w^ch^ was thought to proceed from an illness he had long complain'd of strikeing up to his head, nobody appearing happier in his famely, nor more sattisfied w^th^ his fortunes. Whatever it was with this deplorable accident ended all y^e^ good fortunes so long taken note of in S^r^ W. T. famely & brought a cloud upon y^e^ remainder of his life & a damp upon y^e^ good humor so natural to him & so often observ'd y^t^ nothing could ever recover.

With this load y^e^ Prince being setled upon y^e^ throne, he return'd at y^e^ end of y^e^ year to Moreparke with y^e^ little remainder of his desolate famely haveing lost nine children himselfe & his son leaveing only two Daughters & with y^e^ resolution so firmely fix'd of passing y^e^ rest of his life there y^t^ nothing could ever alter. He liv'd ten years after saw y^e^ king sometimes at Windsor, & was visitted by all his relation & acquaintance at home. but had bin long in great extremity afflicted with y^e^ gout, w^ch^ with age & decay of strength & spirits at last' [breaks off].

The conclusion I draw is that Sir John Temple, at whose desire Lady Giffard wrote Life A in 1690, found it when completed too full of family details: that after Sir William's death in January 1699 he reduced it to a sketch-life of 4 pages, and that Lady Giffard to meet his criticisms reduced her Life to the shorter form of the B manuscript. Eventually, however, the A form given here was taken as the basis of the printed *Life* of 1728.

Lady Giffard at the end of her life wrote another short account of the family history for her nephew the future Lord Palmerston. This MS. is at Broadlands, and I am indebted to its owner the Rt. Hon. Wilfrid Ashley, M.P., for his kind permission to quote from it here. Lady Giffard largely repeats her old account but adds a few new touches. She implies that her grandfather after Essex's fall would have been put to death by Cecil, but the Queen 'then growne tir'd with y^e^ dismall scene' refused her consent. Of her grandfather's family she writes that the eldest daughter 'was married to Sir John Veel 'of an ancient

Englis famely', the second daughter was 'stole away by one M^r. Ward and left only one son, the youngest liv'd long with her eldest Brother S^r John Temple and dyed' unmarried. This lady then took the place of their lost mother to William Temple and his brothers and sisters, though she goes on to say that she herself and her twin-brother Henry, whose birth had cost their mother her life [5 Sept. 1638], remained at Penshurst Rectory in the charge of their grandmother Hammond till their fears of the Parliamentary Army 'frighted them all away'. Sir John Temple after losing his wife went to visit his mother and estate in Ireland. The Rebellion of 1641 drove Lady Temple to Dublin, where Sir John, as a member of the Privy Council, was engaged 'in y^e examination & discovery of y^t dismal scene'. Eventually Sir John, being assailed for his opposition to the 'Cessation', came over and joined his children in England and saw to their education. All his sons were sent to school at Bishop Stortford, and the two eldest, William and John, went on to Cambridge. Lady Giffard mentions a third son, James, whom elsewhere she characteristically ignores, as 'unfortunately lost at Hispaniola'. This is a new piece of family history. James had been born on 27 May 1634. It appears that he sailed with General Venables as his secretary on December 1654 on the disastrous expedition against the Spaniards in Hispaniola (St. Domingo). They landed on 13 April and on the 17th fell into an ambuscade which caused the death of 20 officers and men, including 'M^r. Temple the Generall's owne secretary'.[1] Lady Giffard's unwillingness to admit that her father or brothers had been in Cromwell's service, sufficiently accounts for her silence about her brother James in the narrative she wrote for publication.

Lady Giffard goes on to inform her nephew that her uncle Thomas Temple and her maternal uncle Robert Hammond of Chertsey had married two daughters of Sir Francis Knollys of Reading Abbey:[2] 'whom y^e longest

[1] See *Venables' Narrative*, ed. Sir C. H. Firth, p. 127, App. D.

[2] I showed this independently in *Notes and Queries*, vol. 151, p. 238.

thing I can remember is to have seen at the age of fourscore and fourteen at his daughters house at Chertsey then widow'.

Passing to Sir John Dingley of the Isle of Wight, who had married her mother's elder sister Jane Hammond, she says that his estate was consumed by the ill-management of his eldest son, and the other children (five sons and four daughters) impoverished. 'Y^e^ second son was Father to those you know now' [among others, Martha Dingley, Stella's companion]. He had been married on an income of £80 a year to a lady with only £500 and left nine children.

Lady Giffard's *Character of Sir William Temple* was written at the same time as the *Life*, 1690, as is clear from the words, 'Hee has now past the age of sixty.' I have not found any second MS. version among Mr. Longe's papers.

Neither the *Life* nor the *Character* were printed in Lady Giffard's lifetime. Six years after her death there appeared a thin folio of 24 pages (including the title-page):

> The LIFE and CHARACTER of Sir *William Temple*, Bar^t^. Written by a particular FRIEND. Never before published. *LONDON*: Printed for *B. MOTTE*, at the *Middle Temple Gate* in *Fleet Street*. 1728.

There was another separate edition about 1730 (the B.M. copy lacks a title-page) and the *Life* and *Character* were prefixed to the editions of Temple's Works of 1750, 1754, 1757, 1770. In 1814 the *Life* was recast and the *Character* omitted.

The basis of the printed *Life* was the longer MS. *Life* here printed: that of the *Character*, the MS. also given here. But the editor, whoever he was, treated both MSS. with considerable freedom.

In the *Life* he omits the prefatory paragraph and a crowd of the more personal and intimate touches of Lady Giffard's narrative. Temple's early life at Cambridge, for example, his adventure with the Osbornes in the Isle of Wight, the praise given by Lady Giffard to his early Essays and to Dorothy Osborne's letters, the circumstances of his marriage, the sufferings of his wife and family during

the Plague, all these were suppressed in deference to the 'dignity of history'. At times the compression of the story leads to a false presentation of the facts of Temple's life, for example in regard to the year 1660.

The editor naturally improves Lady Giffard's grammar and punctuation; he introduces a few touches of his own, e.g. 'the great Earl of Essex', 'this happy Revolution in 1688', and in four final paragraphs carries on the story from the year 1690, where Lady Giffard left it, to a point after her death in 1722.

Lady Giffard's *Character* was treated by the editor with the same freedom. Whole paragraphs were omitted, apparently as too trivial and intimate: while one statement seems to have been transferred from the *Life* into the *Character*: 'upon those sad occasions often saying, His holy Name be praised: His Will be done.' The editor omitted Lady Giffard's concluding sentences. Instead of reproducing her statement of Temple's disapproval of a man's changing his religion (which certainly has a sceptical or agnostic ring about it), he combats Bishop Burnet's attack on Temple's religious principles (*History of His Own Times*, vol. i, 1724, p. 378) by a reference to the latter's letter of consolation to the Countess of Essex.

T. P. Courtenay, in preparing his admirable *Memoirs of Sir W. Temple* (1836), was most generously treated by the Rev. John Longe and his successor the Rev. Robert Longe of Shrubland Hall, who put all their manuscripts (then at Coddenham) at his service. He is thus able here and there to quote passages of Lady Giffard's *Life* which had been omitted from this *Life* as it was printed. His treatment of Lady Giffard's *Character* is not quite simple. He prints a *Character*, vol. ii, pp. 144–51, and says of his work: 'We copy *verbatim*.' 'The whole is now for the first time taken from the manuscript at Coddenham, in the hand-writing of Lady Giffard; and the passages which we have printed in italics are *omitted in the former publications*.' When Courtenay says he copies *verbatim*, he does not say *verbatim et literatim*: he modernizes the spelling and, unless he had before him a different manuscript from the one I have

used, seems at times to adopt the improved English of the editor of 1728 in preference to Lady Giffard's own text. Thus, where *I* find: 'if one tells truth, 'tis thought being partial, & if one dus not, one is sure to be unjust; I will try by saying little to avoyd both,' Courtenay reproduces the text of 1728: 'If one tells truth, it is thought Partiality, and if one does not, it is a real piece of Injustice. I will try (by saying little) to avoid both Imputations.' Whether Courtenay had a MS. intermediate between the one here used and the printed text of 1728, or whether in copying this manuscript he felt himself free to improve on it, here or there, I cannot determine. He was at the best a rather inaccurate copyist, e.g. my MS. has 'he never had a mind to make any body kind to him that he did not compass it': the 1728 text '. . . without compassing his Design', Courtenay 'without confessing his design'. (Perhaps this was only a misprint, but Courtenay has many clear misreadings.)

Lady Giffard's devotion to her brother William gives her a high place in the hierarchy of affectionate sisters. She says that with some small intervals she had lived with him from 1650 when he returned from France till 1690, and she continued to do so till his death. It was a family tradition that even when Lady Temple lived in London in a house in Pall Mall Lady Giffard remained with her brother in the country. After her fortnight of married life in 1664 she was a constant member of her brother's household at Sheen, The Hague, and Moor Park. Miss Julia G. Longe's book, *Martha, Lady Giffard* (1911), brings out many estimable traits in her character, shows her surrounded by friends and correspondents, and gives us a most interesting collection of portraits of herself and those nearest to her. A great part of a verse-translation of Montemayor's *Diana* by Lady Giffard is among Mr. Longe's papers. She had followed her brother's example in mastering Spanish.

II. 'A TRUE ROMANCE OR THE DISASTROUS CHANCES OF LOVE AND FORTUNE'

In the early part of 1648 William Temple stayed with his uncle Sir John Dingley in the Isle of Wight and so met Dorothy Osborne and her younger brother, who were on their way to join their father Sir Peter Osborne at St. Malo. Temple was then 20, Dorothy 21. He accompanied the brother and sister to St. Malo and lingered there under the spell of Dorothy's beauty and wit till his father took alarm and ordered him to proceed to Paris. This was probably in the summer of 1648. He remained in France till the end of 1650, partly in Paris, partly in the provinces, and, as his sister tells us, 'learnt French perfectly'. France was distracted by political discord and revolt, even by foreign invasion; 'I was in Paris', Temple writes, 'at that time when it was beseig'd by the King and betray'd by the Parliament, when the Archduke Leopoldus advanced far into France with a powerfull army.' But though the times had their lessons for the observant mind of the future statesman, his private anxieties, he tells us, affected him more nearly. His heart was given to Dorothy Osborne —for the 'Madame' to whom the stories are addressed can only be she—and he 'was fain by all diversions to lessen the occasions of thinking' on her in absence. He found relief in reading French stories of unhappy lovers: 'whilst I pittyed others I sometimes forgott how much I deservd it myself.' From the reading of these love-stories came the impulse to tell them over again in a new form and language, and in expressing the passions of the different characters to find a vent for his own. And so we have in Temple's handwriting the group of stories before us—of which the outlines were borrowed from earlier tales, but the passions depicted were drawn solely from Temple's remembrances of the lady of his love.

Temple makes no claim that the stories are any of them his own invention. But their sources would not be easy to discover. 'The names of persons are disguised and sometimes of places where the persons and actions were too

notorious as in that of the Duellists where Persia stands for France.' ('The brave Duellists' is one of the four stories now lost.) He tells us that what was not his own in his long story 'The Constant Desperado' could be contained in forty lines.

It is not to be expected that the stories written by a despairing lover of 22 in the small hours of the night to express his own yearnings in a disguised form, stories which once written were left unrevised, should seem to posterity other than crude and boyish effusions.

Courtenay said that Temple's efforts were just what one would expect under these titles in a circulating library of pamphlet novels. Like the more famous Romances of the age, they abound in impossible characters and have a general air of unreality. The construction is loose, especially in 'The Disloyall Wife', where the later story of Timante and Adonio has no inherent connexion with that of Cleanthes, while its inclusion lessens our interest in the heroine. We were also led to expect some decisive action on the part of the Pope, Altamont's brother, but he disappears from the story without contributing to the *dénouement*. And yet, as being Temple's, these stories have an interest of no small kind. Whether we think of him as the recipient of Dorothy Osborne's brilliant letters, as the future statesman or as the future essayist and historian, these romances which show the working of his mind and the surge of his emotions in the opening years of his manhood are of great value to us.

To Temple the story was less an end in itself than a framework for his philosophy of life. A few years later George Mackenzie, afterwards known in Scotland as the persecuting King's Advocate, wrote in a similar spirit his *Aretina*; or, *The Serious Romance* (1660). In his 'Apologie for Romances', prefixed to this work, he says: 'albeit essayes be the choicest Pearls in the Jewel house of moral Philosophy, yet I ever thought that they were set off to the best advantage, and appeared with the greatest lustre, when they were laced upon a Romance.' That Temple had a turn for speculation and casuistry was shown clearly in

his Essays written two years after this time, but it is already apparent in his stories. He had been the pupil of Cudworth and his private experiences had given much ground for thought.

It is in no spirit of detachment that he treats of the subordination of children to parental authority, the sacrifice of young hearts to considerations of worldly prudence, the position of the lover when the girl who has given him her love is the unwilling wife of another. In his discussion of such things the pendulum sways always at the side of passion. There is admiration even for an Amaryllis who, having once sinned, is faithful to her lover to the death, despite the appeals of a mother and of a minister of religion. This is a Temple whom we should have in mind when we read Dorothy Osborne's letters.

Mackenzie, in the 'Apologie' from which I have quoted, writes: 'It was to form to my self a style that I undertook this piece.' Temple no doubt had this end also before him. He was trying his prentice hand at that art of writing of which he became in the end so great a master. The age had not yet been cured of its taste for 'conceits', and Temple provided it with an abundance of them: 'so many sighs as I wonder how they left mee breath enough to serve till my return'; 'his thoughts mett with hers as indeed they could not choose, since they had both but one heart'; 'such a passion as though it enter'd on a sudden, lik'd its lodging so well that it nere found the way out'; 'their ey's at first meeting seem'd to strike fire from whence some sparks falling on their hearts which had been before burnt to tinder, kindled them again . . . and they at first touch sett their desires on a flame.' Temple himself draws attention to one feature of his style, his Gallicisms. 'Many French words not yet usuall among us I beleeve are slipt in, that beeing the language most familiar to mee at the time of their writing.' In stories produced in France after a long absence from England, Gallicisms were inevitable. And so we have 'to break his head' (= to drive him wild), 'to drole' (make sport), 'brigues' (intrigues), 'upon the place' ('sur le champ'), 'research' (courtship of a lady),

'he gives Fatyme a part of the letter' (informs F. of the letter), expressions either not recognized in the *O.E.D.* or not recognized for so early a date. We may remember that in the works of his later years, so much admired for the suavity and amenity of their style, Temple was still accused of showing an over-fondness for French turns of speech. The age generally borrowed French phrases very freely: but in that movement Temple was conspicuous. Perhaps the English language still bears traces of the fact that from the age of 20 to 22 William Temple was living in France.

Still in these stories Temple employed a wide vocabulary, and his love for French elegance was not incompatible with his recourse to very idiomatic English. 'He calls his hostess all to nought', 'they would stay him dinner', 'they walk him out', 'to keepe such a coyle', 'to take a turn' (=be hanged), 'to swaddle' (to cudgel), 'the course of the market' (the way things go), 'at a Cosen's wedding of his'—these are the phrases not of books, but of the home and the street.

We have noticed Temple's statement that the stories were written at a time when the language most familiar to him was French—that is, they were written during his sojourn in France 1648–50. But it was probably during the next six months when he was in England that he had thoughts of publishing his little collection, and with this view wrote the introductory letters addressed 'Reader' and 'Madame' (the latter headed 'To my Lady'). This letter (of which there is an imperfect draft at the end of the story of 'The Constant Desperado') is full of personal and autobiographical interest. We cannot doubt that Dorothy Osborne was the recipient. We need not pay much regard to Temple's explanation of the manner in which the stories came within reach of publication; it is too well-worn to have deceived any one. 'A friend found them by chance among some other scribled papers from whom all my importunity could never since recover them . . . I found hee was resolvd to publish them.' Whether it was the mysterious friend or Temple himself who was resolved

to publish them, the project was thwarted or abandoned, and the stories, or at least five out of the nine which Temple mentions, remain in manuscript. At what date *The Labyrinth of Fortune*, *The Fate of Jealousie*, *The brave Duellists*, and *The incestuous paire* were lost, I cannot say.

III. ESSAYS WRITTEN IN HIS YOUTH

We have seen that Temple probably wrote his romances at Paris between 1648 and the end of 1650, the date at which we may assume him to have returned to his father's house in London. For 8 or 9 months perhaps Temple and Dorothy were able to meet from time to time in London, but in the late summer of 1651 he was sent abroad again. In the spring of 1652 he was at Breda, later at Brussels, and finally at Antwerp—returning home in November 1652.[1] It was apparently at Brussels that he wrote the early Essays. He was now 24 and had grown greatly in mental stature since he composed the rather boyish romances. Lady Giffard seems to date the writing of the Essays after Temple's return to England, though the MS. is endorsed —'Written in his Youth at Brussels[2] . . . in 1652,' and though there is internal evidence of one at least being written at Brussels. However, Lady Giffard writes:

'he came home, liv'd two or three years [really 15 months] about the Towne in the usual entertainements of young & Idle men, but never without passing a great deal of it alone, where he read much & writt both verses & some other short Essays upon severall subjects, w^{ch} are still in his Famely, though he would never suffer them to go further, & that (if I might be Judge) were not less extraordinary at y^{t} age, then what he has writt since with more Judgement & thought, such a spirit & range of fancy & imagination, I beleeve, has seldome bin seen; w^{ch} he us'd to say cost him afterwards so much pains to suppress in all he writt, and made publick.'

Mr. T. P. Courtenay in his *Memoirs of Sir William Temple* (1836) included most of these early Essays, though he modernized the spelling and punctuation and omitted some sentences apparently from motives of hyper-delicacy.

[1] See my edition of *The Letters of Dorothy Osborne*, pp. xxix–xxxiv.

[2] 'Brussels' is now deleted, but was legible to Courtenay, ii, p. 339.

He occasionally misread his manuscript. Courtenay supports Lady Giffard's commendations of Temple' efforts:

'They really have too much of originality, if not of *eccentricity*, to deserve the appellation of School-themes; some of them display a knowledge of the human mind, and a bold examination of human motives, which the most Scottish of metaphysicians may not despise. There are fewer conceits, and less of pedantry than in most of the later writings of this copious author.'

Macaulay's words are still warmer: 'The specimen which Mr. Courtenay has preserved of these early compositions is by no means contemptible; indeed, there is one passage on Like and Dislike which could have been produced only by a mind habituated carefully to reflect on its own operations, and which reminds us of the best things in Montaigne.'[1] The resemblance between Temple's Essays and those of Montaigne, here pointed out, was probably something more than fortuitous. In his third Essay, in a passage not known to Macaulay, Temple remarks casually: 'going into a bookesellers shop I asked for Mountaigne's essayes' and proceeds to imply how little he agreed with a gallant who told him 'hee lov'd Mountaignes Essays because they were so like Austins confessions.' We see that Temple was already acquainted with Montaigne even when he was inquiring after a copy of his writings: and it may well be Montaigne's example which encouraged Temple in that discursiveness on which he himself remarks at the end of the third essay and which he had indulged still more freely in the first.

The Essays have not only Montaigne's discursiveness, they have his self-revelation. If in the romances written at Paris Temple expressed the passionate feelings of a lover, here in these maturer essays he shows the activity of a mind which in quieter moments pondered over problems moral and metaphysical. He is in no servitude, either to Aristotle 'this philosophical tyrant who governs all with his arbitrary word', or to ecclesiastical masters: "tis too magisteriall even in matters of religion to impose

[1] Critical essay on Courtenay's *Life*, *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1838.

anything upon mens beleefe.' We must accept our ignorance and be as chary of hasty denial as of blind acceptance of popular views. Macaulay has stamped with his praise the passage on Like and Dislike; there is no less subtlety in Temple's analysis of Envy and Jealousy and in his rejection of the doctrine of the Golden Mean. And at times his sentences show not only acute thinking, but the moulding power of an artist in language. 'There is no voice so sweet as that of praise where a man thinks hee deserves it,' while 'the pleasure of undeserv'd reputation is but like that of a dreame, this ends when I wake, that when others'. Such passages as these bear no stamp of the writer's youth, but we cannot read far without having it recalled to us. If there is profundity in the thought that peace of mind comes when hope is over, it was a thought prompted by the non-arrival of a love-letter. And when the essayist makes fun of the high voices of Germans, which serve them so well in a night-attack to make few seem many—when he tells us of his dislike of people who stoop and people who take tobacco and people who write in a 'swell'd' style—of his little skill in acquiring the tongues, so that what he gains in a foreign language he loses in his own—of his idle hours spent in reverie—of his feeling that if he had been born in a lower station, and forced to set up business for himself, he would have done respectably in any line—we are brought very near to an actual English gentleman of 24 in the year 1652 living in exile at Brussels, while a brilliant girl in an old Bedfordshire mansion wonders what he is doing and if he has quite forgotten their parting at Goring House. In a few months the old ties will have been re-knit.

IV. UNPUBLISHED POEMS

Sir William Temple seems to have written verse throughout his life. Verse-translations from French and Italian lyrics appear in his romances of 1648–50: Lady Giffard quotes the happy epigram addressed to the statue of Leda at Moor Park, Herts., which he composed in 1653, and tells that it was in his farming days in County Carlow

that he 'translated Fortunatus out of Virgil'. Perhaps at one time he had thoughts of publishing some poetical specimens in his lifetime. The British Museum possesses a unique privately-printed volume:

POEMS

BY

Sir W. T.

which was sold at Beloe's sale in 1803 for £2 3*s*. 0*d*. to the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville, and came with his books into the national collection. The copy now contains a letter of 5 Dec. 1835 from the Rt. Hon. T. P. Courtenay, thanking Mr. Grenville for having lent him the volume. 'In that part of the contents which has not been published elsewhere, I have not found anything worthy of extraction [for inclusion in his forthcoming *Memoirs of Sir W. Temple*]: but I am none the less glad to have seen the book.' Mr. Courtenay further contributed a pencil note on the MS. corrections of the text of the poems found in this copy: 'The corrections in ink, are in the handwriting of Sir William Temple. T.P.C.'

The contents of this little volume were probably sent to the printer some time after 1680 when Temple had definitely retired from political life (the British Museum Catalogue dates it '1670 ?'). They are as follows:

p. 1. Virgil's last Eclogue. Translated, or rather Imitated, at the Desire of My Lady Giffard.

'One Labour more, O Arethusa, yield'

[Printed in Temple's Works, 1720 and 1731, i, p. 314, 1754, ii, p. 479]

p. 9. Virgil's O Fortunate [*sic*] &c. Translated, or rather, Imitated upon the Desire of My Lady Temple [in Ireland *c.* 1657–1662. See Lady Giffard's *Life*].

'O happy Swains, if their own good they knew'

[Not reprinted]

p. 18. The first of Horace his Sermons: being a Translation, or

rather, Imitation of his Way of Writing, Upon the Desire of my Lady Temple, and My Lady Giffard.

'How is't, Mecenas, that no man abides

[Not reprinted]

p. 28. Ode VII [Book IV].

'The Snows are melted all away'

[1720, 1731, i, p. 317; 1754, ii, p. 482.]

p. 31. Ode XIII [Book I].

'When thou commend'st the lovely Eyes

[1720, 1731, i, p. 318; 1754, ii, p. 484.]

p. 34. Upon Mrs. Philipp's Death: Made at the Desire of My Lady Temple.

'Why all these looks so solemn and so sad!'

[Not reprinted]

p. 38. Upon the Approach of the Shore at Harwich. In January 1668. Begun under the Mast. At the Desire of My Lady Giffard.

'Welcome the fairest and the happiest earth,'

[1720, 1731, i, p. 319; 1754, ii, p. 485.]

p. 44. Upon My Lady Giffard's Loory [a bird].

'Of all the questions which the curious raise'

[Not reprinted]

After this p. 50 'Finis', and a blank leaf.

p. 51. Aristæus. Drawn from the latter part of the Fourth Book of Virgil's Georgicks.

The Argument.

p. 53. 'The Shepherd *Aristæus* grieving, sees

[Not reprinted]

p. 82. Finis.

p. 83. Ode the 29th. Lib. III.

Moecena's Offspring of Tyrrhenian Kings,

[1720, 1731, i, p. 321; 1754, ii, p. 488]

p. 89. Finis.

It will be seen that about half the poems in the privately printed volume were included in the subsequent editions of Temple's works. It is noticeable that these particular poems are marked by the drawing of a pointing finger in

the original table of contents. This was perhaps done by Temple himself and conveyed his sanction for their being given to a wider public. Two verse-translations appear in the *Works* 1720, 1731, (i, pp. 324, 325), 1754 (ii, pp. 492, 493) which were not in the privately printed book—one of Horace, *Epist.* i. 2. 47, the other of Tibullus iv. 2.

Of the poems not printed again three were translations (from Virgil's *Georgics*, ii. 458—and iv. 317—and Horace's *Satire*, i. 1) and two were original compositions on the death of the matchless Orinda and on Lady Giffard's lory. These latter are now published for the first time.

I have further included two poems from Yelverton manuscripts, 'A description of Mother Ludwells Cave' and an Imitation of Horace's Ode, 'O fons Bandusiæ', here addressed 'To Mother Luddwels cave & spring'.

Both poems celebrate a famous Cave, which must have been an object of the greatest interest to all who knew Moor Park during the last years of Sir William Temple's life. Originally a natural cavern in the sandstone, from which a stream of water flowed, its more spacious vestibule had been supplied with stone or wooden seats, the stream had been conducted to a basin from which it again descended, and the over-hanging oaks gave a pleasant shade and recalled Horace's fountain of Bandusia. Meanwhile legends had gathered round the cave. To the writer of our first poem it was the abode of a Witch, Mother Ludwell, the 'Fairy Matron'. The Rev. Thomas Swift, who had lived at Moor Park at the same time as his cousin Jonathan, and became afterwards Rector of the neighbouring parish of Puttenham, in a letter of 1 October 1717, kindly copied for me by Professor Rice,[1] writes:

'As to Ludwell it is seated at y^e^ bottom of a hill opening toward y^e^ Evening Sun, not visited by his Summer rays untill they are grown so weak as to be rather comfortable than offensive, called so from Lud King of y^e^ South Saxons who after y^e^ heat of a fight retired hither to cool & dress his Wounds. Its waters were afterwards conveyed by Pipes laid quite across a small Plain under y^e^

[1] MS. Rawlinson 1194, 8.

River [Wey] to rise again and mix w^th^ y^e^ wine drank by the Monks of Waverly Abby, who allso used to make this their Helicon[1] where they met w^th^ their Muses.'

Manning in his *History of Surrey* (1814)[2] says that the cave, anciently called Ludwell, was then vulgarly known as 'Mother Ludlow's hole'. He too refers to the pipes which conveyed the spring to Waverley Abbey, a story summarily disposed of by the *Victoria History of Surrey*.[3]

In recent time, as Sir Alexander Harris tells me from the local authorities, the name has become Mother Ludlam and 'the cauldron now preserved in Frensham Church was taken from the cave, having been at one time the property of the witch'. According to Manning,[4] however, the great kettle or cauldron in the vestry of Frensham Church 'was brought hither by the Fairies time out of mind from Borough Hill in Cherte about a mile from hence'. He adds, 'Mr. Aubrey supposes the kettle was an ancient utensil for the Parish Church-Ales'. An ornamental iron grille now replaces the wooden gate and palisade of the engraving.

The cave is situated about 150 yards along the drive of the Moor Park estate coming in from the Waverley Road and about three-quarters of a mile from the mansion.

The first poem or *Description* is written in a large round rather childish hand. It seems clear from the way in which the last lines are crowded into the margin of the page, that the poem is as complete as the one the scribe copied from. But the ending is so abrupt that we must suppose it was left unfinished by its poet.

Who that poet was, one cannot say with certainty, though it was clearly a member of the Moor Park household; and resemblances pointed out in the notes to some poems of 1693 by Jonathan Swift make it tempting to consider him the author. As I have said below, it seems hardly likely that there were two poets living in the same house whose minds called up under different circumstances

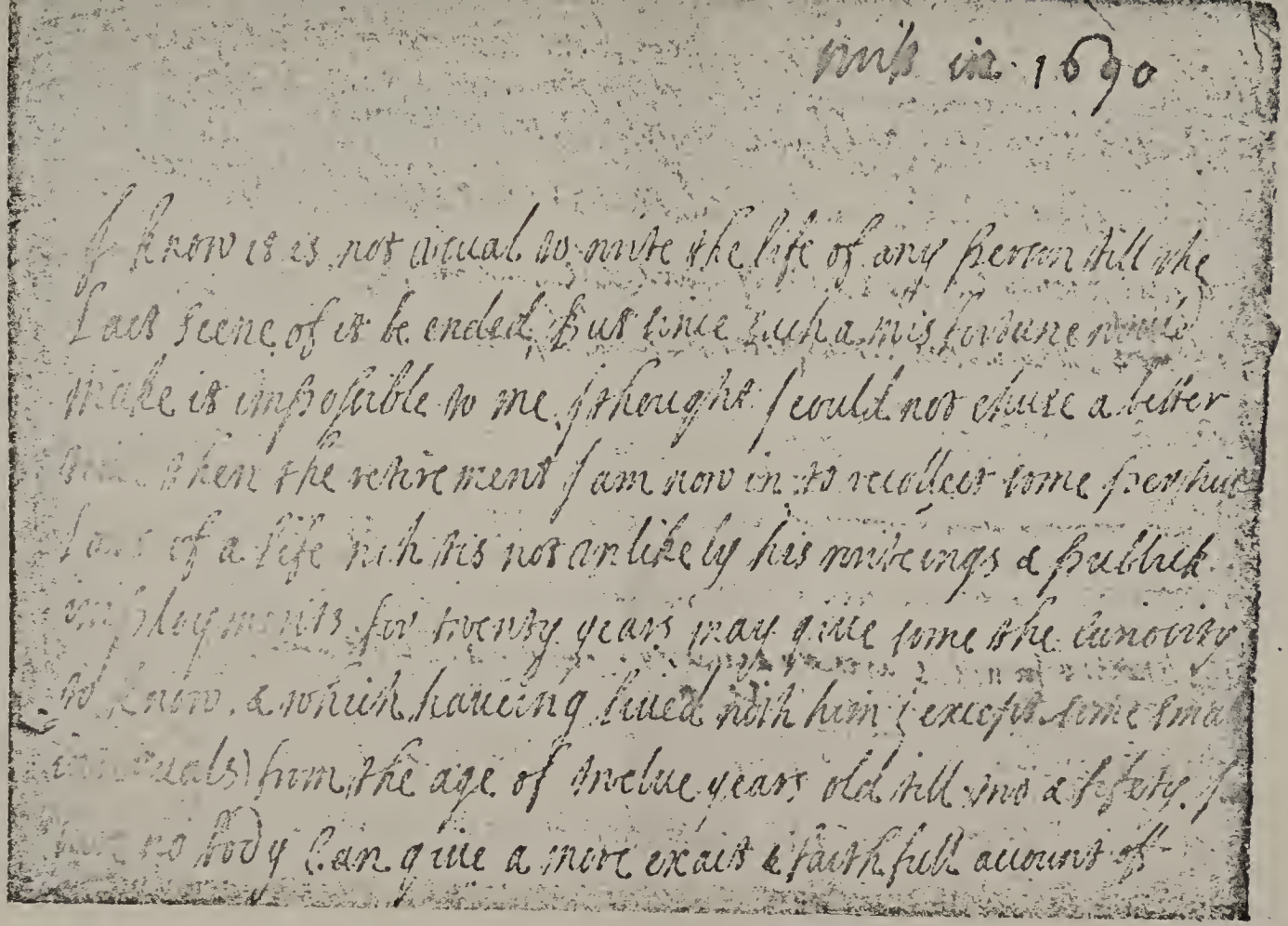
[1] Did Mr. Thomas Swift remember the 6th line of our poem?
[2] iii, p. 140. [3] ii, p. 593.
[4] *History of Surrey* (1814), iii. 170.

Virgil's description of Camilla. But if there is considerable probability that *Mother Ludwell's Cave* was written by Jonathan Swift, who was the scribe? The unformed copybook-like hand is that of some one emerging from childhood, and one would like to think it was the hand of Esther Johnson. Unfortunately the point cannot be settled. The one letter of Stella's known to us[1] was written 30 years or so later, and though in the formation of certain letters there is some similarity between the two manuscripts, there is not enough to clinch the matter. In saying this I have with me a great authority, Mr. R. Flower, Deputy Keeper of MSS. in the British Museum.

The second poem, the adaptation to Mother Ludwell's Cave of Horace's famous 'O fons Bandusiæ' is in the handwriting of Lady Giffard and I imagine it to be her work. She was certainly well acquainted with Latin, and her skill in verse-writing, no less than her linguistic talent, is shown in her translation of the *Diana* of Montemayor and in a poem *Of Sleep* recently found by Professor Rice in Eg. MSS. 1717, f. 62. This latter consists of 22 lines in couplets, is in Lady Giffard's hand, and is her own work with little doubt.

[1] It belongs to the Rt. Hon. Colonel Ashley, M.P., of Broadlands, and was printed in the *Times Literary Supplement* of 29 May 1930 by Professor J. A. Rice, who has the honour of having brought it to light. Since then a longer manuscript belonging to Mr Cecil Harmsworth, consisting of a list of words with their meanings, has been shown by Mr. Harold Williams, in the *T.L.S.* of 5 June 1930, to be also in the hand of Stella, as attested by Swift himself in the volume. But it also is of comparatively late date.

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE



FACSIMILE OF LADY GIFFARD'S HANDWRITING, 1690

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

I know it is not usual to write the life of any person till the last scene of it be ended, But since such a misfortune would make it impossible to me, I thought I could not chuse a better time then the retirement I am now in,[1] to recollect some perticulars of a life wch tis not unlikely his writeings & publick imployments for twenty years may give some the curiosity to know, & which haveing lived with him (except some small intervals) from the age of twelve[2] years old till two & fifety, I am sure no body Can give a more exact & faithfull account off.

S[r] William Temple is descended from a younger branch of the Famely of the Temples of Temple Hall in lecestershire, S[r] Richard Temple (of the elder) pretended that his ancestors came in with the Conquest, the[3] pedegree distinct from King Johns time, when they were possess'd of great estates: but haveing taken the unfortunate side in Richard the thirds [time ?] lost all but Temple Hall, wch was afterwards sold & could never be recover'd either by S[r] W T or his father.[4]

His Grand father was S[r] Wm Temple[5] an eighth son, bred up at Kings Colledge in Cambridge design'd for the law but fell into the more refin'd & phylosophical studies of y[t] age, on wch he writ two Treatises as I have bin told in the most elegant Latin any body has bin Master off, & dedicated them both to S[r] Phillip Sydney who first prevail'd with him to leave the Colledge, & accompany him abroad and there[6] dyed in his armes, after he had before his death recommended him to my lord Essex to whom he was Secretary, & being imprison'd at the same time, had like to have fallen with him, as he did from the hopes the Queens & his Masters favour had rais'd him too: He was afterwards sent by Cecil into Ireland with the promiss of Makeing his fortunes but knowing him to be his enemy & desireing to pass y[e] rest of his life quietly chose being[7] Provost of the Colledge of Dublin and ending[8] his life as it begun wch he did there at the age of 73 with little care

or thought of his fortune, & there lyes buried. The little Estate he left Came by his death to his son S^r^ John Temple who had bin sent young abroad, & afterwards bred in the Court of King Charles y^e^ first, and by Him made Master of the Rolles of Ireland. He was[9] of the Privy Council there when y^e^ rebellion broke out & in perticular friendship & Confidence with the Earle of Lecester then declar'd Ld Lieuetenant of Ireland, wch still continus in y^r^ familys, he was engaged there in all y^e^ transactions of that year, & upon the changes in the Kings Councels & affairs, imprison'd with three more of the Privy Council for opposeing the Cessation y^e^ Duke of Ormond was commanded to make with the Irish. He was in 44 exchanged & sent for into England by the parliament in which he sat till 48 & was then turn'd out with those they call'd the Secluded Members for joyning with them in voteing for the Conditions of the Peace then treating with the King in the Isle of Wight. Dureing the sad scene wch follow'd hee Continued to live privately in London, turn'd his thoughts to the care of his Famely, & breeding up of his children, haveing four sons & one Daughter,[10] who by the Blessing of Almighty God are all except one alive at this time, & though his fortunes in theese disorders of his Country were very low, he chose to spare in any thing, rather then what might be to y^e^ advantage of his children in their breeding & Education,[11] till by the happy restoration[12] in 1660 he returned[13] to his place of Master of the Rolles in Ireland, where he lived in great plenty & esteem, saw his two younger sons (who had bin bred up to the Law) the eldest of them made the Kings Soliciter Generall, the other married to a great fortune. Married his only Daughter to S^r^ Thomas Giffard, & there dyed in the year 77 wch was the same of his age, & lyes buried by his Father in the Colledge of Dublin.

His eldest son S^r^ William Temple was borne in Black Fryars on the [space] of April 1628 where his Father then liv'd, first sent to School to Penshurst under his uncle D^r^ Hammonds care, afterwards to Bishop Startford under M^r^[14] Leigh, to whom he us'd[15] to say he was beholding

for all he knew of Latin & Greek, the first of wch he retain'd perfectly & often regretted to have lost any part of the other. At fiveteen (haveing attain'd to all y^t^ was to be learn'd there) he return'd home the disorders of y^t^ time haveing hindred his goeing to the university till seventine where he was then placed at Emanuel Colledge in Cambridge under the care of D^r^ Cudworth, who would have engaged him in the harsh studies of logick and phylosophy wch his humor was too lively to pursue. Entertainments (which agreed better with that & his age, especially Tennis) past most of his time there, soe that he use to[16] say, if it had bin possible in the two years time he past there to forgit all he had learn't before, he must certainely have done it. At nineteen hee return'd home in order to his Travels.[17] At twenty he begun his travels into France in y^e^ year 48 a time so dismal to England, that none but those who were the occasion of those disorders in their Country, could have bin sorry to leave it; He chose to pass by the Isle of Wight, where his uncle S^r^ John Dingley[18] then Master of a good estate, & of one of the auncients Famelyes of that Country liv'd, & where His Majesty was then prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle. and twas there he first met with S^r^ Peter Osbornes Daughter goeing with her Brother to their Father at S^nt^ Maloes, who was Governour of Garnesey, & held it out for the King; He made that Journey with them, in wch her Brother had like to be stop'd by an accident, that I don't know whether it will be thought worth relateing. The spite he had to se the king imprison'd, and treated by the Governour Coll Hammond[19] soe unlike what was due to him, provoked him to step back after all His company were gon before him out of the Inne[20] and write theese words with a Diamond in the window, (And Hamman was hang'd upon the Gallows he had prepar'd for Mordecai. Twas easy to imagin what hast he made after his company when he had done; but had no sooner overtaken them then he was seis'd himselfe, & brought back to ye Governour, & only escap'd by his sister takeing it upon her selfe. In this Journey begun an amour between S^r^ W T and M^rs^

Osborne of wch the accidents for seven years might make a History, & the letters yt pass'd between them a Volum; & though I cannot venter of it my selfe, I have often wish'd the[y] might bee printed, for to say nothing of his writeing, wch the world has since bin made judge off, I never saw any thing more extraordinary then hers. His Father, who was unsattisfied at the long stay he made at S^nt^ Maloes, & more at the account that was sent of the occasion of it, sent him orders to goe imediately to Paris, wch how unwelcome soever, were no sooner received, then obey'd. In that Journey & seing other parts of France he past two years, learnt french perfectly, & soon after his returne made another Journey into Holland, Germany, & Flanders, where he grew as perfect a Master of Spanish, & return'd with soe perticular an inclination to Brusselles, that he us'd[21] to say the King had no imployment, whenever the Governement was setled agin, he should be soe well pleas'd to serve him in, as being His Resident there. After two years pass'd in theese Countrys he came home, liv'd two or three years about the Towne in the usual entertainements of young & Idle men, but never without passing a great deal of it alone, where he read much & writt, both verses & some other short Essays upon severall subjects, wch are still in his Famely, though he would never suffer them to goe further & that (if I might be Judge) were not less extraordinary at y^t^ age, then what he has writt since with more Judgement & thought, such a spirit & range of fancy & imagination, I beleeve, has seldome bin seen; wch he us'd[22] to say cost him afterwards so much pains to suppress in all he writt & made publick.[23] Hee made many visitts in this time to his friends in the Country, perticularly to s^r^ Rich Franklyn who lived at More parke,[24] a place his inclination to the Country had made him very fond off, & more s^r^ Richards haveing married a near Relation[25] of M^rs^ Osbornes; with them he spent much of his time & left this marke (how inquietly some of it past upon her occasion) in one of ye Windows yt look'd upon a statue of Leda

Tell me Leda, which is best
n'ear to move or n'ere to rest
Speak that I may know there by,
Who is happier you or I.

In fifety three[26] upon his Fathers desire he carried his sister to him into Ireland, wch upon the Conquest of that kingdome begun to settle, & his Father was sometime before return'd to his place of Master of the Rolles. He staid there six Months, & in y^t^ time M^rs^ Osborne came to be at liberty by the loss of her Father, & S^r^ W T went imediately into England with the hopes of being soon happy in seing the end of soe long a persuit, though against the consent of most of her friends, & dissatisfaction of some of his, it haveing occasion'd his refusall of a very great fortune when his Famely was most in want of it, as she had done of many considerable offers of great Estates & Famelies. But the misfortunes of this amour were not yet ended. The week before they were to be marryed she fell soe desperately ill there was little hopes of her life & nothing the Doctors said but its proouеing the small pox could have sav'd her. He was happy when he saw y^t^[27] secure his kindness haveing greater tyes then that of her beauty though that Loss was too great to leave him wholy insensible. He saw her constantly while she was ill, & married her soon after.

They past y^t^ year at the House of one of their friends in the Country,[28] where at the end of it she was brought to bed of a son, & the beginning of the next they made a visitt to his Father & Famely, y^t^ were then in Ireland. & the Scene still continueing the same in England, & his resolutions with it of never entering into business under y^t^ Governement, he pass'd five years there with great sattisfaction (as he often exprest) almost wholy in the conversation of his famely & friends; where there was alwayes y^t^ perfect agreement, as well as kindness & Confidence wch has bin soe often taken notice off & that I beleeve few other's have bin soe happy in. to wch there was this addition so unusual in other Famelys, that his lady fell into it as naturally, as if she had bin borne there.

In this retirement between his Fathers House in Dublin, & a Seat near Carlow, that he was much pleas'd with, & where he had the care of building & manageing all the Country affairs, he pass'd y^e^ part of his life & turn'd his thoughts wholy to it.[29]

What was not pass'd in y^t^, & the conversation of friend's he spent so much of it in his closet that he use to[30] say he ow'd the greatest part of what he knew both of Phylosophy & Story to y^e^ five years he pass'd then in Ireland.

In this time he had five children borne, wch he all buried there, & without that misfortune[31] his friends use to doute[32] whether any thing had prevail'd with him to leave the cares of his sheep and Garden. twas in the midst of this, y^t^ at his ladyes desire he translated Fortunatus out of Virgil; & haveing built what was convenient to his Famely in a very pleasant place,[33] & wch he was extream fond off, had no thoughts of stirring, till theese Misfortunes happen'd in his owne Famely, & much about the same time the Kings happy restauration, wch turn'd every bodyes thoughts, & almost their brains with a Joy soe sudden & surpriseing from the dampe and melancholy y^e^ disorders & Confusion of y^t^ Scene had cast them into. Upon the approaches of this happy change S^r^ W T was without his knowledge chosen of the convention for the County of Carlow[34] & sent by them with an Address to Generall Monke, wch was deliver'd him just about y^e^ time y^e^ long Parliament he restored had dissolved themselves. His Father was then in England, & both of the Parliament & Council of Estate by the Friendship & favour of the Generall, (but resolveing to take a different part to most of those he was engag'd with, who were all busy in makeing their aplications to the King privately, wch he either thought not neccessary, or was carelesse of the inconveniences that might follow, & wch his son foreseing perticularly upon what had pass'd with the Duke of Ormond upon the Cessation in Ireland) He resolv'd to make a visitt to his uncle D^r^. Hammond[35] (who dureing the late disorders had lived at my lady Packingtons in Worcestershire) & take his advice, how to governe himselfe

who was design'd no small part in this great change. Thither he came late & tir'd asked at the dore if Dr Hammond lived there & was answer'd with a sad countenance that he had lived there, but was buried yt day. wth this sad wellcome & ye helpe of a tiresome journey he fell quite sick, & indeed a greater loss Could happen to no Famely. As soon as he was able to begin the journey hee return'd to London, where he found all things prepar'd to receive the King, but left yt scene of Joy & Triumph to returne to his Famely in Ireland, where he sat constantly in the convention, while ld Orery Sr Charls Coot & Sr Maurice Eustace[36] were upon the Kings returne made Lds Justices; While every body was vyeing who should make most Court to the King, a Pole Bill was read; wch though he & many others thought to the heigth of what the nation could bear, the lords justices, while it was debateing, sent to desire, it might be doubled, wch amongst a great many yt disliked it Sr W. T only oppos'd, though they afterwards joyn'd with him. The lds justices yt heard whence the difficulty came, sent some to reason it wth him. His answer was, that he had nothing to say to it out of the House, where they chose a time to pass it, when he was away. This made a great deale of talke, & brought him both into more conversation & business, then he had bin used too in yt county. After this a Parliament was call'd in Ireland, & he chosen with his Father for the County off Carlow; in wch he gain'd soe much credit, & turn'd the House so often in their warmest[37] debates by never entering into any of their factions or partys, nor minding who he pleas'd or anger'd, that I have heard[38] a complement Sr John Percival made him in ye House, who was one of the most considerable men yt sat in it, that he was glad he was not a Woman, because he was sure he might have perswaded him to any thing. In 62 he was chosen one of the Commissioners to be sent from the Parliament in Ireland to ye King, who he then saw the first time,[39] and waited on the Duke of Ormond, that was declar'd Lord Lieuetenant.[40] Soon after hee return'd into Ireland, but with the resolutions of quitting that kingdome, and bring-

ing his Famely into England. At his returne he found his Sister[41] Married & a Widdow in the little time he had bin away, staid there four or five months, in wch time he enter'd into all the business of the Parliament, was often sent of Messages to the House of lords, and l^d Lieuetenant, from whom he begun to observe a very different countenance to what he had found in England; and soon grew to have so much share in his Kindnesse & esteem, that the Duke of Ormond complain'd to him, that he was the onely man in Ireland, that had never asked him any thing: & when he told him of his resolutions to remove with his famely into England, the Duke said, he should at least give him leave to write by him to my ld Chancelor & ld Arlington, who were then cheife in the Ministry, & did it soe much to S^r W. T. advantage, y^t it gave him the first entrances into their favour, & the Kings good opinion; He left his two Brothers fix'd in Ireland, y^e want of whose conversation he alwayes regretted in the midst of his greatest imployments, and his sister return'd into her[42] Famely, wch she never left afterwards: He came over with about 500^lb a year, pass'd the first two years about the Towne, & y^e Court, where he was well receiv'd by every body, but perticularly by my ld Arlington, who was Secretary of State, & us'd[43] to tell him in y^e words of Mecenas to Horace he found something in their genius, that agreed; S^r W T made no other advantage of soe much favour, then sometimes in discourse to tell him y^t if the King had any imployment abroad that he thought such a man as he could serve him in, he should be very happy in it, but desir'd it might not carry him into y^e Northerne Climates, wch he had alwayes a great aversion too: ld Arlington said he was sorry for it, because the King had no other at y^t time undispos'd off, But offer'd him that of Sweden, wch S^r W T refus'd, & the plague breaking out in that year 65 he retir'd with his Famely to a little House at Sheen, where he resolv'd at least to pass y^e summer. About the same time the Duch Warr began, & y^t, & the plague together to make a very melancholy scene, wch turn'd S^r W T thoughts wholy to a private life, &

y^t to y^e designe of perchaseing a small habitation at Sheen, wch the pleasantness of the seat & my ld of Lecesters Neighbourhood (with whom the friendship continued, y^t had bin soe long in their Famelys) had long given him an inclination too. In the midst of theese thoughts came a Messenger at four a clock one morning from ld Arlington to desire hee would come to him imediately: wch he did & found the business was to tell him, the King had occasion to send one abroad upon an affair of the greatest trust & importance, & that he was resolved to make him the first offer of it, but that he must know presently, whether he would undertake it or no, without telling him what it was, & be content to goe in three or four dayes without saying more of it to any of his friends. After haveing considerd a little, he told my ld Arlington hee was his friend, & since he must tell it to nobody else, would doe as he advis'd him; ld Ar said, That should be to accept of it whether he liked it or no, as an entrance into his Majesties service, and the way to something he might like better; & then told him twas to goe to the Bishop of Munster, and conclude a Treaty between the King & him, by wch the Bpp should be oblidged upon receiveing such a sum of money from England, to enter imediately with His Majesty into the Warr with Holland. With this S^r W T charged him selfe all but the payment of the money, wch he desir'd Ald Backwell, one of the great Banquers might, if the Treaty succeeded, be charged with, & soe went home to tell his friends, y^t he was engaged in a Journey with y^e hard conditions of makeing a secrett of it to them, wch he had never done before in his nearest concerns. In July he began it, as inquiet to leave his famely in the danger of such a plague as then seemed to threaten his country, as they were to part with him without knowing to what part of the World he was sent or upon what arrant. They first receiv'd letters from him out of Flanders & not long after the secrett was out that he had bin at Coesvelt with the Bishop of Monster & in very few dayes concluded & sign'd the Treaty, in wch his haveing retain'd soe much of his Latin was of no little use to him, the Bishop converseing

in no other language. After the treaty was sign'd, he came back to Brusselles, saw the first payments made, & receiv'd the news that the Bpp was in the field; by wch this negotiation first begun to be discoverd, but nobody to suspect S^r W T had any part in it, who continued at Brusselles like a private & an Idle man, that had no other care but of diverting himselfe (wch he us'd[44] to think no place could do better) till it was whispered to the Marquess of Castle Rodrigo (then their Governour) that he had some greater arrant,[45] who upon it sent to desire his acquaintance, & that he might see him privately. to wch S^r W T easily consented, being then at liberty to owne his arrant, & had soon after a commission sent him to be Resident of Brusselles (wch he had wisht for in his travels thither so many years before) & a pattent for a Baronett. The April after he sent for his famely, wch was before encreas'd since he left Ireland by the birth of a son, & now of a Daughter, haveing left his Lady great with child at Sheen with his sister, & the rest of his Famely all yt Summer, in wch the plague raged with soe great violence, y^t^ their dyed at last ten thousand a Week at London, & none of the towns round about escaped the infection. They were once perswaded to run from it into London, one dyeing in a House, y^t^ joyn'd to S^r W T, & a servant falling sick of it in their owne; but found soe dismal a scene there, soe many Houses being shut up with crosses upon the dores as they pass'd into the towne, & the people in them crying & wringing their hands at the windows, the bells all day tolling, the streets almost empty of every thing but funerals, that were perpetualy passing by, the difficulty of finding a lodgeing from the fright every body was in, of receiving the infection with them, few goeing thither then on any other occasion but flying from it at home, people comeing in like Job's messengers all day with one sad story before another was ended y^t^ After two dayes pass'd in this dismal place they resolved to goe home & trust with God Almightys blessing to what the force of care & cordials could doe to preserve them at home, above all the great one of resolveing whatever happen'd never to leave one

another, & with this & God Almightys blessing on y^r famely they recover'd y^t serviant & continued all y^e rest of them in perfect health, & though I hope nothing so dreadfull will ever agin befall my country, it may not be thought wholy impertinent to set downe the methods wch under God I thought they owd there preservation too, wch I thinke a great part was a Cordial of S^r Water Raleighs found in most receipt books & cal'd a soveraigne Antidote ag^ast the plague, wch they made & gave a spoonfull or two of it round the House every morning, burnt Burgomo pitch & made as many servants as they could after ye smoke was gon take tobacco a great part of y^e day, strew'd Rue in y^e Windows & held Myrre in their mouths when they came anywhere y^t they apprehended infection. The Spring after this dreadfull contation[46] S^r W T sent for his Famely into Flanders, who at their landing at Ostend met with the unwelcome news y^t he was posted agin into Munster to prevent the Bpps makeing a peace with the Dutch, as he pretended upon the ill payments from England; this was not carried with less secresy then the other, being signed at Cleve the very night S^r W T arrived at Munster through the greatest hardeships & difficultyes wch ended in the uncomfortable welcome to find it was all to no other purpose, then to furnish a very sad story of his Journey & a very good one of the Bpps entertainement wch as I remember they sat at 8 hours & I beleeve is somewhere better related then it would be by me: as soon as he could recover the disorder of it, he went away privately, finding nothing was to be done in his business & came time enough into Flanders to meet his Lady & Famely in their way to Brusselles where they past one year with great sattisfaction, & had at ye end of it another son. In y^t time y^e peace with the Dutch was Concluded at Breda & the Spring after a new Warr broke out between France & Spain, wch begun by the French seiseing severall Towns in Flanders, before they had time or warning enough to make any resistance, by wch they fell soe fast into their hands, that Brusselles began to be soe much alaram'd by their neare approaches, that they expected very soon to se

them enter the towne, & haveing no troops to make resistance S^r W T thought fitt to send his lady & two young children into England. His Sister staid with him & took care of his famely, till christmas following, when the King sent privately for S^r W T to come into England with orders to pass by Holland & se Mon^r de Wit in his way, wch produced the great negotiation of the Triple Alliance, upon wch he was dispatch'd back agin to the Hague in ten days in soe violent a storme for thirty hours, y^t neither passengers nor seamen had much hopes of escapeing, & where they were saved at last by the accident of meeting a Dutch pilote boat being driven upon y^t Coasts without ye knowledge of what course they had steer'd. This Treaty to the great surprise & amasement of all that heard of it S^r W T dispatch'd in five dayes, & was so applauded for it, that the change wch happen'd so soon after in the councels & ministry in England, is what those who did not se it will not find it easy to give credit too; & with this began I cannot say a friendship, but a trust & confidence between him & Mon^r de Wit, from the assurance on both sides of the truth & fairness in their dealing wch made the ease & dispatch that happen'd after in all their business. After six weeks stay to expect the Ratifications of the Treaty wch his youngest Brother was gon with into England S^r W T had orders to returne to Brusselles & endeavour to prevail with y^e Spaniards to consent to the peace with France, w^ch was Treated the summer after at Aix la chapelle, where S^r W T was sent extraordinary Ambassador & Mediator, & wch after many difficulties was sign'd there in May as may be seen in y^e relation of all y^s negotiation, & wch my ld Arlington writ S^r W T word was his owne worke sin padrino; soon after he was sent for into England, where the King declar'd His resolutions of sending him Ambassador Extraordinary to the States Generall, & whether he went the Agust after with instructions to solicite the Emperour & German Princes by their Ministers their, to enter into the Triple Alliance made the Winter before, & to confirme y^t between his Majesty the King of Sweden & States Generall, & being

the first English Ambassador that had bin there since King James's time, was receiv'd & distinguish'd by all the marks of regard & esteem for his character & person very differently from all the rest y^t^ were then at the Hague; & by the opinion he had gain'd of the truth & fairness in his dealing, was able to bring the States to measures, y^t^ Mon^r^ de Witt said he was sure was in the power of no other man. Hee lived in confidence with Mon^r^ de Witt by orders from the King, & in Constant & familiar conversation with ye Prince of Orange (then about 18 years old) then wch no man could have a more difficult part, & compass'd what he was sent for in this Embasy of engageing the Emperour & Spaine in the measures y^t^ were desir'd; but in this time happen'd Madames[47] Journey into England wch is so well knowne to have changed them all, & though he had observed a disposition before to complain of the Dutch upon small occasions very unlike what he left the Court in, suspected nothing till my Lord Arlington the September after hurried him over in soe much hast that[48] the expression in his letter was (as soon as you receive this you must put y^r^ foot into the stirrup) as he did with so great a swelling upon his face & teeth in extream cold weather wch fix'd the illness so much that he suffer'd more by it all his life after then many have done by more violent deseases. The comfort of all was when he came to my ld Arlington (who he saw alwayes the first & thought he never had more reason to make hast) he found he had not one word to say to him, but first made him wait a great while & after some indifferent questions about his journey call'd for his Daughter to play w^th^, who was then a child y^t^ he was infinitely fond off, & was received the next day by the King with the same coldness. The secret soon came out & S^r^ W T not long after was prest to returne to the Hague & make way for a Warr with Holland wch not full two years before he had bin so much applauded for haveing made soe strict an alliance with: but this part he excus'd himselfe from haveing any share in; wch soe anger'd my ld Clifford then Ld Treasurer that he refus'd to pay him 2000^ll^ that was then in arrear

from his Embasy, upon wch he retir'd agin to his little habitation at Sheen, being refus'd the leave he had desir'd of sending for his Wife & Famely till the Warr was declar'd, & S^r George Downing sent Ambassador in his room who was much better qualified for the arrant he went upon. All this past without unkindness from the King to S^r W T but my ld Arlingtons manner of doeing it soe unlike the friendship he had profest, I believe did not pass without being resented by S^r W T, who had but ill learn't the lessen they say one should alwayes be perfect in, before one comes to Court, to swallow every thing. He had now leave to send for his Famely over, & in order to it bought the House & Garden at Sheen wch he entertain'd himselfe with building & planting, & in this time writt his observations upon Holland with part of his Misellanes. In 73 he made a visitt of five months to his Father in Ireland & soon after his returne about the end of y^t summer haveing past three years wholy to himselfe & his friends, the King growing weary of the Warr wch was liked but by few at Court, & none any where else, sent for S^r W T who was ever wanted upon y^t occasion to goe into Holland & conclude the peace, towards wch overtures began now to be made from both sides. But powers haveing bin sent at this time from thence to the Marquis del Fresno[49] Spanish Ambassador at London, S^r W T was order'd to treat it with him & in three dayes it was concluded & I thinke the point of the Flag carried, wch he had soe much at heart & had so long contested, but could never carry in Mon^r de Witts time: upon this my ld Arlington was sent to offer S^r W T the Embasy into Spain, as the best imployment the King had to bestow, & where none would be better receiv'd. He said he could make no answer without first askeing his Fathers consent, who being then old & infirme he could never obtaine. Upon his excuseing himselfe from goeing into Spain he was offer'd to come into S^r Joseph Williamsons place of Secretary of State, but was to give him six thousand pounds, wch he excus'd too being not in condition, while his Father was alive to part with such sums. Soe in June 74

he was sent agin Ambassador into Holland with offer of the Kings Mediation between France & the Confederates, wch was not long after accepted & my ld Berkeley S^r W T & S^r Lionel Jenkens declar'd Ambassa^rs Mediators & Nimeguen (wch he had propos'd) consented too at last by all partys to be the place of Treaty. Dureing the two years he past then at the Hague the Prince of Orange, who was fond of speaking English, which he had bin long disused from, & of eating their plain way, (wch S^r W T always continued abroad as well as at home) grew into soe easy & familiar conversation in his Famely y^t he constantly din'd once & commonly supt twice a Week at his House, while He was at the Hague. The company was alwayes chose of those, who were most agreable to the Prince, & with this conversation, & soe much besides as pass'd in business & ceremony S^r W T grew so much into the Princes esteem & confidence as gave him soe great a part in what follow'd. His marriage w^th La Mary[50] wch is so much knowne to ye World, & soe much better told then it can be in this paper; one accident then happen'd from it, wch I cannot omit the mentioning & thinke most to be envyed of all his successes & good fortunes. There happen'd to be five English men taken & brought to ye Hague (while S^r W T was there & the Prince away) who were imediately tryed & condemn'd by a council of Warr for deserting their Colours. Some of his Servants had the curiosity to visitt their unfortunate country men & came home with ye deplorable story that by what they had heard, it seem'd to be a mistake, & that they were all to dye innocent: but however twas without remedy, (the Prince being away) that their graves were digging, & that they were to be shot in the wood next morning. Never night pass'd more unquietly in S^r W T famely, where the observation often made was but too well confirm'd, that nothing makes one soe kind to ones country, as haveing lived long out of it. S^r W T left nothing unattempted to helpe them, sent to ye officers, y^t had condemn'd them, threaten'd to complaine first to the Prince, & then to ye King who he was sure would demand reparation: nothing

would move, till he made it his last request, that they would deferr the execution, but one day, in wch the Prince happen'd to be come soe near the Hague, as to be in reach of receiveing an answer, & upon wch they were imediately releas'd; the first thing they did (wch I thought very natural) was to goe se their graves, y^{t} were digged in the wood, & the next to come to S^{r} W T, all upon their knees, which was a very moveing sight, & very surpriseing a great while after (when ye occasion was less in ones mind) to se them of a sudden fall downe on their knees, where ever they met his coach or any of his Famely. They served some time after in the Tower, wch is ye last I ever heard of them, & S^{r} W T in July 76 went with his Famely to Nimeguen, where he past y^{t} year (all but some journeys he made to the Prince) with y^{e} figure of Ambassador Mediator & perticular application & distinction from y^{e} rest of his Colleagues. But all being at a stand their from accidents out of my knowledge his son[51] was sent over the June following with letters from my ld Treasurer to order him from the King to come over, & succeed M^{r} Coventry in his place of Secretary of State. When he came to Court M^{r} Coventry who had serv'd the King long & faithfully makeing some difficultys & desireing he might have leave to name his successor the King fell into ill humor, & S^{r} W T who was not fond of the change, desir'd it might rest as it was, till all partys were content, & the Treaty at Nimeguen was concluded, wch he did not returne too y^{t} year, the Prince of Orange haveing the Kings leave to come into England, upon wch soon followed His Marriage with Lady Mary, in wch S^{r} W T had the part, that is soe well knowne to his friends, as well as in the kings & his Highness perticular confidence, & from this happen'd another occasion of the unkindness y^{t} grew between my Lord Arlington & S^{r} W T, my ld Treasurer who was related to S^{r} W T lady being only in the secrett of all this affair, upon wch I remember a very good thing my ld Arlington said upon his first hearing of it, though I beleeve not in very good humor. That some things were soe ill in themselves the manner of doeing could not mend them, others soe

good the manner they were done in could not spoyle them, & that the Prince of Oranges Match was of the last sort. The passages y^t^ begun this Coldness I beleeve will be related in another place. My opinion is, That it was first from S^t^ W T relation & long acquaintance with my ld Treasurer, haveing travell'd young together & Hee being now in the Ministry as my ld Arlington was before all was chang'd into my ld Treasurers hands, & all instructions to S^r^ W T with y^e^ rest came from him & theese two great men liveing in the last degree of ill intelligence with one another, I take to be the true account of what I have heard soe often laid to S^r^ W T charge of liveing ill with my ld Arlington, with whom from circumstances better forgot then repeated it was impossible afterwards ever to live well. After the Prince & Princess were gon into Holland (wch was soon after their Marriage) the inclinations at Court alwayes leaneing towards France, they would have engaged S^r^ W T in some negotiations with that crowne soe Contrary to what he had bin before engaged in, & with wch he was soe ill sattisfied, that he offer'd to give up both his embasy & pretentions to ye Secretarys place, wch he desir'd my ld Treasurer to acquaint the King with, & soe went downe to his Famely at Sheen with the hopes of being taken at his word, very weary as Mon^r^ de Wits expression was with the perpetual fluctuation, wch he said, he had observed in all our Counsels, since Queen Elisabeths time. But upon discovery of the French designes not to evacuate the Spanish Towns agreed on by the Treaty, the King engaged him to goe upon a third Embasy to the States. where in ten dayes he concluded a Treaty, by wch the King was engaged (upon the French refusall in soe many dayes to evacuate the Towns) imediately to declare Warr with France; but before halfe this time was run out wch I thinke was forty days, one de Cros was sent from our Court into Holland with an arrant, that damped all the good humor y^t^ Treaty had given them their, & the life it had put into all their affairs, but this I cannot take upon me to relate no more then S^r^ W T astonishment at such

sudden & surpriseing changes wch the true spring off was not then descern'd but had happen'd soe often that it begun to give him a distast to the thoughts of all publick imployments; He went soon after to Nimeguen where the French delay'd signeing the Treaty by wch the Towns were to be deliver'd up to the very last houre, but did it at last, & Sr W T in few months after his returne to the Hague was commanded over agin to enter upon the Secretarys place, wch Mr Coventry was then resolv'd to part with, & my ld Sunderland perticularly (as well as all the rest of his friends prest him with so much earnestness) as if he had only accepted the place of Secretary himselfe (wch he was then newly enter'd upon) with the hopes of Sr W T comeing into the other. The King haveing sent a yacht at the same time with theese orders, there was no resisting, but never was seen to[52] receive nor obey any commands more unwillingly, haveing long had it at heart, when this Embasy ended, to make a visitt he had promiss'd to the great Duke[53] with whom he had made a perticular acquaintance in Holland, & continued a Correspondence ever since, & haveing so ill succeeded in the designes (wch no man ever had more at heart in 20 years publick imployments) of doeing his country service & advanceing the Honnour & greatness of the English nation to the degree he thought it was capable off, resolv'd to aske leave of the King that he might pass the rest of his life to himselfe & his friends. And indeed no body could have engaged new in business with a worse prospect then there was at this time; That, they cal'd the Popish plot being newly broke out wch made the most unpleasant scene yt had in many years bin seen in England,[54] the people frighted, the parliament violent, & the King beleeveing nothing of it. In this posture of affairs, Sr W T came to Court, as all his friends hoped to enter upon the Secretarys place. The first difficulty he made was that he was not of the parliament, & how much the Kings affairs must suffer in a time of soe much difficulty, in wch things run soe high between the contesting partys, that the King thought fit to send the Duke into Flanders, & the Parliament to send my ld

Treasurer to the Tower, after this the King again prest S^r W T to come into the Secretarys place, & us'd this argument, that he had now nobody he could speak too in confidence, or advise with in a time, y^t both were soe much wanted. S^r W T advis'd him to trust his business no more in any one hand, but chuse such men & soe many of them, as he thought fit & let y^t be the Privy Council, He would trust & advise with in all his affairs. This in few dayes the King thought fitt to consent too, & y^e choice of the persons & manner of doeing it was only concerted between the King & S^r W T, Who next day had leave to acquaint my ld Chancelour Ld. Sunderland & ld Essex with it, who all approoved of the resolution, but thought it the greatest point, y^t ever was gained of the King by any minister & is not lessen'd since (whatever appear'd then) that it has bin found to be soe much against the interest, His Majesty must ever have favour'd. Three days after the old Council was broke & this new one establish't: of wch S^r W T was one. But in the midst of theese great transactions, a cruel blow happen'd in his owne Famely by the Loss of his onely Daughter at 14 years old of the small pox, a child he was infinitely fond off; & none ever deserv'd it more from a Father. He left her with her mother & y^e rest of her friends upon the first apprehensions of danger, but his being engaged in this great affair soon forced him to towne though most unwillingly, wch his friends were not displeas'd with, in hope it might divert the trouble from seiseing so much upon him, though in this & all other accidents (for he was yet reserv'd for greater tryals) his reason after some struggle was alwayes the master, & he was not so well able to teach & comfort his friends in all such uncomfortable accidents without haveing the same power over himselfe. With this ended the train of good fortunes, wch though he lost seven children before almost all in their cradle, still made him pass for soe fortunate a man & after wch he was often heard to[55] say how happy his life had bin if it had ended at fifety wch he was about this time, though I am sure his friends had bin miserable as well as soe many

others that he supported & releiv'd. This misfortune happen'd in March, & by the end of that summer the Counsels at Court began agin to change: the King had bin very ill & y^e^ Duke privately sent for home, & the treatment he receiv'd upon it from some of those persons y^t^ from the Kings dislike if not aversion he found soe much difficulty to bring into business, gave him such a distast for the Court, y^t^ he seldome came after it, either there or to council, the perticulars of wch may in time be publick, but are never to be made soe by mee: soon after this the King sent for him agin, & propos'd goeing his Ambassador into Spain, & give credit to an alliance pretended to be made with that crowne against the meeting of the Parliament, upon wch ye French Am^r^ much dissatisfied said twas enough to give vigour to ye Spanish monarchy; after this was declar'd, his equipage almost ready & part of the money for it pay'd, the King told him he would have him deferr his journey till after y^t^ Sessions of Parliament, of wch he was chosen by the university of Cambridge; In this Sessions the factions run soe high that he saw twas impossible to bring them to any temper. The Duke was sent agin into Scotland before they met, but that would not satisfye them, nor any thing, but a Bill of exclusion against wch S^r^ W T was declar'd, being alwayes a legal man & said his endeavours should ever be to unite the Royal Famely, but y^t^ he would never engage in any Counsels to devide them. The Bill of Exclusion after long contesting was throwne out & the Parliament dissolv'd & twas if I remember well upon the Kings resolution of doeing this without adviseing with his Privy Council (as he had promiss'd upon the last change) that Sir W T spoke so boldly there & was so ill used upon it by some of those friends, that had bin most earnest in promoteing it, that he grew quite tir'd, & went downe to Sheen with y^e^ resolutions of never engageing any more in publick business, refus'd the offer he had from the university of serveing in the Parliament, wch was soon after call'd at Oxford, & was soe uneasy with the name of a Privy Councellor that he propos'd wayes to be ridd of it, that his friends

could not be prevail'd with to agree too. Soon after the King did it for him, the Duke being return'd & all the Councels changed, ld Sunderland ld Essex & Sir W T were all struck out together, upon wch he sent the King word that he would live all his life like as a good a subject[56] as any in his Kingdoms, but never more engage in any publick business. The King asur'd him he was not at all angry, & though he liv'd from that time till 85 without ever seing the towne or Court, & had the priveledge of returneing no visitts, that were made from persons of the best quality, wch dureing those five years frequented his House & table, he alwayes waited on the King, when he came, as he did often into the Neighbourhood & nobody was better receiv'd by his owne Master, while he liv'd & by King James afterwards, who came often to Richmond, & who often turned[57] the whole conversation to S^r W T, as soon as he came into the room. About this time his son was married in France & some months after brough[t] his Wife over great with child to Sheen. His qualitys & fortunes might make a story by it selfe but impossible for me ever to tell. S^r W T continued about a year at Sheen with his son & Famely, but finding the company & resort to his House (as well as the expence) soe much encreast & growne more general, wch before were onely of his most perticular friends & acquaintance, He devided his little estate equally between his son & himselfe (& to his Wife in Joynter after) wch was never besides his place of Master of ye Rolles above fiveteen hundred pounds a year. He left his son & Famely at Sheen, & with no other company then his lady & sister came downe to More Parke, a small seat he had purchas'd & built the year before, not without the thoughts of ending his life in it: his age & infirmityes now encreaseing haveing bin long aflicted with the Gout, & finding his company like to encrease with it, he took this resolution, wch the friends he carryed with him were not less pleas'd with, his lady haveing never bin kind to Sheen & then extreamly tir'd with the resort of so much company. They left Sheen in Nov. 86 King James being then at Windsor. S^r W T waited on him as he came downe,

acquain[ted] him with his resolutions of setleing at More Parke, & beg'd his favour & protection to one that would alwayes live the best subject in the World, but never agin, (whatever happen'd) enter into any publick business &[58] beg'd his Majesty would never give credit to any thing he might hear to the contrary. The King y[t] use to say S[r] W T character was to be alwayes beleev'd, asur'd him of all he desir'd, made him some reproaches for not entering into his service, wch he said was his owne fault, & kept his word as faithfully to S[r] W T dureing all that happen'd after, as S[r] W T did to him, though twas impossible to convince some others, that were less concern'd, but knew him as well, that the Prince of Oranges designe of comeing into England was a secret to S[r] W T, & yet there is nothing surer, not only y[t] he was not acquainted with it, but was I am confident one of the last men in England y[t] beleev'd it. He pass'd one year at More Parke wch both he & the few friends he had with him reckon'd amongst the best of their lives, grew kind to y[e] place where the air is extream good & healthfull, but soe little inhabited that he seldome saw any company but such friends as were content often came[59] twenty or thirty miles to it, & turned himselfe agin only to the cares of a country life, wch he had soe long before bin acquainted with. In the midst of this quiet wch he only wish'd to pass the rest of his life in, happen'd the surpriseing revolution soe well knowne to every body, & More Parke growing unsafe by being often in the Way of both the Armies, he went to Sheen to his son, who had bin very uneasy to be denyed the leave he had soe impatiently begged of his Father to meet the Prince of Orange at his landing: wch in telling S[r] W T principles of never engageing in any thing y[t] appear'd illegall nor y[t] devided the Royal famely I have already given the best & I beleeve the truest reasons off. After King James was gon & the Prince come to Windsor S[r] W T went to him & carried his son (though still unsattisfied not to have met him sooner). The Prince prest him then to enter into his business, & more earnestly after the success of it to be Secretary of State, said twas in

kindness to him, yt hee [had] not bin acquainted with his designes, came to him two or three times at Sheen, & nobody gave him any quiet, laying to his heart how the Prince that was his friend, his country, & Religion must suffer, that his refuseing to engage in it must give an ill opinion of all that was done, & make others mistrust some unknowne designes, that a man of truth & honnour could not enter into, & though he continued unshaken in his resolutions & soe firme to what he had promiss'd, as not to consent his son should engage in what he had given his word never to doe him selfe, yet his heart was a great deal broken with the trouble & uneasiness the Prince & all his friends exprest at it, & quite soe soon after with ye cruel blow[60] that happen'd in his Famely, & wch that I may never have occasion agin to remember the sad circumstances off I have some where upon the desire of his friends set downe upon paper & shall leave with this (when I am gon) to make what use of they thinke fitt. With this deplorable accident ended all the good fortunes soe long taken notice of in our Famely, & but too well confirm'd the rule that no man ought to thinke his life happy till y^e^ end of it. With this load of his afliction, & my owne, & all of us with our hearts broken, we return'd at ye end of y^t^ year with him & his desolate Famely to More Parke wch his Daughter in law, her mother, & two young children (both Daughters) then made a part off, & he with soe firme resolutions of passing the rest of his life there, that I beleeve such another revolution it selfe could not have alter'd them: God Almighty only knows how he shall please to dispose of what remains to him, who upon all the dismall accidents y^t^ happen'd in his life I have soe often heard repeat theese words—Gods holy name be prais'd, His Will be done!

THE CHARACTER OF S^{r} W. TEMPLE[1]

I thinke nothing harder then to write any bodys character, & that of a friend is yet more difficult; if one tells truth, tis thought being partial, & if one dus not, one is sure to be unjust; I will try by saying little to avoyd both. S^{r} W. Temple's person will be best knowne by his pictures. He was rather tall then low his shape when he was young very exact. His hair a darke browne curl'd naturaly, & while that was esteem'd a beauty nobody had it in more perfection. His eyes gray but very lively. In his youth lean but extream active; soe y^{t} nobody acquitted them selves better at all sorts of exercise, & had more spirit & life in his humor then ever I saw in any body, & with soe agreable turns of witt & fancy that no body was welcomer in all company, & some have observ'd that he never had a mind to make any body kind to him that he did not compass it. He was an exact observer off truth, thought none y^{t} had fail'd once ought ever to be trusted agin, of nice points of honnour, great humanity & good nature, takeing pleasure in makeing others easy and happy. His passions naturaly warme, & quick, but temper'd by reason & thought, giveing liberty only to those he did not thinke worth the care & pains it must cost to restrain them. His humor naturally gay, but a great deal unequal, sometimes by cruel fitts of spleen and melancholy, often upon great damps in the weather, but most from the cross & surpriseing turns in his business, & cruel disapointments he met with soe often in (what nobody ever had more at heart) the contributing to the honnour & service of his country; w^{ch} he thought himselfe two or three times so near compassing he could not thinke with patience of what had hindred it, nor of those that he thought had bin the occasion of it. He grew lazy, & easier in his humor as he grew older, though it had bin observed to be a part of his character never to seem busy in his greatest imployments; and was such a lover of liberty y^{t} I remember when he was young, & his fortunes low, to have heard him say

he would not be obliged for five hundred pounds a year to step every day over a Gutter y^t^ was in y^e^ street before his door; hated the servitude of Courts, said he could never serve for wages, nor be busy (as one is soe often there) to no purpose. Never willingly enter'd upon any imployment but that of a Publick Minister. Was a great lover of Musick, seldome without it in his famely, fond of pictures, & statues as farr as his fortune would reach, sensible extreamly to good air and good smells, w^ch^ gave him soe great an aversion to the Towne that he once pass'd five years at Sheen without seing it: the entertainments of his life were the conversation of his friends, & scenes he had made pleasant about him in his garden & House, rideing and walking were the exercises he was most pleas'd with after he had given over tennis, & when he was disabled from those too by the gout, pass'd much of the time in aireing in his coach that was not spent in his closet; Hee had bin a passionate lover; was a kind Husband, a fond and indulgent Father, & the best friend in the World & the most constant; knowing himselfe to be soe made him impatient of the least suspicion or Jealousy from those he loved; often repeated his owne happiness in a Wife that was alwayes pleas'd to se him soe, & in returne was as easy to consent to any thing she liked; Was ever kind to the memory of those he had once lov'd & esteem'd; wounded to the heart by griefe especialy upon losses of his friends and children, till recover'd by reason & phylosophy, & that perfect resignation to Almighty God w^ch^ he thought was so absolute a part of our duty; With this warmth in his kindnesse hee was not sometimes without strong aversions, soe as to be uneasy at the sight of some, & impatient of their conversation. Apt to be warme in disputes & expostulations, wch made him hate the first, & avoy'd the other, wch he said might sometimes do well between lovers but never between friends; Turn'd his conversation to what was more easy & pleasant, especialy at table where he use to say ill humor never ought to come, & that those who could not leave it behind them for y^t^ time ought to stay away with it; I have bin

sometimes reproach'd & have often repented to have bin able to recollect no more of what I am sure would have bin very entertaining to those y^t^ should read it, as it was to soe many y^t^ heard it; but the frequency of it discouraged me from soe great a taske. His conversation was easy and familiar with all people, from the greatest Princes to the meanest servant, to children whose imperfect language & natural & innocent way of talkeing he was fond off, & made entertainement out of every thing that could afford it; When y^t^ he liked best fail'd him, the next serv'd turne. Never eat abroad when he could avoy'd it, & at home of as little as he thought fit for his company: alwayes of the plainest meats but the best chosen, & commonly din'd himselfe of ye first dish or whatever stood next him, & said he was made for a farmer & not a courtier, & understood being a shepheard & a gardener better then an Ambassador; If he ever was inclin'd to excess twas in fruits, wch by his care & aplication he was alwayes furnis[h]'d with the best off from his owne gardens. He lov'd the tast of good wines & those best y^t^ were least kind to him, & drunke them constantly though never above three or four glasses, thought life not worth the care many were at to preserve it, & y^t^ twas not what we eat or drunke, but excess in either that was dangerous. He naturaly loved play & very deep, but without any aplication, & by reckoning his losses several years found himselfe every one of them so considerably a looser, he resolv'd to give it quite over: He liv'd healthfull till forty two, then begun to be troubled with Rheums upon his teeth & eyes w^ch^ he attributed to the air of Holland & ended at forty seven in the gout, upon wch he grew very Melancholy being then Ambassador at ye Hague, said a man was never good for any thing after it, & though he continued in business near three years longer, twas alwayes with the designe of winding himselfe out as fast as he could, & makeing good his owne rules, that no body should make love after forty, nor bee in business after fifety: And though he had from this time frequent returns of ill health he never made use of physicians, said he hoped to dye without them & trusted

to the advice but cheifely to the care of his friends wch he often express'd him selfe to be soe happy in as to want nothing but health, & dispis'd fortune since it could not helpe him to that. His[2] was never great but very unequal in the different parts of his life, begun the world & had several children with but £500 a year, yet had alwayes money by him; after his Father's death it encreast to fourteen hundred wch was the most he ever had comeing in, besides the Master of the Rolles's place of Ireland wch King Charles ye Second gave him the reversion off. the presents y[t] were made him dureing his imployments besides[3] some Jewels that remain to his Famely, were laid out in the purchase & Building his three Houses, of wch that in London was wholy for his Wife, & in what he lay'd out consider'd nothing of shew no more then in any thing else; but what he thought fittest to his Famely & most convenient to that & himselfe nothing was ever spar'd in. soe that those who knew him little thought him rich, to wch he used to answer pleasantly that he wanted nothing towards it but an estate, & was realy soe in haveing all he car'd for, nobody being less expensive upon themselves; wore alwayes the plainest stuffs, & for many years the same Colour. But nobody was ever more generous to his friends nor more charitable to those y[t] wanted except common begars, who he chose rather to releive by giveing to ye Parish then be troubled with crowds of at his dores, though with such he was often moved too. I have knowne him give 300[ll] at a time in charity often 100[ll]; alwayes rewarded his servants for doeing well, & parted with them when they did not; converst with the meanest of them, was all the life of his Famely, that looked as if they had none left when he was out of it, wch no man I beleeve was ever seldomer from the youngest I ever remember him; As he never did injuries soe he was very hard to bear them from any man, & not less to receive obligations unless from those he loved & esteem'd. I have seen him upon the most inconsiderable presents, never quiet till he had found out some thing of greater value to returne them with; but was pleas'd with the least y[t] could be

made him from his friends, impatient of pain wch he has had lately great & frequent returns off, & chuses to pass alone or only with a servant, but returneing with ye least intervals of ease to his natural good humor, & sending for his friends to give them their share of it; His Religion was y^{t} of the church of England he was borne & bred in, & thought nobody ought to change since it must require more time & pains then ones life can furnish to make a true judgement of that wch interest & folly were commonly the motives too; But S^{r} W^{m} Temples character will be best knowne by his writeings, & to that picture of him I leave those that care either to know or imitate him; Hee has now past the age of sixty, wch he used to say there was nothing worth liveing for after, that a man had nothing left to hope for more, & could only expect to be weary of himselfe & tire his friends, the last I am sure can never happen to him, & I hope the first never will. God Almighty give him & them patience for what ever is reserv'd for us.

A TRUE ROMANCE[1]

OR

THE DISASTROUS CHANCES OF LOVE AND FORTUNE

Sett forth in divers tragicall Storys
which in thees latter ages have
been but too truely acted
upon the Stage of
Europe

E so far e tacere

Reader

I can give thee very little encouragement to the reading theese storys, knowing my owne humor too well to beleeve any thing can please that comes from it. thy censure[2] is altogether indifferent to mee; for if thou likest them the thanks are due to another since I never intended they should deserve any by beeing publick; and if thou condemnest them I am not at all concernd in the sentence but am safe in beeing unknown, besides that thou canst not thinke worse of them then I dòe myself. while they stayed at home I lookt upon them as mine, now they ramble abroad without my leave I owne them no longer. use them as thou pleasest, yett for thy owne sake I advise thee not to commend or discommend them too much, for that may make the world suspect thee for their author, the best will bee to say nothing of them. however I wish thee thy ende in reading them as much as I have already had mine in their composure, w^ch^ was onely to seeke some diversion of an evill that I feare will proove capable of none. unles their truth commends them I know nothing else will, for as those Romances are best w^ch^ are likest true storys, so are those true storys w^ch^ are likest Romances; but it commonly falls out in this as in coines that the false has the better glosse. The names of persons are disguised and some times of places when the persons and actions were too notorious, as in that of the Duellists where Persia stands for France. Many French words not yett usuall among us I beleeve are slipt in, that beeing the language most familiar to mee at the time of their writing. There must needs bee a thousand faults in them besides, w^ch^ never were mine having not so much as once lookt them over, since they first fell from my hand. You may excuse them if you please; if not the matter is not great. This is all I have to tell thee, besides that twill be loss of time to read any further, and more to guesse who tis that gives thee so friendly an advise. Adieu

TO MY LADY

Madame

Having so good a title to my heart you may iustly lay claime to all that comes from it, thees fruits I know will not bee worth your owning for alas what can bee expected from so barren a soile as that must needs bee having been scorched up with those flames w^ch^ your eys have long since kindled in it. Were it heer my design to increas the number of thees sheets, I could never finde a fitter subiect then this I am upon; nor would it ill suite with the rest of thees tragicall storys should I heer trace over all the wandring steps of an unfortunate passion w^ch^ has so long and so variously affected, busied, diverted, pleased, and tormented mee. But it would bee too imperfect a story since the subiect has no ende nor I courage enough to thinke of its beginning or revive those pleasing remembrances w^ch^ would serve onely to sharpen the pangs of my present disquiets.[3] Tis not heer my intention to publish a secrett or entertain you with what you are already so well acquainted tis onely to tell you the occasion that brought thees storys into the frame wherein now you see them. Would I could doe it without calling to mind the pains of that tædious absence, w^ch^ I thought never would have ended but with my life, having lasted so much longer then I could ever figure to myself a possibility of living without you. How slowly the lame minutes of that time past away you will easily imagine, and how I was faine by all diversions to lessen the occasions of thinking on you, w^ch^ yett cost mee so many sighs as I wonder how they left mee breath enough to serve till my return. I found it to no purpose to fly from my thoughts and that the best way was to deceive them with the likeness of obiects and by representing others misfortunes to them instead of my owne. those books became pleasant to mee w^ch^ would have been painfull to a better humor, and whilst I pittyed others I sometimes forgott how much I deservd it myself. Among many storys of that kind I mett with thees

in French, but in so miserable an attire as servd not a little to the increas of my compassion in the reading them. I wishd them a better dress for though truth needs none yett beeing too modest to come abroad without it tis pitty to see her in an ill one. Poor Lydias misadventures[4] gave mee the first temptation to tell her story over againe in a new language and fashion, after w^ch^ I was insensibly traind on to the making up of her company by the ease I found in such a kinde of diversion for I made it the pastime of those lonely houres that my broken sleeps usd each night to leave upon my hands. besides in the expressing of their severall passions I found a vent for my owne, w^ch^ if kept in had sure burst mee before now, and shewd you a heart w^ch^ you have so wholly taken up that contentment could nere find a room in it since first you came there. I send you thees storys as indeed they are properly yours whose remembrance indited whatever is passionate in any line of them. Their shape and features are still the same but their color garbe and fashion quite alterd from what they were when I mett them, nor had you seen them before could you know them again their names beeing new as well as their faces. What errand they have to come thus abroad I must needs say I cannot tell, it belongs to another to give in that account. A friend found them by chance among some other scribled papers from whom all my importunity could never since recover them. When I found hee was resolvd to publish them I could not but send this along with them, not thinking it fitt to let any thing of mine goe abroad without the marke of my servitude. But they are now mine no longer, nor could any body doe mee a greater favor then to owne them. should I sett your name to this letter, thousands would doe it to gaine the title of your servant, w^ch^ is that I onely intend heer to bee knowne by. nor by that to any but your self, nor to you neither unles you are well enough acquainted with my heart to know my thoughts in any disguise. thees shall never have other besides this generall address w^ch^ (if fortune ever brings them to your hands) you will easily apply to yourself by a iust esteam of

your owne merits and my passion to bee the greatest of any.

And now Madam I must onely aske for pardon for entitling you to

The disastrous chances of Love and Fortune; you will not bee displeasd since I thereby entitle you to my whole life w^ch^ hath hitherto been composed of nothing else. but whilst I am yours I can never bee unhappy, and shall alwaies esteem fortune my friend so long as you shall esteem mee

Your servant

The Labyrinth of Fortune[s]
The Fate of Jealousie
The constant Desperado
The force of custome
The generous Lovers
The brave Duellists
The incestuous paire
The Maids revenge
The disloyall Wife

THE CONSTANT DESPERADO[1]

Amongst all humane passions there is none so naturall and yet none so violent as love, our eyes are but the breaches where it enters, our desires are its weapons, and our hearts its seate: hope gives it a beginning, enjoyment a perfection and despaire an end; for to speak properly love ceases with its object, and that which survives is regrett, which growing hopelesse of any end is termed despaire. absence may breed regrett but death onely despaire. For love has so much fancy and courage that twill many times finde out some appearances from hope where there are none to bee had from reason[2] and live upon any thinge but an impossibility w^ch^ indeed is a food of too hard a digestion. This *ensuing story* has so woefull a subject that I would advise none to reade it whose hearts are not (like mine) by theire owne misfortunes render'd proofe against the sense of all others; for to speake truth I should hardly bee able to write it, my inke would grow so pale with my teares, did not a neerer passion exact so constant and so unmeasurable a tribute from my eyes as they will not long bee able to furnish, and my teares bee forc'd to cease, *alas* how much sooner I feare then theire occasion. But this is enough unlesse thou art going to a funerall and to prepare thy humor and thy countenance for it art resolv'd to bee acquainted w^th^ *Alidor*, whose valour was renown'd through *Europe* before his age had attain'd two and twenty years, measuring it I meane by time and not by his actions which were such as might have valued the oldest man of his country, his courage and fortune having given him as many lawrells as they had engag'd him in famous battells and dangerous rancounters. hee was a Gentleman of *Picardy*, and commanded a troope of horse in that engagement when *Henry the greate* mingled such streams of blood with those of *Dordona*[3] that the river seemd to blush at the disloyalty of such persons, who not content to have banish'd him from Court endeavour'd to cutt off

all the hopes he had of seeing himselfe one day seated in the throne of his Auncestors.

After the courage of this *Cavalier* (who had allwayes follow'd the party of the league[4]) was constraind to give place to the valour and fortune of so greate a *Monarch*, hee retires to a house of pleasure[5] he has in his country, where his pastime was his businesse and content his ambition. one day he hunts the stagg, another courses the hare, and while hee returns from the chase pleases himselfe to consider how both the sport and toile is the same in the pursuit of little thinges and of greate, custome and fancy onely make the difference. sometimes hee flyes[6] the tender patridge, others the soaring hearne[7] and his hawkes never missing, hee concludes that fly wee high or low wee must all at length come alike to the ground; if there bee any difference that the loftyer flight has the deadlyer fall. sometimes with his angle hee beguiles the silly fish, and not without some pitty of theire innocence, observes how theire pleasure prooves theire bane and how greedily they swallow the baite w^ch^ covers a hooke that shall teare out theire bowells, hee compares lovers to theese little wittlesse creatures, and thinks them the fonder[8] of the two, that with such greedy eyes stand gazing at a face, whose beguiling regards will pierce in to theire hearts, and cost them theire freedome and content if they scape with theire lives. sometimes hee takes his gunn and lies in waite for the wild bore, and while hee is hungrily feeding as it were for a years longer life, knocks him downe, who gnashes his teeth and seems onely angry at death that would not let him live to eate up all hee had in his mouth; this makes him thinke of an old miser who ready to drop into his grave, yet scrapes in riches (his food) with as much eagernesse as if hee had yet a hundred yeares more to live, till at length death snaps him up, w^ch^ hee takes onely ill because it parts him from his baggs, and tis then first his wish that hee might but have the pleasure to spend what hee has had so much paine to heape up: after the fall of the game his freinds and his servants like the huntsmen and theire hounds come in

and share him amongst them. When the midday Sunn scorches our *free humour'd Gentleman* out of the fields and theire sports, hee takes a booke in his hand retires into some shady grove, or to some cleare fountaines head and there reads the adventures of such famous Knights whose deeds have made history so agreeable an entertainment, and the auncient times so much envyed and admired. one while his fancy pleas'd with so free a condition of life would make him a poet, and compose some sonnetts in his owne language and the praise of heaven that hee liv'd without passion prising his liberty beyond all the treasures in the world. happy sure had this resolution continued and had not the charms of a bewty jarred so sweet a consort out of tune, putting an end first to his repose and then to his life, and giving mee the occasion of describing the effects of his despairing passion instead of those glorious actions and triumphs which were expected from his valour. It happened while his soule remain'd unscorch'd by any amorous flame, that a Gentleman of his neighbours whom wee will call *Lycidas* return'd out of *Flanders* where he had serv'd ten or twelve years in the *Catholike Kings*[9] armys and the command of a *Regiment*. The newes of his arrivall was no sooner spread about the *Province* when all the Gentlemen thereabouts went by troops to salute him and to wellcome him at his house. *Alidor* who had as much civility as any, made him a visitt with the first; hee came thither in no other company but of his Gentleman, *Fatyme*. *Lycidas* whom report had acquainted with *Alidors* meritts and the ranck hee held in the *Province*[10] receivs him with all complements and kindnesse to bee imagin'd, hee shews him his house, the *parterres* of his garden, the orchard hee had stored with the best fruits the whole *Province* could shew, the arbours, grottos, and close allies cover'd with the embraces of the boughs which twin'd about them, in fine[11] hee shews him another sight much rarer and dearer then any of theese, twas his *Lady Callirea* whom he had married in *Flanders* and came now to enjoy more at ease in his owne country, preferring the pleasure of such

embraces before all the rewards and honours hee might have expected from the *King* after so long and so faythfull a service. shee was indeed a bewty one of the perfectest in the world: her eyes black as the night seem'd to presage the fate of all such as beheld them. her browne haire curl'd in rings, but indeed they were chaines that enslav'd all hearts that were so bold as to approach them. *Alidor* had scarce glanced on this Sunn when the cold freedome of his hearte began to melt away before the beames, it shott forth, and open a passage for such a passion as though it enter'd on a sudden, lik'd its lodging so well that it nere found the way out. *Callirea* who had never before seene so much grace and bewty assembled in any one man was at the same time surpriz'd with a secrett inclination for *Alidor* who allready was all passion for her, theire hearts mett so neere at the first salute that love pierc'd them both though it aim'd but at one. *Lycidas* who nothing distrusted his *Ladyes* faith commands her to entertaine *Alidor* while hee went to receive some new company that came in. how carefully Love provides for his traine? what musick was this command in our two lovers ears, shee sitts her downe in a chaire and commands *a page* to bringe *Alidor* another wherein shee desires him to sitt by her.

This *Cavalier* seeing himselfe so neere a person to whom hee had allready vow'd his heart and his service, was in some disorder and doubt which way to take as the shortest to the place of his aimes. fancy represented to him many severall paths but they all seem'd confus'd and uncertaine. hopes and feares had balanc'd him so even that hee remain'd without motion, his eyes fix'd on his *Mistresses* face, and his broken sighs that now and then stole out did the office of his tongue, and perhaps with more eloquence; hee was too full of his passion to have given it any vent had not *Callireas* words given him at length more encouragement then his owne hopes could have done.

S^r^ I feare this place displeases you or that the absence of some person who deserves so many sighs makes you wish

your selfe away allmost as soone as you are heere. I am sorry any thinge should distast you in a place where at least I can assure you there is one who has as greate an esteeme for your meritts as any other in the world. W^th^ the end of theese words shee cast such a piercing looke upon him as had charms enough to have kill'd him outright, but withall kindnesse enough to revive him againe. alas *Madam*, (*reply'd hee*) would to God I were condemn'd to live eternally in this place, tis not the absence of any subject that occasions my sighs, but the presence of one which I must bee so soone constrain'd to lose, and perhaps without hopes of ever seeing againe, tis this thought gives mee a torment beyond death it selfe. A deepe sigh broke of this discourse and gave *Callirea* leave to answer. Would I knew that person whose absence you apprehend, if shee should bee so inhumane as to defend you[12] her sight, I could easily convince her how much shee would bee her owne enemy in it, and where reasons would not serve my importunity should dispose her to your content. O God (*cries out Alidor*) if your words bee as unfeign'd as my passion, I am the most oblig'd to love of any man, my ambition has spent a greate part of my youth and my blood in the warrs, all that rests I will devote to love if I finde as much pitty for my passion as I finde ground for it in you. Tis you *Madam* I adore, tis you have my sighs, tis you have my hearte, dispose of it as you please for tis fairely wonn, and though not of much value yet such a prize as no other bewty could yet ever obtaine, but twere a signe I had no hearte not to lose it here; well tis gone, and since tis so, you cannot blame mee if I seeke to gett another in the roome of it, might it bee yours *Madam* how dearly I would use it, how I should thinke to have gain'd by the losse. however *Madam* beleeve it shall nere bee any other, I will rather live without any, as indeed I shall while I live without your favour, heer my vows beginn and heere they shall end, twill bee in vaine—but heere *Lycidas* comming cutt off his discourse and his *Ladyes* answer. all shee could doe was to lock her hand in his and presse it with a kindnesse that assur'd him shee receiv'd the offers of his

service and would dispose her selfe to make him no unequall returne of his affection. with this shee rises and goes to receive the company that her husband brought in. after civilityes past shee prepares a collation, and while hee amuses himselfe to entertaine one or other of his freinds, finds means to whisper *Alidor* and bidd him finde some expedient to stay all night without suspicion, that they might at more leisure discourse of theire new stricken league and the means to confirme it.

Alidor failes not to effect what his *Mistresse* advis'd, hee straight commands his *Gentleman* to ride out as upon businesse and not come back till night, hee is obey'd; meane while all the *Noblesse* that was come to visitt *Lycidas* take theire leaves and every one to his house. *Alidor* alone stayes behinde, and very angry that his man stayes so long upon so short an errand as hee had sent him, hee offers to goe alone, but that *Lycidas* would not suffer, ignorant *alas* how much more hee might suffer by his stay—hee entreats him to take an ill lodging that night, tells him twas fitt hee should take his rest where hee began to bee weary; for his divertisement hee and his *Lady* walke him out into the garden.[13] *Alidor* offers her his hande which shee tooke in kindnesse though in civility shee could not refuse. while her husband looks more after his trees then his company, shee receives his service after many amorous protestations, and for an earnest of the bargaine shee pulls a diamond from her finger and presents him while shee receives a ruby from his. *fond alliance!* where is thy discretion *Callirea* where are thy thoughts? wth thy husband thou willt say, dissembler tis then because there are thy feares; but sure they are some where away for by what thou doest, theres no signe of theire beeing at home. where is thy faith sworne to thy husband of which heaven was then the wittnesse and is still the judge. but thou hears't not what I say love has taken up thy ears as well as thine eyes, tis in vaine what I speake; but excuse it, *reader*, tis *alas* my custome and I am too much us'd to talke to insensible things.

After our *lovers* had assur'd one anothers faiths inviolable, they devise a means to enjoy that by writing which

fortune would not permitt them to doe by discourses. tis that *Callirea* should make her husband beleeve that *Fatyme* is in love with her *woman* call'd *Iris* in whom shee wholly confided, by this her house beeing free for him w^th^ out any suspicion, they might with as little, receive continuall letters and advertisements from one another of what might fall out to the furtherance of theire amours till fortune or love should present them some occasion of meeting againe. this resolution taken up they returne to the indifferency to bee observ'd in all company, shee comes to her husband and seeks to rock him asleepe with unusuall caresses, but shee her selfe is deceiv'd in beleiving her husband would so easily bee so. tis hard abusing a man who understands himselfe[14] and the world and perhaps by his owne experience knows the course of the markett.[15] the Sunn was gone downe when *Fatyme* arriv'd and *Alidor* call'd for his horse to bee gone, *Lycidas* stays him by force and carryes him into the parlour where supper stai'd for them. *Alidor* finds time to take *Fatyme* aside and in few words to declare to him his passion, bidds him feigne one for *Iris* whom *Callirea* had allready prepar'd. *Fatyme* failes not to act his part with as much life as his master did his, though one was but sport and tother was earnest. after supper hee accosts her with a sonnett as amorous as his lookes, while his sighs made the stopps in the tune. the sweetnesse of his voice that charm'd all who heard him, pleas'd *Lycidas* so well that hee desir'd it againe, and beeing told by *Alidor* how well hee plai'd on it, call'd for a lute. having tun'd it hee consorted his voice and his instrument to a mournfulle ditty that a good witt of that time had lately compos'd in a fitt of despaire, tis common through all *France* beginning with theese words

Before Phillis killing eyes[16]
Loving Calliante dy'd
And so 'scap'd the miseryes
Hee was destin'd to abide.

While hee sung though all the company had his voice, *Iris* onely had his eyes w^ch^ seem'd so passionate that

Lycidas could not but laugh at *Fatyme*, and *Alidor* at him. tis at length time to retire, and *Alidor* having given *Lycidas* and his *Lady* the goodnight, was shew'd a chamber so richly furnish'd as might have pleas'd him in a place farther off from his *Mistresse*, if at least it was not more paine to lye so neere her. before hee goes to bedd hee discourses over to *Fatyme* the whole progresse of his love and conjures his assistance, with assurance not to forgett the reward of his endeavours. *Fatyme* promises both his service and life if there should bee occasion and so helps him to bed, where his passion gave him leave to dreame, but hardly to sleepe, for in a lovers minde what are all thoughts but dreams, and how can there bee any rest where there is so much motion. *Callirea* is the Sunn that shining into his eyes keeps them now open though shee had blinded them before.

O heaven (*cry'd he out sometimes*) or rather O hell, for what is it else to bee out of her sight, it makes the night so long that I shall bee growne old by morning, too old sure to outlive such an absence as is likely to follow, this is *alas* but a clowd, what will become of thee when night comes on. my sentence will passe to morrow and condemne mee to darknesse and despaire for what crime I know not unlesse it bee not deserving *Callirea*, but *alas* could that bee a guilt there would bee no innocence in the world. but willt thou goe *Alidor*, but canst thou goe and leave thy heart behind thee, better stay, better dye at her feete then live to her torment (as shee makes thee beleeve) and I am sure to thine owne. if thou dyest now thou are sure of her tears to embalme thee, such tears as will make a dead body more precious then any soule can a living. but I must goe, and who are out of sight are e'en soone out of minde, how much likelyer is thy *mistresse* to change then thy fortune, but God forbid this should e're happen and I live to see it, no sure tis such a poyson as will kill mee at a distance, for the very apprehension goes neere it allready. theese unquiet fancyes made his body as restlesse as his minde, hee rises and walkes and straite changes his thoughts with his posture.

Ah wretch (*went hee on*) dost thou begin so soone to doubt of thy *Mistresses* faith, and w^th^ out any other reason besides the little[17] shee hath to love mee, and to bee at so much paines as to remember so worthlesse an object. yet what would shee say should shee know this distrust? would it not bee just in her to punish thee by making it true. what can make her inconstant so soone as thy beleeving shee is so. pardon *Madam* I am like the fond *Miser* whose hearte is allwayes with his treasure, and is incessantly in feare of losing what hee can never please himselfe enough with enjoying. your perfections onely can make my excuse, for since your witt is equall to your bewty how can you chuse but know there is nothing worthy of you.

Among theese desquiets hee passes the greatest part of the night, and has this advantage of his *Mistresse*, that hee can freely sigh forth his passion while shee dares not trust the aire w^th^ hers, her husband is to neere her. shee disguises her paine, forces her humour, shee askes him how hee liked the *Gentleman* that waited upon *Alidor*, whither twas not sport to see him so passionate for *Iris*, wee shall (*said shee*) at least gaine the pleasure by it of hearing him sing and play upon the lute as often as wee please, for hee will not faile to visitt his *Mistresse* every day if hee finds you not displeas'd with the sport, hee has begg'd of mee to get him leave. hee shall bee wellcome heere whensoever hee comes (*reply'd Lycidas*) for his *masters* sake, who is one of the most deserving persons I know in the country. *Callirea* glad to find her husbands will agree so well with her desires passes the rest of the night in impatience to give *Alidor* the news.

Our lover is up with the Sunn and prepares to take his leave of *Lycidas*, who hearing hee was ready to goe rises straite and comes to his chamber, hee excuses the ill entertainement and *Alidor* the trouble hee has given. *Lycidas* will not consent hee should goe without eating, and the other is not hard to entreate, hoping thereby to see *Callirea*, who by her woman lets *Fatyme* know how well her husband will receive him, whensoever hee comes,

hee soone acquaints his *Master* with the newes, which eases a little the paine of his departure.

Hee at length takes his leave of *Lycidas* and his wife who sends her heart along with him and her eyes as farr as shee could. When hee comes home hee wonders to finde all thinges else as hee left them and himselfe onely so strangely alter'd, his free joviall humour is turn'd into melancholly, the sports hee so affected are now quite growne out of date, company is a trouble and beeing alone a torment, yet tis this he chuses, and gives that fancy most liberty which has made him a captive; his onely content is to walke alone into some grove or solitary fields, and there discourse to the rocks and the trees the perfections of his *Mistresse* and the extremity of his passion. hee passes some dayes in theese solitudes and is so fix't upon the remembrance of his *Lady* and the resentment[18] of her absence, that hee had allmost forgott himselfe and the agreement they had made of writing one to another which at last hee performs in this manner

Madam

Though I count all that time but lost which I liv'd w^th^ out knowing you, yet am I sometimes in doubt whither twere not better for mee to have continued still in ignorance; not to know any object worthy our passion can hardly bee calld a paine, and I am sure there is little ease in knowing one farr enough onely to kindle our desires, and not to allay them. tis impossible to tell you how often I have died since I left you, for I have done it as often as I have thought of you, and thought of you as often as I have breath'd; you thinke it strange that I am dead and yet have motion enough to write, alas (Madam) though I am dead, my passion lives, and tis that now writes to you, not I; have I not often told you that would never dye? and as often I could never outlive the losse of your sight; you at first thought them winde like other words, and they would soone blow over, but learne (Madam) a lovers heart is allwayes at his mouth when his Mistresse is neere him. see how lively my passion continues while I my selfe am dead, for never can I account that a life wherein

there is more paine and as little hopes of remedy as in death it selfe. for all this dead as I am if my hopes are not so too, and there are any of seeing you, methinks your eyes would revive mee; so confident I am there is no part of such a body but can worke a miracle. let mee know by your letters you remember mee, if you would not have mee dye beyond all hopes of a resurrection.

Hee gives this letter to *Fatyme*, and bidds him under colour of seeing *Iris* goe deliver it to his *Mistresse*, this *Gentleman* parts, and arrives next morning at *Lycidas* his castle, whom the faire morning had invited a hunting. Comming out of dore hee meets *Fatyme* who was just then going in. Come in (*said Lycidas smiling*) I know more of your businesse then you imagine, you will find what you seeke within. *Fatyme* after a low reverence enters and straitfindes *Iris* who having heard of him came downe to receive him. when hee had secretly told her the subject of his journey, shee advertises *Callirea*, who transported with joy leaps out of her bed. shee has hardly patience to cast a nightgowne about her, while shee bidds *Iris* bring in the messenger. hee enters and after his obeisanse, tells her that hee had the honour to bringe her letters from the most *accomplish'd Cavalier* in the world. my freind (*said shee*) before wee see them I will recompence the paines you have been at in bringing them, wth that she steps to a *Cabinet* and opening it takes out *fifty pistolls*[19] which shee gives him. theese are not *Storyes* made at pleasure, they are certaintys all I relate, *Fatyme* is yet alive to witnesse them, and lives at present but few leagues from the *noblest city* of *Europe*;[20] hee humbly thanks this *Lady* for her present w^{ch} hee thought in manners hee could not refuse, and in lieu[21] returns her *Alidors* letter, in her opinion too rich an exchange for what shee had given; shee takes it and had kissd its outside to pieces but for feare of losing what it carried within. shee commands *Iris* to carry downe *Fatyme* and bidd him wellcome, while shee retires into her closett where she thus answers her lover.

My deare Soule

If twere as much in my power to ease you of those torments you complaine of as tis in my will, bee assur'd your cure would bee as sudden, as your disease is violent. for Godsake consider the least suspition that may grow in my husbands mind, who of his owne nature is jealous enough, would bee capable of ruining us for ever. live upon hopes that love whom wee both so devoutly and both equally adore will shortly give us the contentment of seeing one another with more freedome then wee have hitherto had. in the meane time faile not to send over your man often to mee, that if any occasion happens I may advise you of it. adieu my dearest soule and bee kinde to her remembrance who lives not but upon the beleefe shee has that thou lovest her.

the latter part of this letter I disclaim you will see a 1000 miles of tis not mine. I remember twas in the french, and I had some perticular reason to put it in, but I have forgott it.

This letter beeing seal'd she calls up *Fatyme*, gives it to him, and bidds him bee sure to act his part well in counterfeiting such a passion for *Iris* as might give him free entrance w^th^ out distrust. twas sport to see him in this action, one would have thought him allmost at the end of his witts if not of his life. *Lycidas* return'd from hunting would needs stay him dinner,[22] w^ch^ hee spent in jesting at that passion which was sad earnest for him. after dinner hee makes him take a lute which hee tun'd to such melodious aires and w^th^ so skillfull a touch that *Lycidas* thought himselfe well pai'd for his ordinary,[23] and bidds him come and see his *sweet-heart* often. towards evening hee takes his leave and returns to *Alidor*, who was as much on fire with impatience as before with affection. so soone as hee sees him comming hee runns to embrace him and asks what newes, heere, *saies Fatyme*, take the letters if you desire to know what you most desire; hee takes them, and having kiss'd them as often as his impatience to know the contents would give leave, reads them over as if hee had a mind to have done, but tis onely because hee would begin againe. having read them hee enquires more particularly of his

Mistresses health, her lookes, her actions, her humour and all that a lovers curious fancy could imagine to aske. *Fatyme* relates the whole successe[24] of his journey; should I heere pretend to sett downe all the passages of theire amours, twould swell this *Story* into a volume which was intended onely for entertainement. in fine *Fatyme* goes every day allmost to *Lycidas* his house under pretence of seeing *Iris*; but tis impossible to act his part with so much cunning but that the husband begins to perceive the designe and see through the disguise, beeing a person both of witt and judgement and most then where himselfe was so neerly concern'd. hee begins to remarke his wifes actions w^th^ a more diligent eye, and seeing her humour so much allter'd, whilst her fortune and his affection to her continued the same, and gave no occasion for it, hee apprehends some attempt upon his honour. *love is a fire and so not to bee conceal'd, tis blinde and therefore can the hardlyer*[25] *hide it selfe especially from so expert an huntsman as a distrustfull husband, whose honour and contentment both are concern'd in the game, and who knows by his owne passions how to track anothers.* *Lycidas* after a greate deale of toile in discovering the mine which was lai'd for the blowing up of his honour, at length meets with one of *Alidors* letters to *Callirea*, two passions distract him love and revenge, one bidds him bee tender of his wifes reputation, the other bidds him resent his intended dishonour, now hee thinkes of killing *Alidor* but the rumour and scandall affright him, nay sometimes of *Callirea* her selfe, but bewty laughs at those thoughts, knowing hee must first pull out his owne eyes, for none that ere saw her could intend her any harme. after many disputes betweene his reason and his passion about it, hee concludes the best expedient is to returne into *Flanders*, and by this means divert the course of theese new amours by cutting off all occasions of *Alidors* seeing *Callirea* any more. the effect soone follows the resolution. hee departs of a sudden with out any leave taken of his freinds or notice given to his wife, who is confounded at so unthought of an accident, and would faine have spoke in it, but her griefe made her silent.

Alidor hearing of this departure was nothing but tears and regretts, hee invokes death a thousand times over to put an end to his miseryes, but that seem'd as farr out of hearing as his *Mistresse* was, yet was hee resolv'd to goe seeke it, had not *Fatyme* offer'd to make a journey into *Flanders* on purpose to bringe him news of what hee much more desir'd.

While hee measures night and day by his sighs and teares, *Lycidas* who was allready arriv'd at *Anwerp* is sent for to *Brussells* by the *Duke of Alva*.[26] at parting hee leaves his wife in the gard of one of her *Cosens* whom hee had allready made privy to all had pass'd in *Picardy*. beeing come to *Brussells* and wellcome to his *Excellence*, an attempt is made on a strong place of the enemyes. *Lycidas* in this action receivs a muskett shott through the body w^{ch} sent him first to the ground and afterwards halfe dead to *Brussells*. the *Physitians* and *Surgeons* despaire of his cure. his wife hearing the news runns to him wth a face that might have become a much kinder wife in the like occasion; shee washes his sheets wth her tears, but wishes they might have beene e'en enough to drown'd him; shee yet was ignorant that her husband was not so of her amours, for hee had lai'd up the letter againe in the place where hee had found it. however hee is so carefully attended that in few dayes hee begins to amend but with this unhappy condition that his *Physitians* bidd him not hope for above six months life, because the wound though closed had perish'd his lungs. within two months hee quitts his bed but still languishing towards his grave.

While things thus passe in *Flanders*, *Callirea* secretly gives notice of all to *Alidor* by a letter. this lover who was by this time allmost in despaire, begins straite to build new designs and entertaine new hopes. hee thinkes love wearyed out with his torments will now recompense all the traverses[27] he has receiv'd by opening a way for him to espouse *Callirea*. hee gives *Fatyme* a part of the letter,[28] and prays him to undertake a journey into *Flanders* under colour of visiting *Lycidas* from him and assuring him of the displeasure hee receiv'd at the news of his disaster. *Fatyme* dispatches and with all diligence comes to

Brussells, and goes strait to *Lycidas* his lodging and gives him *Alidors* letter. this was the ruine of our lovers. questionlesse had *Alidor* had patience enough, *Lycidas* would have had more then hee afterwards practis'd. must I then suffer all, (*said hee*). am I thought so neere dead as to bee insensible allready, shall this vile woman whom I have so dearely lov'd and to so little purpose mock her selfe after my death at my folly, my patience, and my easinesse to bee deceiv'd; no no I will teach others what tis to offend a husband that has both eyes to see an injury and hands to revenge it. would to God I could as easily pay him for his treason as her for her disloyalty, that I could equally revenge what I have equally deserv'd at theire hands; I should dye contented could I send them before mee, who live onely in hopes that I have but little to live. theese were his thoughts, while in appearance hee us'd *Fatyme* with the greatest curtsey that could bee, hee a thousand times thankes his *Master* for his remembrance of a person who had so little deserv'd it of him, and importunes him to stay some few dayes while hee might gett leisure to answer his *Masters* letter with all the acknowledgements it deserv'd.

Fatyme is perswaded and when after some delay hee prepares to bee gone, a sad accident stops him a while longer, and might have done an age, for loaded with so heavy newes hee allmost despairs of ever beeing able to gett home to his *Master*. a fitt of a feaver seises *Callirea* with so much violence that in lesse then foure and twenty houres it gives an end to her bewty her love and her life. *Lycidas* seeing her languish under the last pangs shee was ever to feele, sobs, laments, tears his haire, beats his brest, but *alas* how small a punishment are his blows for a part where such a murder had been contriv'd. hee so well dissembles his contentment to see her dye by the feign'd greife hee makes shew of, that a stranger to his thoughts would have beleev'd him the very picture of sorrow; *in fine death* (*w^ch ends all that ever nature began, and yet of w^ch wee know nothing besides its certainty, the time and the manner beeing as darke and unknowne as the place and*

condition it leads us into) at one blow sends faire *Callirea* beyond the sense of any paine, and brave *Alidor* beyond the hopes of any remedy. her bewty seems to goe with her to the grave, and his love that sprung from it never leaves him till it has first entomb'd his soule in despaire, and at length his body in the earth.

Fatyme is strangely perplex'd at this so fatall and sudden misadventure, hee presses by all means to bee dispatch'd, but *Lycidas* who with all earnestnesse conjures him to stay some few dayes longer and take a long with him a letter to his *Master* by w^ch^ hee intended to begg so much favour of him as to make a journey for a while into *Flanders*, beeing a person by whose company hee was in hope to divert some part of those resentments,[29] w^ch^ his late unequall'd losse had justly given him. *Fatyme* waits for this dispatch and at length returns not a little troubled to bee the messenger of such unpleasing news. arriv'd at *Alidors* house, hee desires him to retire into his chamber, and there w^th^ an ill presaging looke and silence, gives him *Lycidas* his letter, he takes it not without some extraordinary motion caus'd by the encounter of his hopes and fears. but no sooner finds what hee least sought for, when hee straite falls backward to the ground as pale and insensible as his dead *Mistresse* the cause of his griefe. his soule for a time seem'd to bee gone in quest of that dearest treasure it had lately lost, but comming back in despaire of ever finding it againe, his first thoughts after the recovery of his senses were how to lose them indeed, having now no object left w^ch^ deserv'd theire employment; to this purpose hee snatches downe a dagger w^ch^ hung by his bedside and with it had open'd a passage to his hearte the onely place now left where *Callirea* was to bee found, had not *Fatyme* beene as nimble in seising on his hands as hee on the dagger. where is your courage (*cri'd hee out*) where that constancy and resolution w^ch^ have been ever your companions in all dangers you have so often beene engag'd in, will you lose your honour with your soule and together with both ruine the onely remaining part of your *Mistresse*, her reputation, to w^ch^ you ought still

to continue a *servant* even after her death. if you use such violence to your selfe, will it not give *Lycidas* occasion to beleeve what before hee suspected, twould in my minde bee a much greater victory to overcome your owne passion, to maintaine your owne and your *Ladyes* honour by constraining your selfe so farr as to goe see *Lycidas* (but well accompany'd) and afterwards from time and new objects to expect the remedy of your present disease.[30]

Alas *Fatyme* (*answer'd Alidor*) tis impossible to outlive the losse of my heart; having lost the Sunn w^ch^ gave them light I have no longer use of my eys, nor of my breath, since tis impossible it should serve mee for so many sighs as my misfortune deserves. however I will not dye before I have wash'd over her tomb w^th^ my tears, and protested to her spirit (if it shall chance to bee hovering still about so lovely a body) how little pleasure I have in my selfe now I have no hopes of her and how little time I intend to linger out[31] behind her. when hee ends this discourse. hee begins to confine his passion, and raine it in from flying out into any extravagant actions or complaints, hee strait takes order for his journey, and next day setts forward. arriv'd at *Brussells* hee goes to *Lycidas* who at first sight runns to him with open arms, and thanks him for his charity in comming to visitt a condemn'd person, one that had now chang'd all his hopes and fears for an incurable regrett and griefe w^ch^ would carry him to his grave, nor desir'd hee to outlive his contentment w^ch^ was all buried with his wife, if any remain'd twas now laid out in seeing him; assurs his wellcome to a place which hee yet fear'd would hardly long deserve his company unlesse hee would bee so kind as to stay a while and doe him the last office of a freind by helping to solemnize his funerall. *Alidor* who had himselfe more need of a comforter then to bee made sharer in anothers greife, was like to dye upon the renewing of such a deadly remembrance. theese discourses gave soe rude a blow to his new clos'd wound that made it fall a bleeding afresh. but hee does his best to dissemble his paine, and yet by studying arguments of comfort for another can find none for himselfe, hee onely

tells him twas now a time to shew the greatenesse of his courage hee had formerly given proofe of in so many occasions, that the brave suffering this losse would bee the greatest glory hee could any wayes atcheive, as beeing the greatest shock any mortall could receive; that wee were all borne to dye as well as to live, and hee ought not to envy *Callireas* happinesse in leaving this world, while hee pittyed and regretted his owne misery in staying longer in it. After some discourses past betweene them while the one endeavours to represent a feign'd greife and the other to dissemble a true one, *Alidor* takes his leave of *Lycidas* unable to stay with him any longer in so much constraint and excusing himselfe upon the necessity of some affairs that inforc'd his departure. his next steps were to the *Church* where his *Mistresse* lay intomb'd, hee throws himselfe downe upon the monument, sheds such a flood of tears as if hee intended to have drown'd himselfe in them; utters a thousand moanes w^ch^ his witty passion indited and his sobs interrupted. night found him in this posture w^ch^ hee little perceiv'd having allmost wept out his blubber'd eys, his Sunn beeing eclips'd hee little heeded what light any other gave. his servants at length retire him[32] by force from that place, where hee faine would have left his life w^th^ the *Lady* of his life, and carry him to a lodging which hee wish'd had beene his grave; so unpleasing were all places now growne to him who us'd by his good humour to make all pleasant where hee came. Next morning hee getts on horseback and returns to his house where hee continues his customes that no change of place was capable to alter. were not his sighs and tears his constant companions hee would bee allwayes alone, hee locks himselfe in his closett and there sobs out a thousand injuryes[33] against heaven, a thousand curses against fate, and more against the cruelty of *Lycidas*, whom hee beleev'd to have beene his *Mistresses* executioner, and so his owne tormentor. Cruell fortune (*would hee say*) I now defy the worst thou canst doe, if thou allwayes hadst so much cruelty in designe against mee, why couldst thou not take thy time when I so freely expos'd

my selfe to the chances of warr, but twas not enough to take away my life w^th^out laying mee first upon a languishing rack, to make mee feele by degrees all the paines thou couldst invent. *deare soule* where art thou fled how farr are wee now asunder whose hearts formerly were allwayes together, thou art now happy in heaven while thy losse and my despaire make mee allwayes in hell wheresoever I am. alas when shall wee meete againe, would thou wert either heere to ease mee of my anguish, or I with thee to have a share in thy blisse. *Cursed fortune!* how thou art pleas'd to consider thine owne power in making mee thus wretched, but it shall not bee thy triumph, for I will let the world see that I can make my selfe more miserable then thou canst make any. *Fatyme* comming in breaks off theese discourses and finds him ready to fall upon a sword w^ch^ hee had in his hand, hee forces it from him and sets before his eyes how unworthy such an action was of a *Christians* hands, how impious twas to murmur against heaven, how in vaine to bemoane with such excesse a person whom tears could not recall. that killing himselfe would endanger him never to see her againe, who sure was in heaven, whereas selfe murtherers[34] would have hell allotted for theire portion. this reason came home to *Alidor* and chang'd his designe though not much for the better. Well (*saies hee*) since youle have mee live I will live but upon condition you will assist mee in a journey I intend. *Fatyme* engages himselfe to beare him company, and *Alidor* resolvs upon a course w^th^ out example or perhaps imitation.

At that time when the losse of his *Mistresse* made him allmost lose himselfe *France* was split into two partyes w^ch^ had ingag'd the whole *Kingdome*, the *Parisians* forsaking the loyalty they ow'd to theire *Prince* had render'd themselves infamous by the greate disorders begun on that day of the *Barricados*[35] so much spoken of in our historyes, there was no speech throughout the *Provinces* but of blood and of slaughter: *Alidor* who had many and perticular obligations to a *Prince* of the house of *Lorrain*, takes occasion to speake to his mother about the storme

like to fall, how twould not bee for his honour to bee disengag'd in so generall a quarrell; that on one side his alliance and private obligacons call'd him to side w^th^ the house of *Lorrain* against his naturall *Prince*, and on tother side his duty and loyalty to side w^th^ his *Prince* against his freinds and inclinacons; for this cause hee resolv'd to make a journey into *Italy*, and there passe his time in vertuous studys and exercises in expectation of a calmer time to succeed those unhappy divisions, which had now imbroil'd his country. by this means hee might continue indifferent w^th^ out any staine to his honour or offence to either of the partys. This good *Lady* had no other sonn and lov'd him so intirely that shee had no thoughts w^ch^ ended not in his satisfaction, was at first very unwilling to lose him for so long a time as that journey would take up, but on tother side weighing what hazard hee might runn of falling in some battell or encounter if hee engag'd in the civill warrs wherein *France* was then imbroil'd, shee gives him her leave her blessing and the mony hee desir'd. while his equipage was preparing hee goes to a picture-drawer[36] and by a picture w^ch^ hee had of his *Mistresse* causes two other to bee drawn in little, one representing her *dead* and tother *alive*.

Theese draughts being finish'd hee wears them like reliques at his brest, and taking w^th^ him onely *Fatyme* and *Anselme* who wayted on him in his chamber, begins his journey, hee commands them never to salute him never to drinke to him but in his *Mistresses* name, never to talke to him of any thinge else. being arriv'd at *Marseilles* and there finding a *Spanish* ship bound for *Alexandria* and ready to set saile hee agrees w^th^ the *Master* and embarkes himselfe in it. they had not sail'd farr favour'd by winde and weather, when a *Turkish* man of warr boards them and having pillag'd all of value in the ship carry's the men for slaves to *Argier*.[37] *Alidor* whose good meen and garbe in spight of his extreame sorrow betray'd him to bee no common person was made a present to the *King*. This *Prince* pleasd w^th^ his bewty, his fashion and his youth takes him to his owne service and in quality of a slave to

waite on him in his chamber. *Alidor* performs w^th^ so good a grace all those services w^ch^ others formerly us'd to render him that any who saw him would have beleev'd his *Master* onely to have beene chang'd and not his condīcon; as indeed hee never did any thinge but became him, besides giving himselfe over so wholly to his desperate and foolish passion. having in short time weav'd himselfe into the *King of Argiers* favour, hee found means to gett *Fatyme* and *Anselme* freed from those *Masters* who had bought them and taken into the service of the *court* where hee had as much of theire company as hee pleas'd. After six months servitude the *King* observing him to bee allwayes sad and melancholly beleev'd some displeasure had beene done him, and one day finding him alone and in his usuall humour hee call'd him to him, Come hither *Christian* whats the meaning of this that I never see you merry, is it because you are a slave and have not the liberty of returning into your country; methinks your condīcon is not so ill as you may esteeme it having obtain'd the favour of a *Prince* who will not onely set you at liberty but advance you to a degree of envy if you can please your selfe with staying in this *court*. with theese words hee fix'd his eyes upon *Alidor* as full of pitty as his were of tears w^ch^ trickled downe his cheekes, as if they intended to wash away the sorrow that caus'd them, *so in greate floods the fountains themselves are sometimes overwhelm'd.*

What ailst thou (*continued the King*) hast thou been injur'd by any of my subjects, doe but tell mee his name and by *Mahomet* Ile see thee reveng'd. No S^r^ (*answer'd Alidor*) I have but too many obligations to your *Majesty*, nor have I receiv'd ought but civility from any of yours, I onely regrett a freind whom I lately lost, but such a freind but such a losse as has ever since made all good or ill fortunes but indifferent to mee and has given mee so extreame a resentment that I have none for any thinge else: a sigh clos'd up theese words such an one as fill'd his mouth and seem'd to have broken his heart; the *Prince* melted into a tender compassion of so greate a sorrow bid him discover his whole *story* to him, that if there were any

remedy and it were in his power hee might apply it w^th^ that kindnesse hee had long had for him. tell mee then who thou art (*said hee*) and the subject of thy misadventures. Since your *Majesty* (*reply'd Alidor*) will concerne your selfe in a person and his fortune w^ch^ are both so unworthy your knowledge I will satisfy you in both, though sure it can bee little pleasure to heare a *story* w^ch^ tis so much paine to remember. I am a *french Cavalier* who have left my country w^th^ intention to confine the rest of my dayes to the desarts of *Egypt* there alone to bewayle my disaster as I have beene alone in suffering it; for so greate an one never yet befell any. and why (*ask'd the King*) are all hopes of remedy past? hopelessly past (*answer'd Alidor*) unlesse perchance dying can make mee forgett it; w^th^ this he putt his hand in his brest and tooke out the two pictures w^ch^ hee never had done before but at mornings and nights at w^ch^ times hee us'd to take them out to kisse, to court them, and discourse w^th^ them, as if it had beene to his *Mistresse*. S^r^ (*pursu'd this unfortunate lover holding forth his two Idolls,*) I adore the living and I bewaile the dead. the *King* observing the mistery easily understood that an amorous despaire was his disease w^ch^ the more encreas'd compassion in this youthfull *Prince* so as hee could hardly keepe in his tears to consider how much reason *Alidor* had to shed those hee did. twas (*said hee*) a lovely creature thy *Mistresse*; that must bee avow'd, but since tis impossible thy tears or complaints should revive her, methinks thou shouldst give an end to thy sorrow and seeke some comfort from thy reason since thou canst finde none from thy hopes. S^r^ tis resolv'd (*answer'd this Cavalier*) tis resolv'd, let fortune change my condition as oft as shee please, shee shall never my humour; since thou art so obstinate (*said the King*) though in an ill resolution I will not constraine thee, tell mee onely what thou wouldst have mee doe for thee, if thou wilt stay I will make thee one of the cheife of my *Kingdome*, and perhaps time and diversion may cure thy misfortune.

S^r^ I most humbly kisse your hands (*answerd Alidor*) for such an offer; were I capable of any happinesse twould bee

some to deserve the favours you have shew'd mee; had I not long since resolv'd never to serve any besides my *Mistresse* I sweare there is no *Prince* in the world in whose service I would so freely spend my blood as in your *Majestyes*. but *alas* one that has so little use of himselfe what use can hee bee of to another. all I begg is my liberty that I may accomplish my designe w^ch^ nought but death can ever make mee forsake. from this instant I give it thee (*answer'd the King*) and I will furnish thee with what mony thy necessityes require. *Alidor* gives him thanks on his knees, but told him hee had beene so much trouble to his *Majesty* that hee would bee no charge; nor indeed did hee stand in need of it having a diamond ring about him of a thousand crowns valew w^ch^ hee had made a shift to preserve when hee lost his liberty. having now recover'd it both for himselfe and his men, hee takes his leave of the *King* and imbarking himselfe with a favourable wind hee arrives in *Alexandria*. hee there sells his ring and providing himselfe and his men of pilgrims weeds, walks on till at length hee comes by easy journeys to the *desarts* of *Thebayda*. tis unnecessary to describe this solitude w^ch^ the *storys* of the auncient *hermits* have made so notorious. hee heere makes choice of a high rock neere some *Christian hermitages* and there makes him a cell in forme of a chappell, builds an altar, places a *crucifix* upon it and on each side one of the pictures of his *Mistresse*.

While his cell was building *Fatyme* one day walking with him in a silent melancholly grove adjoyning to it, began to set before his eyes the ranke hee held in *France*, the occasion his country had of his valour, the reputation hee had formerly acquir'd, w^ch^ could not chuse but wither in so barren a desart, how hee went to make himselfe the scoff and fable of all who knew him, what would they say but weakenesse or feare or stupidity had put him upon theese extremitys, hee endeavours by many other reasons to divert him from so desperate a course, but finding him obstinate and his fancy faster rooted then any tree in the grove where they walk'd, well (*said hee*) at last, for my part I am neither a madman nor a lover, you I thinke are

both, I have no fancy to passe away my dayes in a desart w^th^ out profit or pleasure, and no other company but beasts and trees. I am forc't to bidd you adieu, and returne to *France*, since I finde your frenzy incurable and my selfe not at all inclin'd to follow you in it. I have accompany'd you to the place you resolv'd to fix your selfe in, since you are arriv'd I am oblig'd to no more, while you liv'd I allwayes serv'd you faithfully, but since you are dead pardon mee if I who am still alive have no minde to bee buried w^th^ you.

And will you then leave mee so soone (*said Alidor*) at least tarry a little while longer, my life cannot weare out many weeks, see mee buried, and then goe carry the news to my freinds. never (*answers Fatyme*) Ile bee none of Jobs messengers. heaven send you health and your senses againe in time, adieu. w^th^ this hee leavs him at the instant and after many various chances in so long a journey returns into *France*, while our wretched *Cavalier* stays behind w^th^ his other servant, who would never abandon so good but so unhappy a *Master*.

When hee had finishd his chappell and profan'd the ceremonyes of the *Church* by hanging up his two pictures of *Callirea* on the *altar* hee is continually upon his knees before them, sometimes hee addresses himselfe to the living w^th^ theese passionate expressions.

Deare Image, that mak'st mee remember my past contentments, why can'st thou not as well make mee forgett my present displeasures. seeing thee, *my deare Saint*, us'd to bee my onely life, alas how times change, tis now death to mee to looke upon thee. why lost I not my eyes in that houre I lost all the objects w^ch^ pleas'd them? no. they were then given mee to see her and are since continued mee onely to weepe that I must see her no more. how sweet a smile becomes that mouth? sure thou lov'st mee not *Callirea* can'st thou smile at my woes? or is it that thou art pleas'd to see mee so neer thee? why cannot I bee so too, no thou art but a shaddow and my contentment is lesse, O heaven to thinke my Sunn should bee now but a shaddow. why doe I live, where find I breath enough to

complaine? who would in times past have said twas possible for *Alidor* to complaine or bee in ill humour while hee saw this face? how desperate is thy case since that w^ch^ us'd to bee the remedy of all thy displeasures is now become the bane of all thy contentments. yet I will adore thee, *deare Image*, since thou art all that is left of a *Saint* I so devoutly ador'd, twas from her I receiv'd all my good all my life and w^th^ her all is gone. but thou know'st w^th^ what regrett I stay behind thee, tis but a while to punish this body for having so long kept my soule from following thee, where e're thou art, for there heaven needs must bee, it being impossible any place should bee happy w^th^ out thee.

When hee had breath'd a while, would hee turne and contemplate the dead face while his owne was little better, and this chang'd his expressions but not his thoughts. Heere is the end of my desires, how I differ from the rest of men? that w^ch^ is the greatest of theire fears is the onely hope I have left. how much easyer would it bee to dye then to see so deadly a sight. *cruell fate!* that gav'st us not both one death who had both one heart. could'st thou thinke to cutt a soule in sunder as well as a body; but had wee both one heart? how comes it then about that I can outlive her? is it not that her soule lives still in mee, while mine is dead in her, It is her soule that lives in mee for sure tis not the same that I had while shee liv'd. *Cruell death*, how could'st thou hurt so much innocence, how couldst thou kill her whom none could approach w^th^ out dying themselves, was it because thou art blind to all charms as well as deafe to all prayers, sure thou art so, for none that e're saw *Callirea* could have the heart to doe her any harme. no I have found out the cause of her death twas a peice of natures good huswifry by this one death to save so many others that her bewty might have occasion'd. but thou art happy *Callirea* thou art happy in heaven, while I am miserable heere on earth, or rather in hell for such thy absence is able to make a much pleasanter place then this. but why stay I heere, tis that I know not the way to come to thee, should I chuse it my selfe, my fortune is so ill,

I feare to light on the wrong, heaven open the gate for mee as soone as it pleases, wert[38] at my pleasure it should bee at this instant and doe thou *o my Saint* stand ready to receive mee.

Such like discourses to insensible things did this wretched *desperado* entertaine himselfe w^th^, while his *servant* tooke care to provide what was necessary for the sustenance of his miserable life, hee at length tells his *Master* that his mony grew short and that twould bee necessary to provide what was to bee done before it came to bee quite consum'd. hee was in hopes by the ugly vizard of necessity and hunger to fright him from the pursuite of his frenzy; but alas hee was deceiv'd twas as if hee should have told a man resolv'd to starve himselfe that hee must lose his dinner. this desperate lover instead of dreaming to returne himselfe, perswades his man to undertake the journey, and fetch what mony hee needed. While *Alidor* continues his solitary course *Anselme* finding a ship in *Alexandria* that was bound for *Genoa*, puts himselfe in her and in a little time arrives safely at the walls of that stately *City*. from thence hee passes the *Alps* and w^th^ more ease though all pav'd with ice and snow, then hee could have done through the towns of *France*. fire and sword now ravaged over all the *Provinces*, *Religion* had divided all houses and was even too strong for nature it selfe, the names of father, sonn, brother or freind were forgotten and blowne away by an inconsiderate zeale. yet with much trouble hee arrives in *Picardy* where *Alidors mother* still liv'd, when hee had told her his errand, and discoursed to her at large the sad occasion of it, shee tells him her resolution not to send him the summ hee desires but fifteene hundred crowns onely to put him in equipage for his returne, shee prayes *Anselme* to conjure him by all the dutys hee ow's to a *Mother* or a country to come back as soone as twas possible, and put his freinds out of the paine his absence and the knowledge of his miserable life put them to.

Anselme having receiv'd this mony and promis'd his endeavours in what was incharg'd him, leavs *France* and makes a prosperous voyage into *Alexandria*, from thence

hee goes to his *Masters* solitary abode, beleiving to find him as hee left him, not imagining there could bee any worse condition. but hee finds himselfe deceiv'd. the rigor *Alidor* had us'd to himselfe the little repose hee had taken since his *Mistresses* death, *in fine* melancholy and anguish had so undermin'd his health, had so broken his body, that no longer able to resist the assaults of so many wooes hee was newly deceas'd. some good *Hermits* who us'd every day to visit him out of charity and compassion of his uncomfortable life had sett up tapers by his body and perform'd the usuall ceremonys and were now preparing to carry him out to his grave.

Poore *Anselme* seeing so sad a spectacle fell pale to the ground, and coming againe to himselfe began to utter such mournfull regretts as nothing but an extreame affection and griefe could indite. hee was about to have accompanied him in his death as hee had done in his misfortunes, but that hee consider'd the truth of the disaster would then never bee knowne, and some perhaps might beleeve that out of greedynesse to keep the mony hee had either forsaken or made away his *Master*. for this reason after having erected him an honourable tombe and render'd the last offices wee owe to the dead, hee return'd into *France*, goes to *Alidors mother*, relates her sonns lamentable *story* and restores the fifteene hundred crowns, a peece of honesty as rare in this age as was his *Masters* passion. this sorrowfull *Lady* surviv'd not long so sensible a losse, griefe in a few dayes gave an end to the many shee had liv'd. his freinds putt on mourning and bewailing so strange and so *Tragicall* a chance, they pray God to give his soule more rest in heaven then love and dispaire gave either his body or his minde heere on earth.

Madam,[39] would you know what would have been my fate if you had continued cruel,[40] take the paines to read this story, on my conscience mine would have been something like it, but now tis past I tell you plainly I should have drawn some blood first or lost some of my owne.

there are some iniurys too great to bee pardond. I remember you have askd mee what I did how past my time when I was last abroad. such scribling as this will give you account of a great deal ont. I lett no sad unfortunate storys scape mee but I would tell um over at large and in as feeling a manner as I could, in hopes that the compassion of others misfortunes might diminish the ressentment of my owne. besides twas a vent for my passion, all I made others say was what I should have said myself to you upon the like occasion. you will in this find a letter that was meant to you though nere superscribd, and bee confident whatever in it is passionately said twas you indited. The story was in a French booke and told in a good old plaine way, so as all the faults in it now I must confess are mine, for there is nothing left of the originall but what might bee told in forty lines.

[A couple of lines illegible]

This story shall goe without any disguise the persons who are the subiects of it beeing of so mean quality as it seems not worth the pains of inventing feignd names to dissemble the true. for what wrong can bee done their reputacon who have none, beeing not onely of base condition, but withall whose ill qualitys were enough to forfeit even a good name w^ch is allowed to all degrees of fortune. yet as books of a small illfavord print many times containe matters as excellent and worth our reading as those of a greate: so among men (w^ch are another kinde of books and the best worth our study of any) wee may often meet with as remarquable accidents proceeding from the variety of fortune and disposition in little obscure people that stande below in the crowd as in the greatest personnages who appear upon the stage. that w^ch makes thees so much taken notice of and the other so little is because it happens in the world as in a bookbinders shop[1] where a man that enters onely to pass an houres time and without the search of any perticular booke commonly falls upon those w^ch are of the greatest or fairest prints, and whose titles most please him, so as hee may very well bee deceiv'd in his choise; the application is easy. the grounds from whence our actions arise (w^ch are mens naturall dispositions and inclinacons) are the same in all stages and degrees of fortune, but onely diversified according to the difference of the obiects they worke upon, or rather w^ch worke upon them, as the same breath that makes a much nobler and quite another sound passing through a trumpet, then it does through a n[page torn].[2] that temper w^ch of a private man makes a thiefe a murtherer a cruel master or a surly compagnon would of a prince make a tyrant or an oppressor. the same passion w^ch makes mee give my servant a box on the ear, makes the *grand Signior*[3] cause a *Bashaw* to bee strangled, or one of his *captains* to bee impal'd. the same lust, spleen, or caprice in pursuit of w^ch I would now lavish away my private fortune, were I a *King* I should

wage wars, make leagues, entertain favorites, profuse my treasures to accomplish: the iniustice is, that what is private passion in us in *Princes* appears to bee publick interest, state policy, and grande occasions, nay where there is no appearance of thees, wee will rather beleeve ourselves to bee blind then them to bee made as other men are. who could see them in their retirements would discover them to bee mortals as well as others, when they sitt downe alone and reflect upon what they have done, comparing such great loud effects as spring many times from such poor little causes, sure they are either fools themselves and like weake unskilful coniurers raise an apparition w^ch^ themselves are afraid of, or they beleeve all others to bee fooles and like iuglers behind the curtain laugh to see how easily they deceive us. it falls out in our viewe of actions as of faces, the *Lady* perhaps is so ugly that for very shame shee is forced to paint and comming out in this dress passes for much fairer then any of her train whom yet nature intended for the much better faces. but I have forgot myself, and am writing an *essay* where I promisd a *story*. the meanness of the persons will not make it the less worth your reading, so the play bee good and represented to the life tis no matter whither the actors bee *princes* or *pedlars*.

Tis not long since there livd in *Paris* a tailor namd *John Vaumorin*, an excellent workeman and the most in vogue of any in towne. none of the fashions were counted perfect till they had passd through his hands, nor any man gallant that was not so of his making. after hee had workt some years at *Court* and found his gain would maintain it hee tooke a fancy to marry, and so did to another taylors daughter of *Paris* calld *Jane Perrot*. of this pair issued a son whom they namd *Michel*, the father continuing his trade and in esteeme of beeing[4] the best master in towne, begun to thrive well upon it and grow warme in a nest hee had made up of his shreads. but as the best tailors are not alwaies the honestest men, I know not how it came about that hee was accused of having been partner with one that was hangd for a robberie hee had

committed of some plate out of a *Noblemans* house. and beeing found guilty of the fact upon evidence of some pieces of the plate that were discoverd to bee in his hands, hee had e'en taken a turne[5] as well as his fellow, had not many persons of quality among his customers done their utmost to save him, some out of kindness to the fellow, and others by this obligacon to quitt some others w^ch^ they had formerly given him, as most taylors have a great deal of faith and repentance though they are but mean christians. at his friends intercession the iudges remitted the rigor of his sentence and condemnd him to the gallys instead of the gallows, but there to end his days as hee should have done upon tother. I know not what hee gott by the bargain, to preferr a miserable lingring life before a quick dispatch is methinks een like a young foolish gamester who rather then goe to sleepe while others are at play will sitt up a whole night at one and thirty.[6]

At this time *Henry the second* married his daughter *Marguerite* to the *Duke of Savoy*.[7] the *King* among many other presents in favor of this marriage made them one of a rich *Galley* w^ch^ hee causd to bee built and launchd out at *Marseilles*. twas hither *Vaumorin* was brought and chaind to his oare among many other of his fellows, unless the progress of this story make us beleeve that hee had no fellow. twould bee little to the purpose heer to set down the lamentacons and regrets w^ch^ was all hee left his wife besides a son of two years old. whate're twas for him, sure it had been better for her that her husband had been hangd, for so shee had got the liberty of a new choise and perhaps of a better, wheras now shee is condemnd to bee a widow in effect while in name shee is a wife, and the name of a wife is that few women marry for, her husband stands like a sentinell at a gate where hee neither enters himself nor suffers any body else. The *Galley* arriving at *Nice* continued some time in the *Dukes* service till at length a sea *Captain* of *Spain* bought it and went away with it to *Naples*. time keeps its course and many years are now past in w^ch^ *Jane Perrot* hears no news of her

husband, and the best shee desires is to hear of his death. meanwhile her son grows up and is sometimes so curious as to aske who was his father, a question to w^ch^ women seldome make a conscience of answering true. shee not to discourage the child by the knowledge of its fathers infamy makes him beleeve hee is dead. as the boy grows in age hee considers the necessity of his fortune w^ch^ put him upon the learning some trade that might maintain him. nature having given him an excellent voice and an inclinacon to perfect it by art, his mother put him to one of the best musicians in towne who taught him to sing in w^ch^ hee soon attaind so much skill as aided by his naturall voice servd to bring him into a good condition[8] with a *Gentleman* who tooke him into his house and kept him cheifly for his owne entertainment. at two and twenty years old, youths common humor of going abroad and seeing straunge countrys put him upon a iourney to *Rome* in the train of a great *Prelat* who at that time was going. before his departure hee takes leave and a blessing of his mother who assuring herself of her husbands death by the length of that time wherin shee had not one word of his news, was lately married again to a *scrivener*. the mother parts from him with regret and coniures him to make a speedy return. *Michel Vaumorin* arrivd at Rome meets with a good condition in a Cardinals house who taken with the excellence of his voice entertaind him in his service. but the usuall impatience of the french humor, greedy of new sights and fortunes would not suffer him to stay long in a place, so that with difficulty obtaining leave of his master hee went to Naples. having there rambled some few days to consider the raritys of so pleasant a town hee walked one morning downe to the haven there to see the Galleys and out of curiosity informd himself if there were none of his countrymen among the slaves there. one of the first hee mett with was an old man all gray with age who wore the badge of a Galleyslave but had yet more liberty then any of the rest. as soon as Michel came neer him hee salutes him in french with a God save you father the other returns his courtesy. I perceive (said the young man) you

are a french man, I am so (replyed tother) but tis so long time since I was banishd my country that I hardly remember it; and how long is it askes Michel, tis above twenty years answers tother that I have been in the Galleys. The poor old man with thees words, looking earnestly upon Michel Vaumorin fetchd such a sigh as made tother enquire the occasion of his sorrow. tis not without reason that I sigh answerd the old man, the thoughts of my present life and remembrance of my past condition give mee but too much subiect; perticularly when I thinke of a wife I left at Paris with a son who if hee bee still alive is about your age but I never have had the fortune to heare word of them since my leaving France. and what was his name askd the young man, twas Michel Vaumorin said tother and with that begun to recount him the whole course of his life and fortune, names his wife the street where hee livd and so many other known circumstances that Michel Vaumorin thought at first hee had been the divel though hee wonderd how the divell should gett among the slaves who usd to bee master wherere hee comes, hee was so amazd that hee knew not how to behave himself in it nor what to doe, yet that hee might satisfye himselfe more at leasure and in less disorder,[9] hee takes leave of the old man and promises to bring a good bottle of wine with him the next morning that they might breake their fast together. they part and the son does nothing all night but dream of tothers discourses twill not out of his head and yet what it should meane will hardly in. his mother had often assurd him of his fathers beeing dead sometimes by her words but most of all by her marriage, on tother side hee meets with so many apparent truths so many straunge circumstances to proove him alive that hee is inclind to beleeve his mother had deceivd him to conceale her and his disgrace. hee fails not to walke down next morning to the haven, where the old man likewise attended his comming, and so soon as hee saw him said I cannot see a young man of your age your eys and your hair but hee puts mee in mind of my son Michel, at thees words the young fellow could hold no longer, the

force of nature ended the dispute his doubts had held him in, and makes him runn with open armes to his father whom hee straitly embraces and watering his gray beard with his tears breaks into thees words I am Michel Vaumorin your Son, I thanke God hee has given me the grace to find what I least searchd and yet am most concernd in of any thing in the world; however I am to bee excusd since the beleef I had of your beeing dead long agoe made mee take no care in seeking what I had no hopes to finde. the old man more amazd then his sonn, was overioyd with the encounter and weeping out of meer tenderness said, tis I my dear son that have most cause to praise God for the favor I receive and so little expected; I shall now dye with content having seen a son in whom I shall live after my death. many caresses past of one side and tother, after w^ch^ they goe into the Galley and breakfast together; during w^ch^ the old man tells his son; this is not all, wee must find some means to get out of my slavery. the son who desird not his owne health so much as his fathers liberty offers to contribute his pains his money and his life to redeem it. hee goes to the Captain of the Galley and falling down at his feet beggs him to have pitty upon two miserable persons one who had grown old in the service of the Galley, and the other who by that means had spent his youth in the ignorance of a father whom hee had lately found. that twas rather a misfortune then a guilt that had for twenty years condemnd him to so cruel a bondage, w^ch^ yet were time and pennance enough to satisfye for the greatest crime. twill I hope oblige you to have pitty upon his age and my youth who should not dare to make you any request that were not iust and such as might give you an occasion of shewing your bounty. S^r^ I beseech you to give my father his freedome tis this poor old man whom you see heer with mee at your feet. hee will spend the remainder of his breath in praying God for your happyness and I shall bee obliged to serve you with my life upon any occasion.

Hee had continued his plea longer but that the Captain rude and discourteous like the rest of that generation

bred at sea and rough as the element they convers with, interrupted him and in harsh surly tearms gave him a[10] downright denyall commanding him to bee gone and to give him no more such impertinent troubles. Michel Vaumorin was fain to retire discontented but yet not wholly discouraged with this refusall, hee continues almost every day to importune him for his fathers liberty, in such sort that the Captain fell at last into such a passion as to threaten him if hee came to breake his head[11] any more about that business that hee would have him chaind to the oare instead of his father, as a young rascall that you are and more fitt for it then hee nor perhaps doe you deserve it less. however if you will bring mee[12] a hundred crowns Ile releas him otherwise not, therefore talke to mee no more ont unless you have a mind to bee put in his place. the young fellow seeing how much in vain twas to seeke for compassion in this barbarous sea Captain is not a little perplexd, would his father have sufferd it hee soon would have redeemd his liberty by the loss of his owne, or had hee the money demanded it should quickly have gone, but his purse is too empty while his brains are full how hee should compass his design. The father and sonn lament their misfortune and almost dispair of the remedy. Michel enquires of his father at what time hee was condemnd how hee came to bee in a Spanish Galley rather then a French how at Naples not at Marseilles and other circumstances about the affaire. when his father had told him the whole story Michel musing upon the severall perticulars of it thinks the best expedient would bee to goe into Piemont where the Duke of Savoy then was and casting himself down at his Highnesse his feet beg a letter in favor of his suite to the Captaine. hee imparts the design to his father and takes leave.

Beeing arrivd at Turin hee attends the Duke at the church door where hee was to come out with the Dutchess after service was done. hee throws himself down at their feet in brief makes his complaint and beggs the assistance of their favor for his fathers delivery. his passionate words mingled with many sighs and tears found compassion in

thees Princes both for the fathers long misery and the sons piety towards him. the Duke gave him this answer, Friend I have no power to sett thy father at liberty as having nothing to doe with what I have sold. his releas depends upon another, all that I can doe in it is to give you a letter of favor as you aske mee and that I will cause to bee dispatchd to day and give you some thing to further you in so pious a deed. Michel kisses this generous princes feet for the favor who was as good as his promise and besides the letter gave him fifty crowns. the Duchess and other nobles of the court gave him neer as much more; with this good success hee returns towards Naples and passing through Rome relates his adventure to most of his acquaintance there whose compassion and bounty furnishd him with some twenty crowns more. Beeing come to Naples hee goes strait to the Captain and presents him with the Dukes letter. this rough hewen fellow who had hitherto been insensible of pitty was something moovd to see the young mans constancy and perseverance in his kindness and duty to his father. hee entertains him not so roughly as hee before usd to doe, hee onely askd him, hast thou no money and when the other answerd hee had about thirty crowns, give them mee said the Captain and get thee gone with thy father whither thou wilt. Michel ioyed at the bargain presently gives him the money and his father liberty w^{ch} were both perhaps imployd alike ill. before any man is freed out of the galley where hee has been condemnd there are certain fees hee must pay. not one of them to whom they belongd but was content to forgive them upon this occasion so much did the young fellows piety and good nature worke upon them who had none themselves. having releasd his father they goe both together into the city with intentions next day to sett forward for France. they lodgd that night in a taverne where they made so good cheare, that the old man for want of use could not well beare the wine hee had drunke but began to keep such a coyle[13] and make such a bustle, that the house would scarce hold him. hee iniures[14] his host calls his hostess all to nought[15] falls upon every body

that reprooves him, and his sonn has much adoe to escape a sound beating. had hee not pleaded again in excuse of his fathers weakeness, the host would have gone to the Justice and put in such complaints against this drunken compagnon as might again have endaungered the liberty hee had so newly recoverd. in fin they laid him to bed where hee digested his wine much better then the sonn did the ressentment[16] of his fathers debauchd humor. next day they take leave of their host and begin their iourney toward France.

Tis straunge to consider the force of ill customes w^ch^ are as difficil to bee left of as good ones are to bee taken up or continued. Old Vaumorin had not left his in the Galley, neither length of time change of place sense of misery nor apprehension of death had been capable to reclaim[17] him from what his youth had been addicted to. hee was still so inclind to the humor of theeving that they scarce had traveld together two days when hee would rise in the night and pick his sons pockets while hee slept, at first of such money as hee thought would not bee mist, but growing bolder by degrees Michel at length came to perceive it and was fain to take all the care hee could to lay up his breeches in some place where they might not bee so easy to come at. but never tooke any notice to his father of what hee suspected, for fear of displeasing him. This old wretch passd the greatest part of the way swearing blaspheming and railing at his son for having freed him from the galleys and so been the occasion of his undertaking so painfull and tedious a iourney. the poor young fellow takes all patiently and prays him to have courage that a few days would now bring them into France. with much pain and trouble they at length arrive and beeing ready to enter Paris Michel persuades his father to attend him in some place while hee goes first and informes his mother of their comming. the old man who had never all this while enquird for his wife asked whether shee were still living, the son replys that hee left her well but that beleeving hee had been dead shee was marryed to a scrivener and that they lived in the Carmelites street.

The father hearing this news tooke it much more impatiently then some men would have done, hee falls into a rage against his wife calls her a thousand names and swears hee will beat her till hee leaves not one bone whole about her, for using him so basely as to marry again before shee was sure of his death and had been at his buriall. in this angry mood hee enters Paris and goes strait to the Carmelites[18] church where Michel intreats him to stay awhile till hee returns after hee has carried his mother the news of their comming. upon this promise he leaves his father and goes to the house where his mother livd; assoon as shee sees him shee runs to embrace him with extream ioy, how said shee was it possible thou couldst stay away two years without ever letting thy poor mother know what was become of thee who has been every day upon her knees for thy safety. but now I have thee thou shalt not so easily get from mee again. Michel interrupted his mothers tender complaints saying, Mother I thanke God that I see you again alive and in good health, while I was absent twas alwaies one of my greatest wishes, but theres other news come to towne that you will bee amazd to hear, you have often made mee beleeve that my father was dead but I can with a great deal more assurance tell you that hee is alive and not far of. I know not what to advise you how to behave yourself in the business beeing married again as you are. the good woman was not a little out of order[19] to hear a story shee so little dreamt of, but much more when shee saw her husband come into the room grown all gray and witherd with age; hee had followed his son at a distance and impatient to bee swadling[20] his wife, was entered into the house and come up to her chamber while shee and her son were consulting how to receive him. assoon as hee sees her hee salutes her with thees compliments, What then you whore you bitch you are married again are you, but by this light you shan't goe away witht so, Ile give you somthing towards your ioynture you whore that I will. with this hee falls upon her and with a good cudgell first, and after with his fists beginns to beat her in such good earnest that had not his son done

what hee could to hinder him, without doubt shee would hardly have servd or have needed two husbands that night. Meanwhile the poor woman crys out for helpe, and her second husband who was above in a chamber teaching his schollers comes running downe to see what was the matter, and seeing his wife in such an ill plight with a bloody nose and her haire about her ears, like a good loyall husband falls upon John Vaumorin who now hee is once on edge is as keen at him. so the two husbands goe to it without knowing how neer they were a kinn, and indeed they use one another somthing like straungers as farr as hands and feet would goe they spare for no pains. Michel that was not able to part um calls out for help. the woman lets um alone like a good obedient wife that will not cross her husbands in their humors. perhaps shee had a mind to bee ridd of them both or was resolvd to stick to him that proovd the abler man. the neighbors come running in at the noise and have much adoe to part the two champions, one says hee will have satisfaction for beating his wife; tother saies shee is none of his wife, but that shee is his owne wife and that hee is a rogue to have debaucht her while hee was away. the matter was not worth many words and yet the dispute would nere have ended had not the Constable come in and laid um both in prison. the business beeing heard they are freed and a great suite in law is commencd. appeal is made to the court of Parlement, and the lawyers say fine things on both sides w^{ch} yet are not worth the repeating, in fin sentence is given that, Jane Perrot should remain wife to John Vaumorin and that all the goods w^{ch} shee had brought her second husband should continue his still, so as one must get him a new wife and tother new householdstuff unless a wife may bee calld a peece of it, however I hear twas such a peece as the scrivener was very well contented to part with. some say a married man has but two good days, that of his wedding and of his wife's buriall. Ile tell you my opinion when I have tried, yet meethinks though they should have but two good days they may bee allowed to have more good nights I mean those that have any.

Whether this bee true or no, Ime sure tis that John Vaumorin after sentence given retird with his wife and his sonn to a little house where hee beginns to botch up old cloths. his long discontinuance had made him almost quite forget his trade, and constant holding the oare had stiffend his hands so that hee could hardly feel a needle between his fingers, besides the fashions were all new to him, and age had decayd his sight. yet though his fingers were nummd and slow to his worke they were still nimble enough at filching and stealing, hee would sooner have forgot his owne name then his nature in that perticular. hee has not ended a year since his return from the Galleys that hee begun to grow again in repute for his old good qualitys. when hee cutt out any suite the owner[21] must have watchd better then a Constable if old John did not cuniure some peece or other away, nothing came neer him but presently vanishd. but the time at length comes that hee must vanish himself.

It fell out that one of his acquaintance marrying invited him and his wife to the wedding. the custome of the people of Paris in such occasions is to keep the feast in some halls w^ch^ are kept on purpose to bee lett out for this use. there wants no musique nor no mirth they daunce they sing they laugh they hoite[22] they make good cheare and every one of the invited at the beginning or end of dinner gives what peece of money they pleas to the bason as if to marry were the strait way to bee beggars. this old man chauncing to bee in such an assembly spoils all the sport, for when they come to take away, a sylver bole is wanting. every one looks gravely upon the matter and crys out shame of the theefe. in fin the master of the house that does not mean to sitt down so by the loss, desires they would all give him permission to search them. they all graunt it for to refuse it would give a suspicion of beeing guilty. some that were acquainted with Vaumorins good qualitys advise the master to search him first. w^ch^ hee does and takes him with the theft.[23] the company is ready all to fall upon him and save him the charge of hanging but that a Commissary there present whose office it was lays hold on him and

carrys him to prison. beeing brought to his tryall hee soon comes to his sentence w^ch^ is to bee hangd in the place Maubert[24] whither curiosity to see what kind of end so ill a life would make drew abundance of people to the execution. hee comes to the gallows seeming not much to bee troubled neither at his guilt nor his punishment. gotten up on the ladder hee makes a short and impertinent speech to the people, looks as if hee were a little discontented to part with so much good company bidds his friends adieu takes a turne[25] and goodnight. Honest men esteem hanging but an ugly kind of death and yet tis that w^ch^ theeves straungely affect and the greatest part of them seem to take it not so squeamishly as I do a purge. countrys differ in their punishments of other crimes but in this I thinke all agree as the fittest kind of death for such a sneaking offence. I wonder any thing but pure necessity should put men upon it, I mean this blind kind of stealing, for assaulting a man upon the road with a sword in ones hand is much a hansomer way, as honor and danger goe alwaies together, not but theres danger in tother too, but beeing onely in future and not in view tis such as cowards them selves seldome consider. that tis a faculty of witt I doe not understand, nor why a Jacke an apes might not have cutt Solomons purse while hee was giving iudgement if in the midst of a crowd. as tis courage to overcome a man that is in a posture of defence, so tis witt to deceive a man that is upon his guard. Ile forgive him that bidds mee looke to my purse before hand, but to robb a man thats asleep or cutt ones purs that is thinking of another thing is een as mean as twould bee in a man to thinke of nothing else but of keeping his purse. yet there are some have as great an itch to it as others have to a wench and take more pleasure in the frolick then the gaine. I have heard of a Gentleman who in his youth having accustomd himself to it out of necessity and comming after to a plentyfull fortune could not yet refrain stealing in every shop where hee came though he sent to pay for it when hee had done. yet methinks twas not so wise to venter hanging in earnest for stealing in iest. the Spaniard says

hee that will bee rich in a yeare loses all before halfe the yeare bee out. and indeed a theef would bee the best trade that is were it not such a short one, but were it otherwise the hangmans would bee the worst and all men must live. yet I know not whether I have reason to say tis a short one since it lasts as long as a mans life and there is none that lasts longer. but all are theeves, hansome women steale our hearts, and sure ugly women must steale all they gett for begging will scarce serve their turne. fools steal our patience wise men our beleef, busy men our mony and idle men our time. now because there I have mett with a Gentleman of my acquaintance Ile make bold to leave you.

To question whether a hansome life or a hansome death bee more requird to the compleating of such a reputation as may not onely value us while we live, but withall may guild our tombes and perfume our ashes; is methinkes as pertinent as to aske whether the heart or the head bee more necessary to the preserving of a life w^ch^ must needs cease when either of them are wanting. to make up a compleat garment the cloth must have been weavd evenly and all of a peece. in my eye a resolute death becomes not a cowardly life, nor am I much pleasd to see a fellow who has been a notorious rogue all his time come to preach upon the ladder. to thinke a darke room aird by our sighs and washd with a few tears, some two or three days before wee dye can satisfie for the guilt of an ill-led life, is to beleeve God has so much need of our company that hee will never refuse it at what time or upon what tearms so ever wee please to make him the offer. were the time of both equally proportiond, yet in our owne laws wee know an action w^ch^ seems to have been constraind by our fears bears not the force of that w^ch^ seems to flow from a voluntary motion. there is no man but would thinke better of a Turke that should fasten a desperate end to a debaucht life, then of another who after having prophand the temples and contemnd the Alcoran, should at length with a cartload of contrition take Mahomets sepulcher[1] in the way to his owne, and goe whining to that w^ch^ hee before had derided. I would have men goe openly to worke, and suite their practise to their principles what ever they are. in cloth I care not for mingled colors nor for a life checquered all over with blacke and white; to divide ones time between a master and a mistress is the way to lose the advantage wee might expect from one and the pleasure from tother. for a man to give one houre to his devotion, another to his reason, a third to his appetite (like a house seated between three enemys frontiers w^ch^ can defend itself from neither, and so

is fain to pay contribution equally to all) looks much worse then for a man to bee a libertin throughout. tis farr easyer to die well then to live well; as wee shall finde very great odds in the number of both represented us by story or experience. the reasons are that one consists in a single act but tother in a long and constant habit, in this all our passions distract us in that none but our fears, a dishonor in the course of our lifes is not so much weighd because wee thinke tis to bee repaird; w^ch^ wee know tis never to bee at our deaths: as at chesse men grow much more carefull of oversights at the latter end of a game then they were at the beginning. besides that w^ch^ wee call living or dying well is in effect nothing else but peoples opinion and esteem of our carriage in each; now this makes a very great difference, for death has always mens pitty whereas the actions of life have commonly their envy, both w^ch^ are very partiall iudges, one beeing as much too kinde as tother too severe. I doubt not but you will finde the experience of this in yourselves while you reade the following story, and out of compassion have some kindness to *Amaryllis* in her death, though you have none for her life.

Valeran was a Gentleman of *Picardy* who had but too much signald his valor and given himself a name in the late civill warres, for they are but witherd lawrels w^ch^ are gathered from such victorys as are losses to our country. nothing besides his fortune was thought to equall his courage; success having ever attended his actions, in such sort that upon all engagements his name and his presence seemd an assurance of victory, so much they raisd his owne souldiers courage by their confidence in his, and cowed his enemys by their distrust and beleefe that where *Valeran* fought twas impossible for another to prevaile. there was no party made in the country where hee was not invited to bee one; were it storming a place, beating up quarters,[2] any incounter or duell w^ch^ in despite of the severest laws and defences[3] are never wanting in *France*. in matters of honor hee had alwaies shew'd a free and generous courage, not easily fastening upon quarrels but where hee did, not easily stavd of,[4] civill in his conversa-

tion, debonnair in his humor, but for the rest not denying himself any of those libertys w^ch^ youth is easily persuaded are its naturall customes. his good qualitys gave him a welcome in all companys but so kind an one no where as in *Amarylisses* heart. shee was a young *Lady* who would have wanted no perfections had her discretion been equall to her bewty, as sure it might have been had not love been her enemy by making *Valeran* her friend. her passion tooke her mind up so much that her honor was forgotten or at least out of the way when it should have given an answer to *Valerans* demandes. his merits and her affection pleaded so well in his behalf that shee was deaf to the regard of her reputation and the respect to her mother whose darling shee was. *in fine* after long addresses and importunity hee obtains the end of his desires with that of *Amaryllisses* honor, but inioyment w^ch^ uses to bee indeed the end of most passions was the compleating of his.

This *Gentleman* now possessor of a treasure w^ch^ hee preferrd farr before all others that hee wanted, grew so fond of his owne happynesse in the person of his *Mistress* that hee could not endure either time or place should make any divorce between them whose affections had none. his thoughts mett with hers as indeed they could not choos, since they had both but one heart. *Amaryllis* thinking herself now too farr engagd not to owne it (as sure shee was too far to repent it) made no difficulty of going to live with him in a house hee had in that countrey not aiming at any other pastime or company besides what they were one to another, nor troubling herself to seeke any farther marriage between them besides what was already of their hearts and their bodys. thus they livd, or rather thus they lovd, for their love was their life, nor did this produce any actions w^ch^ were not common to both. shee had no business but his contentment, nor would hee have any but what was in order to hers, by looking so farr into his fortune as might secure them from necessity the mother of disorder in publick, and of unkindness in private relations. they were seldome out of

sight but never out of one anothers thoughts w^ch^ seemd now so long usd to one obiect that they had wholly forgott all others. their little family was at length increasd by a daughter, w^ch^ was a new endearment, though it little needed where the old were so strong. it happend a while after that *Valeran* beeing one day in company with divers *Gentlemen* of his neighbours there fell out a quarrell between him and *Aronce* a Gentleman whose courage and civility helde a very high ranke in all mens esteem. I never could learn what was the ground of their quarrel but tis beleevd to have been so slight as they were ashamd to avow; however it was so aggravated by some circumstances w^ch^ their passion brought in, that the effects had been bloody upon the place[5] had not some that were friends and others who were indifferent to them both stept in, and indeavourd to make it up. with much adoe they are reconcild, and swear to forgett all ressentment of what had past. *Aronces* intentions were open and free, but *Valerans* no other then by disguising his passion at present to make a better way for revenge of an iniury w^ch^ hee thought hee had received. till the issue of this quarrell hee had ever been esteemd as noble and generous as any man, nor had hee in either publique or private actions ever given the least suspicion of cruelty or baseness. but *one action ruines a reputation w^ch^ a thousand went to build up.* whether twas that ease and idleness had overgrown his courage, or that his love had workt out his honor, giving him since the inioyment of *Amaryllis* both a greater pleasure in his life then formerly hee had, and withall a greater care to preserve it; or else that hee redoubted[6] his enemys courage: however twas, hee resolvd to take him at an advantage and secure his revenge without endangering himself. in order to this resolution hee watches all his motions so neer that at length hee meets him in the fields with no other but one lacquay in his company. *Aronce* no sooner saw him but having wholly forgott all had lately past between them besides their reconcilement, hee comes and salutes him with the ordinary civility, tother returns it, and as they ridd together *Valeran* taking occasion to bee a little

the hindmost, of a sudden pulls out a pistoll and shoots him into the heade.

The unfortunate *Gentleman* falls dead to the ground having scarce leasure to know from whose hand came his wound, tother spurrs away and retires to *Moyencourt* castle[7] w^ch^ belongd to the *Count de Solt.* the report of this assasinate[8] was soon spread abroade; all *Valerans* friends who had him before in esteem spoke nothing now but to his disgrace, so base a murther seeming to accuse him both of cruelty and want of courage; *Aronce* was so considerable a person, so well allied, and so generally esteemd, that no meanes were neglected to gett satisfaction for his loss. information was given in of the murther and warrants given out for seasing on the party, but hee kept himself close in *Moyencourt* a house strong enough for any ordinary defence, and whither his *Mistress* was now come to him, resolvd to runn his fortune whether twere to live or to dye. The friends of the dead *Gentleman* who had taken upon them the pursuit, finding the iustice of the country incapable of bringing it to a sudden issue[9] by forcing his appearance, goe up to *court* and present their complaint to the *King.*[10] this brave *Prince* sworne enemy to all basenesse and cowardise, and detesting so unworthy a deed commands his *Prevost de l'hostel*[11] to take order for the seasing on *Valerans* person and bringing him up to a lawfull tryall. the *Prevost* presently dispatches away *la Morliere* one of his officers with twelve Archers to assist him; *Morliere* arrives at *Moyencourt* and having summond his obedience to the *Kings* command w^ch^ was to come and appear at *Paris* had no other answer but a downright refusall. the officer repeats his summons under pain of contemning his *Maiestys* orders, and askes whether hee knew him not; I know you well enough, (*replys Valeran*) your Archers coats tell mee you are one of the *Kings* officers, but for all that I am not of opinion to obey your summons unless you bring mee first my pardon under the great seale, or the *Countes of Crequy* and *Solt*[12] in person to whose hands I will render myself up, tis in vaine to thinke of any other way to draw mee out, I am

resolvd upon it and therefore advise you not to lose your labor.

Morliere seeing his obstinacy beyond dispute and that the place was not easily to bee taken without more force, goes to *Amiens* and *Peronne* where hee shews his *Maiestys* Commission and thereupon summons the garrisons of those towns to lend him aide for the execution of his *Maiestys* will and pleasure. the Captaines march out with him and putt themselves in order to give the assault. but they are bravely repulsd and might well have dispaird of any success had the number within been equall to the courage. *Valeran* and *Amaryllis* with two servants are the defendants they shoot and wound five or six, this couragious young *Lady* appears in armor sometimes in one place sometimes in another, and gives many testimonys that upon occasion her hands can wound as farr and as deep as her eyes. had *Valeran* no heart *Amaryllis* might have fornishd him as indeed shee had long kept his and seemd now to have enough for two; so brave a leader so unusuall an example might sure have encouraged the veryest poltron in the world. Come let us dye together dear *Valeran* (*would shee say*) rather then give thy self up to their mercy at whose hands thou art sure never to find any.

I have no necessity of dying beeing innocent enough of what they accuse thee if it bee possible for mee to bee innocent where thou art guilty, but I am too much thine, and our hearts are grown too near together for mee ever to thinke of surviving thee. *Valeran* amazd at her courage and ravishd at her kindness did all hee could to make her retire out of danger, beeing careless of his owne life but a very coward for hers. My heart *said hee* if thou lovst mee retire and hazard not that w^{ch} is onely dear to mee in the world, I am not myself while I see thee in danger; I shall bee able to defend myself well enough without thy help, leave mee alone to my destiny, if I dye keepe my body out of my enemys hands they can never deny anything thou askest, and for my name I care not to have it live any where else but in thy memory. If you dye (*answerd shee*) doe you thinke that possible and for mee to live, how unkind you

are *Valeran* I should never have thought so of you. no, provide some other executor, I love your body well but your soule so much better that if they must parte I shall choose to goe with it. wee have beene so much one in our lives that twill not bee hansome to bee two in our deaths; no, let us indeavour our defence as long as wee can, or rather our revenge, and if our enemys force us let us dye both in an instant, that so our soules may goe together wheresoever they are destind, I am sure there can bee no heaven without thee.

While thus with an unparaleld kindness and courage they prepare themselves to dye rather then yeeld, *la Morliere* beeing a discreet and well advisd person, sees hee cannot take the place by assault without losing many of his men, and therefore sends to *Noyon* for two petards[13] w^ch^ might give him an entrance with more security, but before hee plants them to the gate, hee endeavors to bring *Valeran* to a composition. hee summons him once more, but tis as much in vaine as before, *Valeran* is resolvd and his obstinacy seems to increase with his danger. hee tryes another way sends for the *Curate* of *Moyencourt*, a man learned and of a holy life, desires him to goe parly with this desperate Gentleman, and trye whether by his holy remonstrances hee can raunge him again to his duty and obedience. the *curate* comes to the wall and desires to parly; *Valeran* comes to him, where the *Curate* setts before his eyes the little reason hee has to lose himself in this manner, puts him in mind of the *Kings* clemency, that *Kings* had long armes, and that twere extreame folly for him to thinke of making any long resistance. moreover hee advises him not to thinke so much of his body as to forgett his soule, that this desperate course hee was upon would bee the loss of both, that hee was his pastor and so obliged for the discharge of his owne conscience to make him this discourse, w^ch^ hee desird him to take in good part, and beleeve it to bee as twas intended both for his honor and safety. *Valeran* having given a patient attention to all his good counsell replyes with out any passion or disturbance, S^r^ I thanke you for the care you profess to have

of my life and my soule, I take it in very good part and should follow your advise were it in another place or upon another occasion. but for conclusion of all, my enemys shall never have the contentment to see my head roling upon a scaffold, I know there is no pardon for mee and therefore am resolvd to dye heer rather then bee at the paines to goe seeke it so farr of. God is mercyfull and compassionate, perhaps hee will have pitty upon my soule. therefore I desire you to retire and report my resolutions to those that sent you, they are my last and bid them doe their worst I am prepard. the *Curate* finding his endeavors to bee in vaine recommends him to God and returns.

La Morliere hearing the continuance of *Valerans* obstinacy will yet try another way to divert him from the pursuit of his desperate intentions. hee sends for *Amaryllisses* mother whose passion for her daughters safety hee hoped might make her eloquent enough to prevaile more then either the *Kings* commands or the *Curates* advise had hitherto done. so soon as shee arrives hee makes his men retire to a distance from the gate to give her a free entrance, with out giving *Valeran* any suspicion. the good *Lady* seeing her beloved daughter had not spent so many tears for her dishonor but that shee had enough left still for her danger. shee embraces her with the greatest kindness and greatest griefe that could bee imagind, shee turns first to one and then to the other, shee forgets all reproches w^{ch} their past actions deservd, shee commands, shee intreats, now shee setts reason and duty before their eyes, now shee falls into passion and her griefe makes her rave, but all to like purpose shee finds them as hardly persuaded to live as others are to dye. after shee had told them how fond an obstinacy twas to resist where there was no possibility of prevayling, that the petard was ready to bee planted after w^{ch} twould bee too late to yeeld, how much safer twould bee to goe of his owne accord and fall downe at the *Kings* feet then to bee draggd thither by force, how easily his friends might obtaine his pardon from so bountyfull a *Prince*, *Valeran* was about to answer her,

but *Amaryllis* prevented him. Mother *said shee* I beseech you spare yourself any further trouble where twill all bee in vaine. I am sorry wee are forced to deny you any thinge, but pray beleeve *Valeran* should never have been my friend had hee not courage enough to dye; and I had never been so much his were I not long since resolvd both to live and dye with him. wee know well enough if hee bee taken there is no hope hee should scape, and who would purchase a lasting dishonor at the price of lingring out a few days life. all is like to remain of him is his name and hee will provide much better for that by dying here then upon a scaffold; I swear should hee bee so base as to change his resolution rather then let him dye by an executioners hand I would bee his executioner myself; therefore pray importune us no farther but goe provide for your owne safety, and leave us to our fortune unless you shall take a pleasure to see the manner of our deaths w^ch^ shall bee answerable to the rest of our lives, and shew the world *they are no true lovers who love at a less rate then dying together.*

The poor *Lady* hearing her daughters desperate resolution is ready to dye her self with regret shee curses her birth, wishes shee had dyed in her cradle, and so not given her friends occasion to fear the loss of her soule as well as of her body. come what will, *replyed Amaryllis*, Ile never live to see him dye basely whom I love much dearer then my owne life. while the mother by tears and complaints endeavors to divert her daughter from this cruel design, *Valeran* protests nothing could make his death so easy as to see his *Mistress* in safety and coniures her to goe out of the castle with her mother that shee might so live longer and dye happyer then shee could doe with him. but *Amaryllis* disdaines the offer and complaines of his friendship to thinke either her life could bee long or her death happy without him. the sad *lady* returns without gaining any thing from their obstinacy besides the stinging regrett of having [given] life to a daughter who thought it so little worth the preserving.

Morliere seeing his delays so unprofitable desires for the

last time to speake with *Valeran*, to whom as hee looked out of a window hee usd this discourse. I have tried all means for your safety by persuading you to obey the *Kings* orders, my power reaches no farther then to bring you before him. you cannot bee ignorant of his clemency nor doubt of your pardon upon your own submission and the intercession of your friends. give mee an account of your last intention, the desire of your safety has made mee delay all this while but longer I cannot, if your obstinacy continues I will presently goe plant the petard at your gates and execute my commission in bringing you either alive or dead. *Valeran replys.* I have so often told you my resolution that tis impertinent for you to aske it any more or for mee to repeat it. I tell you once again my enemys shall never have the contentment nor my friends the dishonor to see mee on a scaffold. tis my last will, and I shall take order for the executing of it myself. however I humbly thanke you for your care of my safety, tis an obligation were I to live I should study to requite. all I can doe in the condition I am is to give you an occasion of exercising your bounty by laying another upon mee, tis to receive two servants into your grace who are presently to lose both their *Master* and *Mistress.* let mee beg this favor to an unfortunate Gentleman who since hee can no otherwise serve you will at least free you of the trouble you were like to have in his company to *Paris.* *Morliere* having granted his desire, hee lets downe his two servants by a rope one after another, who with tears in their eys take their last leavs of a *Master* who was never cruel or ill naturd to any but *Aronce* and *himselfe.* while hee was busy in this action *Amaryllis* had ended her preparations w^{ch} were to make a circle in the hall with faggots bundles of straw and all kind of combustible matter, w^{ch} when shee had done shee goes to the window where *Valeran* stood and embracing him seems to take her last farewell with thees words w^{ch} shee spoke so loud they without understood her. Come *my dear* tis now time to dye since they will suffer us to live together no longer. love had ioynd us too fast for death itself to part us; with that

shee put her head out of the window and desird those shee saw to pray for them. then espying her mother shee turnd to her and said with a resolvd countenance, adieu *my dear mother*, take my little daughter into your care, let her have all that share in your kindness w^ch^ you had reservd for mee, and heaven bee more favorable to her then thas been to her mother. with that shee turnd away seeing the petard ready planted, w^ch^ soon after playd with such violence as tore the gate in pieces. at the same instant *Amaryllis* sett fire to the pile of wood w^ch^ encompassd her and her friend. as the souldiers enter they meet with this miserable spectacle, a great circle of wood kindled round and in the midst of the flames the two lovers facing one another with each of them a pistol ready cockt in their hands. they no sooner saw the souldiers come in but strait they dischargd them each at one anothers head, the bodys at one instant fell both dead to the ground where the fire had defacd them before they could bee recoverd. thus they livd in flames, they died in flames, and who knows what became of them after their deaths. wee may allow them our pitty at least instead of that renowne w^ch^ the Auncients would have thought due to so signall an ende, and those who cannot have any charity for their soules, cannot sure refuse their compassion for the unfortunate fall of so much courage and so much love. tis a rare example of both if ever there were any, especially *Amaryllisses* part beeing of a sex commonly reproachd to bee seldome constant in any other love but that of their lifes. methinks I never mett with any in story that equalld her besides *Arria*[14] whose husbande *Petus* beeing by *Claudius* condemnd to dye and not having courage enough (after the fashion of that age) to delude the *Emperors* cruelty by killing himself, shee takes a poniard and having first opend a way to her owne heart puls it out and gives it him with thees words

Beleeve mee Petus tis no paine at all,
Tis onely paine to thinke that thou must fall.

THE MAIDS REVENGE

There is I thinke a *tragedy* of this name,[1] w^ch^ yet it may bee allowd mee to borrow, and father heer, for so names bee proper tis no matter whether they bee common or no, wee are often forcd to expres severall things by the same tearms because their number and variety is so much greater then that of words in any one language. I know truth seldome paralels fiction, our fancys beeing so much freeer and having so much more scope then our actions, w^ch^ are alwaies clipt or restraind by laws customes or some other force, so that they very seldome proove like those first draughts w^ch^ they have in our thoughts; yet this piece of revenge may vie with any I have mett with either in fable or story,[2] and methinks is as pardonable as any of that nature can bee, in respect both of its occasion and its ends, for sure wee may bee allowed a much deeper ressentment for our friends iniurys then for our owne (unles they may bee said to bee most our owne as indeed I shall easily graunt) and hee that resolves not to outlive his revenge seems to have had onely iustice for his ende in its execution, not those base common ends of insulting over our enemys, or else securing ourselves from our owne fears. penall laws are but provisions for revenge of offences either against persons or common society, and though it seems more naturall that a man should revenge his owne iniurys himself, yet the other is more reasonable as well as politick, since in our owne cases wee are all too much concernd to bee either proper iudges or executioners. Wee shall heer find a Lady who to revenge her friends death kills her enemy his murtherer and afterwards to revenge her enemy kills herself, what was this but doing iustice to both impartially onely as was reason[3] During those civill warrs[4] w^ch^ religion had kindled in *France* and afterwards private ends and ambition had blown up into so violent a flame as spread its effects or at least its influences all *Christendome* over, there livd a *French Gentleman* namd Adraste who having given many testimonys of his valor in *Hun-*

garie against the *infidels*,[5] resolvd at length to return into his owne country and there inioy himself and his friends the rest of his life, unles some better occasion then his owne rambling humor should call him abroad. the desires of his parents heigthned by so long an absence gave his arrivall no ordinary welcome. hee had not spent many months at home after the making and return of those many visites w^ch his relations and civility putt him upon, when custome and the importunity of friends prevail'd with him to thinke of a wife; beeing heir to a hansome estate and having purchased himself a very good reputacon, hee wanted not overtures from divers noble familys in the *province* where hee liv'd. hee at last made a choice w^ch hee never repented beeing of a young *Lady* suitable as well to his birth and fortune as his humor. after many years past without any signe or hopes of children they at length had a daughter whose bewty and perfections seemd to excuse nature for having taken so much time to frame so excellent a piece. wee may call her *Fleuria*. by the diligence and fondness of her parents all accomplishments of art and breeding were added to those shee had receiv'd from nature. learning to sing, to daunce, to play on severall instruments and such other little *gentilesses* were the innocent imployments of her youth, in w^ch the industry of her masters was so well seconded by her own disposition that shee advanc'd beyond their expectacons or perhaps desires, who commonly guided by their profit esteem the slowest schollers the best. her spring was so forward that at fourteen years old the discours of her bewty her witt and other perfections was the common entertainment of all companies thereabouts. her fortune as beeing an onely child gave her other qualitys no small luster, so that many persons of the greatest quality and estates in the *province* began already to make their addresses, but in respect of her youth more perticularly to her father then her. hee entertains all with an indifference on w^ch none could fasten any engagement, and resolves not to marry his daughter till her consent might bee expected as well from her discretion as from her obedience (w^ch at

that age was onely like to bee her guide) and in her disposall to take measure by her inclinacons as much as his owne. while most of the young *Noblesse* of the country were engaged in this pursuite, the young *Ladys* favor beeing now the game w^ch^ they all hunted after with equall eagernesse, though through severall paths, one whining in poetry, another groaning in passionate epistles or *harangues*, some trusting to their good *meene*, others to their witt, thees to the advantages of honor, those of estates, and some as confident as any onely upon the hopes of their good fortune, and persuasions that love comes more by chance and destiny then by any reason or discretion. in the mean time *Fleuria* laughs and talkes with all indifferently, but keeps her heart to herself, in generall civill to all but kind to none whether that shee yet saw none that deservd her affection or that shee car'd not for beeing at the pains to bestow it. her Father had his ordinary abode in a house of pleasure of his owne seated neere a great forrest whose pleasant groves often intic'd the neighbouring company to come and pass away the heat of the day among their shades.

Henry the great had now given his subiects breath from those troubles and imbroilments they had long been engagd in, so as riches and traffique began to return to the *citys*, quiett and assurance to the *Provinces*, fears broke no sleeps and hinderd no iourneys either of pleasure or business. when one day *Fleuria* and some young *Ladys* of her neighbors walking abroad for air and divertisment, mett with a pleasant banke shaded with willows, w^ch^ were rang'd all along the side of a purling streame that waterd a great part of the forrest. they resolv'd there to rest themselves after their walke, thinking the pleasantnesse of the place reward enough for their paines in comming to it. they there began to drole[6] and talke of one anothers servants, how this man was affected another proude a third, too indiscreet and too open in his amours, how most men are nothing but dissimulacon and inconstancy, make no more of oaths then great men doe of promises, and care no more for their *mistresses* then children doe for *babies*[7] w^ch^ when they have plai'd with and sullied they throw

away upon the first offer of a newe one. how neer it concerns young *Ladys* in this age to beware of abuses,[8] not to build upon any appearances of a passion w^ch^ men learne by rote how to act, and practise almost in all companys where they come, how the happyest state was that of indifferency. *Fleuria* to shew how free shee was and how long shee intended to continue so, sung an aire that begins,

Tell mee Love, how hast offended?[9]
One death serves for common crimes,
Lovers die a thousand times
And their pains are never ended.
Therefore I defye thy quiver
Thou shalt find my heart a rock
Such as at thy mines shall mock
And thy shafts in pieces shiver.

The charmes of *Fleurias* voyce were not of force to keep them from hearing another noise neer them at w^ch^ they all started up in a little disorder, and looking round about, at length one more couragious then the rest went to the place whence they thought it came, w^ch^ was a little grove of willows not many paces from the banke where they sat: shee no sooner approachd the first trees but seeing a man lying all along[10] upon the ground his face discover'd[11] but without any appearance of sence or motion, shee in a fright cries out o God what doe I see, tis my *Cosen Lucidamor*. Twas the name of a *Gentleman* then whom *France* or that age had none more accomplishd in all perfections of soule or body; never was so faire a ghest better suited with a lodging. hee was newly return'd out of *Italy* where hee had pass'd some time in seeing those places so renown'd in *story*, and learning those exercises w^ch^ are there so much better taught then in any other country. hee had been not above three or fowre days at home when hunting in this forrest w^ch^ belong'd to his father and in the heat of the chase straying from his company, hee was invited by the pleasure of the place to tye his horse to a tree and lay him down by the grove side there to digest his misfortune in the

loss of his sport, w^ch^ was no small cross to one that had not yet been enur'd to greater. hee scarce was laid when the charmes of *Fleurias* voice rais'd him againe and gave him the curiosity to goe see to whom hee was oblig'd for so pleasing an entertainment; with this intent hee approach'd the company as neere as hee could without beeing seene but hee no sooner fix'd his eys upon *Fleuria*, when amaz'd at her bewty aswell as ravishd with her voice his sudden passion left him but iust breath enough for a sigh with w^ch^ hee fell in a traunce to the ground. his *Cosen Chloris* who first espied him in this posture crying out in that manner, made *Fleuria* & the rest of her compagnons come running to see so unexpected an adventure. *Chloris* laid his head in her lap and shedd so many tears on his face as servd instead of the water w^ch^ one of the other *Ladys* was gone to fetch from the brooke. hee no sooner came to himself but opening his eys and meeting first with *Fleurias*, w^ch^ had already pierc'd to his heart, hee straight shutt them againe and swounding the second time said no more but o God, what ist that I see. *Fleuria* amaz'd at this accident and troubled for the danger as shee thought of a person who began already to bee more then indifferent to her,[12] ran herself to the brooke for more water w^ch^ receiv'd such vertue from her hand that sprinkled on his face [it] brought him again to himself, when roling his eys about and seeing so many fair *Ladys* taking the care of his recovery, hee leaps up and making them a reverence excuses his not having done it before, and laies the fault upon a sudden faintness w^ch^ tooke him as hee was going about to acquit himself of the duty hee owed to so faire a company. as hee ended his civility three or fowr *Gentlemen* of his companions came in, who had been long looking for him and now found him not a little to his regret, beeing thereby for the concealing of his passion forced to retire suddenly from that company where hee desir'd ever to have stai'd, but hee first tooke an occasion of whispering his *Cosen Chloris* in the eare, and asking her the *Ladys* name who was singing as they sate together on the banke, and who shee was.

Lucidamor return'd home to his house, pretending some indisposition retires to his chamber, and throwing himself down on his bed gives the rest of the day to the thoughts of his adventure. how unhappyly hee had hunted that day to lose his game and to bee caught himself, to bring home a crueller wound then hee had intended the wild bore, and w^ch^ was worst, to have receivd it from such a hand as hee could not take it ill from, and so was in little hope of revenging. But where was my courage (*would hee say to himself*) to faint at the sight of my beloved enemy, ah twas that killd mee, the feare shee should proove my enemy whom I onely desire to make my friend; besides how could I expect shee should leave mee any courage who had rob'd mee of my heart. where am I or whence comes this change? doe I live or am I still in a traunce, no certainly I live I am awake, for there cannot bee so much paine in sleep or in death as in this kinde of life. where lost I my humor? where left I my freedome? at *Fleurias* feete; alas how ill twas dispos'd of, shee had too much before for my contentment. how dead are my hopes? how ambitious my design to hope there for a conquest where none can deserve the honor of beeing a slave. yet must I goe on, my life is too farr engagd for mee to come off with it safe unles I overcome. no body knows the *caprices* of fortune and love, if I prosper I am greater then all the world besides can make mee, and since I am mortall & must dye, if *Fleuria* so pleas, how can I ever dye in a better service or upon so noble an enterprise. While *Lucidamor* was thus in paine with the birth of his love, *Fleuria* was not untouchd; whether his grace or his bewty had made the impression, or whether love dispairing alone to subdue so rebellious a heart, had call'd in pitty to its aid by presenting *Lucidamor* to her in such a posture as overcame her usuall indifferency by forcing her to afford her compassion where at first shee would not so easily have been persuaded to love, shee now began to bee clouded in her humor, restless in her thoughts, tir'd in her motions, weary of company, desirous to bee alone, hoping so to finde ease though indeed shee never found less. shee felt

her self ill without any distemper, melancholy without any cause, desirous, but shee knew not of what; or rather shee durst not heare her owne thoughts when they were about to tell her: in fine shee found herself chang'd from what shee was some few days agoe, but what was the cause or how it came about shee could not or would not imagine. often would *Lucidamors* accident crowd into her remembrance, but streight would shee check herself as if that were a thought not to bee trusted, and by that shee perceiv'd hee was not indifferent to her, for those shee used to looke on with freedome shee used to thinke on with freedome, but heer shee knew not how it fell out but shee must needs acknowledge shee had been pleased with his sight, and why then should shee bee afraid or troubled at his remembrance. thus balanc'd shee a while between passion and reason, and twas that made her cure desperate, shee would not at first acknowledge her disease and when shee was forc'd to that, shee concluded it too late to seeke for any remedy. About this time while love was fortifying itself in thees two young lovers hearts, it fell out that a *Cosen* of *Fleurias* was married and the wedding kept with much pompe and solemnity. all the *Noblesse* of the country was there to shew their address in iusting and running at the ring, of w^ch^ *Lucidamor* had the honor to carry the prize, w^ch^ was a bracelett of perle from the brides owne hand. *Lucidamor* had no sooner received it with a generall applause of the beholders, but hanging it on the top of his launce hee rides toward the scaffold where *Fleuria* sate and with a low reverence presents it her, protesting twas to her it was most iustly due, since all the motion hee had was derivd from her eyes. *Fleuria* at *Chlorisses*[13] importunity was at the charge of a blush to receive it, and told him shee would owe it as well as his expressions to his meer civility not to her owne merits, and besides shee thought it but iust that the day hee was conqueror hee might impose what laws hee pleased though never so arbitrary.

The contentment of beeing so graciously receiv'd in the first suite hee made to his *princesse*, had given more life

then ordinary to his naturall bewty, so as there was not a *Lady* in the troupe but envied *Fleuria* for the acquisition shee had made of so accomplish'd a servant, nor indeed would shee have chang'd it for the possession of the greatest *Monarchy* in the world. from this time they began both to owne that passion w^ch^ they could no longer conceal, the violence of w^ch^ grew in short time to so great a flame that they were never contented but in one anothers company, when they were forc'd to bee asunder their letters supplied the want of their eys; nor were their parents displeas'd with an affection so well suited to both their births and fortunes, as well as their desires. and though some considerations delay'd the issue yet was *Lucidamors research*[14] open enough and taken notice of by all as the most likely to succeed.

During the progress of thees *amours*, there arrives a *Baron* from *Italy* whom wee call *Chlorizander*. upon his return hee comes to visite *Lucidamor* with whom hee had been from his youth familiarly acquainted, as beeing of like age of the same *Province* and of the chief *Noblesse*. *Lucidamor* welcomes him with a thousand caresses, and one night lying together recounts him the whole story and the prosperous traine of his *amours*, and shews him next morning a picture of his *Mistress* in little,[15] but drawn to the life, though twas impossible any thing should bee exactly like *Fleuria* but herself. *Chlorizander* though hee had almost lost his owne iudgement at the sight of so divine a bewty, yet had hee enough left to dissemble his passion and approove his friends iudgement in so excellent a choise. hee offers him his service in it upon all occasions and his assistance against all rivalls, who made no small troope. *Lucidamor* gives him thanks for so friendly an offer, and they resolve that afternoon to visite *Fleuria* together. *Chlorizander* no sooner saw the originall of that copy w^ch^ had already cost him so deare as that his liberty lay at stake, but hee began to quarrel with himself for having beleev'd that either a picture or any thing else could represent *Fleurias* perfections any more then shadows doe a face. hee is so rash as to resolve at the first sight

either to inioy this divinity or dye in the attempt, and where his owne life came in question not to stick at any others. hee makes himself his friends confident in the management of his *amours* and so weaves himself into the secrets of them both. by this means hee has opportunity of sounding *Fleurias* heart, whether there was any hopes of his entrance by dispossessing *Lucidamor* of a place hee held by so good a tenure as that of his deserts and her first affection. but finding that way too well-guarded by *Fleurias* constancy for him ever to make a breach, hee resolves to trye another as cruell and detestable as this was without appearance of successe.

Lucidamor had by this time gain'd the father and mothers goodwill in as great a degree as hee had before done the daughters affections, so as there now wanted onely a last meeting of the friends on both sides for the conclusion of the match. When *Chlorizander* through the violence of his passion and dispaire, blinde both to his honor and conscience, what with gifts and with promises, engageth one of his *Lacquays* (rogue enough to bee drawn by the baite of profit and advantage to the undertaking of any the most divellish attempt) that hee should one evening lye behind a bush in the forrest from whence hee might with his gunn command that path w^{ch} led to *Fleurias* house, and should let fly at *Lucidamor* upon a signe hee would give him as they should both passe along. this *villain* prooves too trusty to so treacherous a *Master*, hee charges a great fowling piece with a brace of bullets whilst *Chlorizander* goes to visitt *Lucidamor* who little doubted of so fowle a treason beeing masked under so friendly lookes. hee finds him ready to goe waite one his *Mistresse* but prevails upon the offer of accompanying him to stay till the heate of the day should be past, and finding some other divertisement in the meane while, so spinns out the time that tis late ere they part. Beeing enter'd the forrest and approching the place where the *assasin* attended, *Chlorizander* as upon a sudden frolicke gives a spring out with his horse and begins an aire w^{ch} was agreed between them to bee *Lucidamors* funerall song.

upon w^ch^ signe the *villain* lets fly, and with so fatall an aime for the unfortunate *Lucidamor* that one bullet piercing his head and tother his body hee falls dead to the ground: happy onely in so sudden a dispatch w^ch^ gave him not time enough for one thought of losing his *Fleuria* for ever, w^ch^ sure would have given a deeper and crueller wound to his heart then a showre of bullets could have done. the murtherer favoured by the thickness of the woods and the approach of the night makes his escape whilst *Chlorizander* and his two servants draw their swords and putt themselves in a posture of defence as if they feard an assault of w^ch^ the first shot was but a signall, and afterwards hee rides into the thickest of the wood in pursuit of the murtherer and in appearance as eager of revenging, as in effect hee was pleas'd with seeing the death of his friend. Meanwhile *Lucidamors* servant had laid his dead *Masters* head in his lap streaming over it such brinish tears and sighing out such wofull complaints as twas hard to iudge w^ch^ deservd more pitty the *Master* or the *man*. at length *Chlorizander* returns and seconds him with the most dolefull regrets that could have been expected from the sincerest friendship. they as conveniently as they could convey'd his body home where what tears what complaints are not paid to the loss of this unfortunate *Gentleman*, belovd and bewaild of all that were acquainted with the carriage of his life or the manner of his death. but when report (w^ch^ allwaies posts fastest upon the saddest dispatches) brought the news of this accident to *Fleurias* ears, how shee tears her hair? how shee beats her innocent brests? as if shee knocked there to know whether *Lucidamor* were still in her heart or no, w^ch^ shee should never more abide if once disfurnish'd of so deare a ghest. shee curses the iniustice of heaven, the unhappynesse of her birth, the cruelty of his chance, and through an excess of dispaire resolvs rather then lose such a friend to accompany him in the grave. her parents seeke by all means to divert her, but alas her thoughts had been too long and too constantly used to *Lucidamor* to have leasure or roome for any thing else. *Chlorizander* to putt on a

maske the unlikest his owne face of any hee can finde, comes to comfort her in her grief, and by discoursing the greatness of his own loss in such a friend increases the sense of hers. Her father dreading some dismall effects from so desperate a passion, imployes some *Religious* persons to indeavor its remedy who by their holy persuasions and remonstrances how the murdering herself would draw the infallible loss of her soule for ever, at length prevail with her to exchange her resolutions of dying for those of confining herself to a *Religious* order there to pass the rest of her days in bemoaning *Lucidamors* death and praying for his soule. while shee is taken up with thees thoughts and prepares to take her last leave of the world an unexpected accident diverts her.

Chlorizander now freed from his rivall could not at so easy a rate bee ridd of his owne fears; but apprehending the discovery of so ugly a murther, calls one of his servants whose faith and secrecy hee was most confident of and tells him that *Mobrun* (that was the murtherers name) had done him the greatest displeasure in the world, w^{ch} if hee would revenge by his death hee promises him a hundred crowns. the fellow likes the bargain and upon the receipt of fifty crowns before hand, promises the execution. after w^{ch} hee attends nothing but a convenient time and place for his purpose. one day having hunted all the morning together in a wood with ill fortune, they sate down under a tree to rest them where *Mobrun* fell asleep; the other resolves not to slip so faire an occasion, and draws his poniard ready to plunge it in his fellows brest, when a sudden remorse of conscience held back his arme, and putting him upon the detestation of his *Masters* cruelty, and the thoughts how it might bee his owne turne next, makes him putt up his poniard againe, and waking *Mobrun*, tell him what a good turne hee was about to have done him, with the whole story of what his *Master* had encharg'd him, the reward hee was to receive, and how hee had been diverted onely by the kindness hee had for him, and the remorse of his owne conscience. *Mobrun* amaz'd at so straunge an adventure and at the thoughts of

the danger hee had so narrowly escaped, thanks his compagnon for the discovery of so base a design, advises him to return to his *Master* and assure him of its execution that so hee might come to touch the other fifty crowns and after dispose of himself as hee pleas'd, for his owne part hee was resolv'd to seeke a condition[16] in some other place, since services in this were so ill rewarded. with this hee declares to him how at the promises and persuasions of his master hee had been induc'd to murther *Lucidamor*, that none but himself had made that fatall shott w^ch^ had ended one of the fairest lives in the world, that now *Chlorizander* for fear his treason should come to light had resolv'd to dispatch him on an errand from w^ch^ hee should never returne. after this they both parted one with a resolution to leave the country and tother to quitt so unworthy a *master* so soon as he had received the wages of his intended villany, w^ch^ in a short time hee did, assuring *Chlorizander* of *Mobruns* death; who was not a little contented with the news, thinking him self by that means secur'd from all possibility of *Lucidamors* murther ere comming to light, but heaven that uses not to leave such crimes unpunished, so order'd it that *Mobrun* stung with his conscience and the desire of beeing reveng'd of his *Master*, before hee left the country went to *Lucidamors Valet de chambre* who was retir'd to his friends that liv'd thereabouts, resolv'd after the loss of such a *Master* never to engage his liberty with any other. *Mobrun* (with whom hee had been in his *Masters* time familiarly acquainted) invites him out to walke in the fields where hee might discourse to him about an affaire that concern'd him who honord so much the memory of his dead *Master*. in pursuit of this hee told him all the perticulars of what had past and has been heer related. after w^ch^ hee bidds him adieu and shows him the best heeles hee could make into the next woods, leaving him as much amaz'd at the straungeness of the story as at the suddenness of his flight. this fellow though an honest servant yet none of the stoutest men, durst not unarmd as hee was runn after him for fear of the same measure his *Master* had receivd, all hee

could doe was to returne home and there consider what course hee had best take to bee avenged of the contriver though hee could not on the executioner of so base a villany. at length hee resolves to acquaint *Fleuria* with it who hee knew would lay it most to heart of any, as who had the greatest interest in *Lucidamor* while alive and so the greatest loss in his death as a person that was so intirely hers.

This widowed virgin no sooner saw this servant who had in her happy days been the secretary[17] of her *amours* and from whose hand shee had so often receivd letters indited by the dearest hand in the world, but falling upon the remembrance of her past contentments shee fell into a deeper sence of her present wooes, alas my friend (*sobd shee forth*) what a loss have wee had ? where wilt thou meet with such a *Master* or I with such a *servant*; yet could I but know his murtherer could I but have the satisfaction to teare out his heart twould bee some ease to my griefe and I should dye alas how much more contented then I live.

Madame (*replied hee*) I am come to acquaint you with the fowlest treason that was ever acted or imagin'd. *Chlorizander* whom my *Master* would have trusted so freely with his life is the author of his death. O God (*cryed out Fleuria*) how art thou sure of this. with that hee begins to relate all hee knew of the matter and how hee came to discover it and ends his story with such a streame of tears that *Fleuria* seeing how passionately others could bewaile *Lucidamors* death thought something more was requird of her, w^ch^ was to revenge it. the first tide of her passion upon this news was so violent, that shee hardly contain'd herself from running headlong to find out the traitor wherever hee was and plunge that dagger in his brest w^ch^ shee had formerly intended for her owne. but consulting better with her reason shee turns to the man and saies, Friend let mee desire you to keep secret from all others what you have now discover'd to mee, and bee assur'd this cursed murtherer shall receive a reward as answerable to his merits as I can provide him; in the mean

time stirr not from your fathers house till you heare from mee. with that shee gives him a chaine of gold worth a hundred crowns with a ring of like value to engage him to serve her in the execution of her design and so for the present gives him leave to bee gone. Meanwhile *Chlorizander* omitts no occasion of visiting *Fleuria*, in hope time the great *physician*, might cure the wound hee himself had given her. the first time shee saw him after the knowledge of his guilt, how strong a temptation had shee to teare out his eys or stab him with the next dagger shee could find. but shee consider'd nothing would give her means to doe most like an enemy besides[18] looking most like a friend. out of this design shee began to seeme pleas'd with his company, to make shew of a much better humor then shee had ever been knowne of since *Lucidamors* death, not a little to her father and mothers contentment but most of all to *Chlorizanders* who now began to flatter himself with the hopes of succeeding *Lucidamor* in the possession of a heart w^ch^ *alas* was not twice to bee dispos'd of. however her eys spoke kindly to him and gave him many libertys w^ch^ were denied to all others. the pleasure of thees baytes gave him courage now to bee more open in his addresses to her, in revealing his passion, in telling her how much wrong shee did herself and the world to consume that youth, to wither away that bewty in sighs and in tears, while love had reserv'd so many deaths for her eyes. that if shee pleas'd to receive him into the same ranke of favor his compagnon held, hee hoped with time and services to convince her that as hee was his equall in birth in fortune and courage, so hee was much his superior in passion and devotion to her. all this while shee seem'd pleas'd with his discourses and more with the offers of his service w^ch^ nothing else could hinder her from receiving, but the apprehension they might bee but dissembled; could shee bee freed of this suspicion shee assures him that neither *Lucidamors* remembrance nor any other respect could hinder her from beeing very sensible how farr the passion and meritts of such a person could oblige. *Chlorizander* ravish'd to heare such expressions in his favor, and to

know that the successe of his suite depended onely upon the sincereness of his passion w^ch his heart gave him so many testimonys of, thought himself now secure enough in his seate. hee visits *Fleuria* every day and with appearance of so kinde a reception that twas generally beleev'd the marriage would bee suddenly concluded; but they were not of her counsell who were of this faith.

In fine *Fleuria* impatient that *Lucidamors* revenge should lye so long upon her hands, one day after many kind glaunces w^ch had encouraged *Chlorizander* to press her to some more perticular favors then hee ever yet had been able to obtaine, shee held him this discourse. You have suffer'd long enough, but you know what severe laws are prescribed us, both by honor and modesty so as neither our words nor so much as our looks are left us free, but your merits and the greatness of your passion will excuse mee for straining some little points of decency for your satisfaction: I cannot tell you without blushing but I could bee contented you might read in my heart what an impression you have there made. I confess tis no small pleasure to know I have had the good fortune to make the like in yours. a little time I hope will give us both leave to owne them: however you know what accidents wee are subiect to. therefore let mee have the contentment to see you to morrow night about eleven a clock in the little summerhouse w^ch stands in the further corner of our garden where I will meet you upon condition you will value this favor as you ought w^ch is such as I never graunted any other, and will not press mee to any thing in preiudice of my honor, that will bee the way to lose in a minute all the advantage you have gott by so much importunity and so many services. see you deserve this favor by concealing it from every body living, the little back door toward the fields shall bee open for you.

With that shee left him, as if shee had been asham'd of what shee had said, and had repented allready of having promis'd so much. tis hard to imagine how overioy'd *Chlorizander* was to receive this assignment from his *Mistress*, hee goes home in an *extasy* and imploys the fol-

lowing night in studying the part w^ch^ hee next day intended to act. the train beeing thus laid *Fleuria* sends for *Lucidamors Valet de chambre* whom onely shee had made privy to her intentions, shee takes him aside and tells him the time was now come that his dead *Master* and shee should stand in need of his assistance; that shee had assignd *Chlorizander* to meet next night in the summerhouse, that shee knew where to have such a nett as beeing planted before the door and drawn suddenly over him at his entrance would so entangle him as to leave him wholly and without any defence at their mercy, w^ch^ was it shee desir'd, for shee could not afford him a quick dispatch who had been the means of giving her so cruel and so lingring a torment. however shee advises him to bee there ready with his sword in case the nets should not answer their hopes, that so they might bee sure not to faile in the end[19] if they should in the manner shee had propos'd for her revenge. this trusty servant promises his life in her assistance. next morning before breake of day *Fleuria* rises and letting him in at the back gate where *Chlorizander* was to come they both together place the nets with all the advantage they could for their design and locking the door they part with the promise of meeting there againe about an houre before shee had assign'd *Chlorizander* to come. The day comes on w^ch^ seems equally long to all partys measur'd out by their severall desires sprung from love and revenge, those two *Tyrannous* passions w^ch^ of all others beare the strongest sway in our minds. however time keeps its usuall course, the sun sets at its houre, and the starrs had already succeeded it when *Chlorizander* arrives at the garden door which hee fancys an entrance into *Paradise*, but *alas* how hee is mistaken in his measures. hee finds *Fleuria* there whose bewty shining in spite of the darkeness of the night made him swear hee beleev'd not the sunn was yet sett. shee had onely a night coife hung loose upon her head w^ch^ kept not her locks from falling downe carelessly on her shoulders, shee was in an incarnate[20] sattin petticoate and a paire of imbroiderd bodys[21] with onely her smock sleeves hanging

loose upon her armes. when *Chlorizander* first saw her in this posture the excess of his contentment had like to have spoil'd her design and kil'd him on the place,[22] but that had been too noble and too pleasing a death for so base and so cruel a murtherer. beeing enter'd the garden shee takes him by the hand and tells him shee had admitted him now to a privacy w^ch^ nothing but the greatnesse of her love and his discretion could excuse, desires him to goe into that pavillion (w^ch^ stood open) where they might with more freedome discourse of their *amours*. *Chlorizander* was no sooner stept in but by the servants dextrous management of the business, hee was infolded in the netts, and so unfortunately for him that both armes and leggs were in such manner intangled as hee was unable to make any use of them towards the recovering his liberty. hee no sooner was down but *Fleuria* flyes to him with such flames in her eys as love never kindled. heer is your entertainment (*said shee to him*) w^ch^ shall bee such as thy villany and *Lucidamors* murther deserves; with that the servant is at hand and first putts a gagg in his mouth, and after with *Fleurias* help in spite of all his struggling binds his hands and feete in such a posture as they were altogether useless to all endeavors of defence. *Fleuria* having him now at her mercy begins to wreake her fury on him without any remorse, aggravating every wound shee gave him with the most stinging reproches, the most bitter invectives that despite, love, and revenge could indite. shee draws out a little knife shee had in her pocket and first cutts of his nose, then pokes out both his eys and throwing them downe *says*, Away base disloyall eys your kinde lookes betrayd my *Lucidamor*. with that shee stabs him in six or seven places of the face, and then taking a little breath looks upon it *saying*, Ugly face o how gastly thou lookst now thou art no longer a dissembler now thou lookst like his mind that wears thee; with that shee beginns afresh and pinks[23] over all his brests with such gashes as might serve onely for his torment and not for his death; while hee groanes and endeavors a lamentable noise o how much better musick is this (*sayes shee to him*) then thy

courtship and thy amorous entertainments. beeing at length tir'd with her passion and its dismall effects, shee thinkes it time to have done, and with much adoe cutts open his brest and tears out his heart w^ch assoon as shee had done, shee rises up and holding it in her hands for a while looks earnestly upon it, till bursting forth into a violent stream of tears, My deare Lucidamor (*sobd shee out*) how happy might thou and I have been had this heart been alwaies as innocent as now it is. with that shee throws it to the ground and *says* Poor revenge, that hee should bee senseless already; how impossible tis for mee to bee ever even with him, his pain is over and mine still continues. this execution thus perform'd shee turns to *Lucidamors* servant (who stood by all this while trembling at so prodigious a sight) and with a sad raving countenance pulls out two hundred crowns in gold out of her pocket and gives him, so bidding him adieu letts him out of the garden gate; as hee made her his last reverence shee ask'd him whether hee would have any thing to his *master*,[24] to w^ch hee replying nothing as not comprehending what it meant shee shutt the door upon him and the day now beginning to dawn retires to her chamber.

Beeing arriv'd there and having cast her self downe on her bed for a while shee rises again and taking her pen and inke shee writes thees fewe words on a paper w^ch shee leaves open upon her table.

If any one doubts my constancy to Lucidamor and his memory, or suspects my kindness to Chlorizander, let him goe to the pavillion in the garden and there viewe his carkass, then return hither where hee shall find mine, and let him know hee sees two sacrifices w^ch one virgins hand offer'd up, the one to her love and the other to her friends revenge. after this thinke of mee what thou pleasest, but if thou wilt bee so charitable as to spare a prayer for my soule, let it bee that it may meet with Lucidamors for I have found that tis hell to bee without him. and now dear soule tis time to come to thee, wee have been too long asunder: but having given thee all I can, my tears and my revenge, what have I left to doe in the world or this life w^ch were onely dear to mee for thy sake while

thou livdst, and for thy sake have been so unpleasant to mee, since thy death. I now leave them both, to fly to thee; come then and meet mee my Lucidamor and receive this soule with a kindness equall to that with w^ch^ I first gave thee my heart. This done shee goes to her closet and there reaches a cup of poison w^ch^ shee had before prepar'd, and having couragiously drunke it of, lies her down upon the bed, where the fatall drinke soon gave an end to her restless passions, and seizing on her heart closed up those eys in an eternall night w^ch^ usd like two Suns to give light to all eys and flames to all hearts where they shin'd. her soule at parting sends forth a grone, such as was heard by one of her maids in next room, who fearing her *mistress* might bee ill, rises strait and goes into her chamber, where shee finds the sad spectacle, *Fleuria* lying speechless on her bed, her dying eys not yet quite clos'd and the cup (w^ch^ held the poison) still in her hand. the maid afrighted with so unexpected an obiect screeks out with such a violence as raises all the house. her father and mother come in to the closing up of her eys w^ch^ had like to have been the closing of theirs too. one of the servants lights upon the paper shee had last writt, and upon another lying by it folded up where shee had before traced at large the whole story of *Lucidamors* murther. upon this some runn to the *pavillion* where they finde the mangled carkass almost drownd in the blood that streamd from its numerous wounds. the *Justice* hereupon is cald in, who causes *Chlorizanders* corps to bee carried home to his fathers house, who upon the relation of so *tragicall* an accident puts *Adraste* in suit about his sons murther. during w^ch^ it happens that *Mobrun* is taken, confesses the whole fact, whereupon he is adiudged to bee broken on the wheele and *Adraste* is acquitted.

The report of so straunge an adventure is soon spread over the whole *Province* and finds discourse for all mouths and tears from most eys, all pitty *Lucidamor*, all condemn *Chlorizander*, and for *Fleuria* most excuse her revenge upon the score of her love. meanwhile her body is laid in the same tombe with *Lucidamors* on w^ch^ this *Epitaph* is engraven.

Heer lyes an unfortunate paire whose hearts love had so ioynd as death could not divorce. their marriage bed was this tombe, where their bodys at length mett whose soules for a long time had nere been asunder. hee was too happy in her love to scape his rivals envy and shee too unhappy in his death to outlive her owne griefe.

Passenger stay awhile and hear the whole story. a Virgin to revenge her friends murther kills her enemy and then to revenge her enemy kills herself.

Pass on but first leave a prayer for each of their soules and a teare for their memorys.

I picqued O.B.[1]
There are few so unacquainted with story as to bee ignorant how thees late ages have seen one advanced to *S^nt Peters* chaire from so base a degree of birth and fortune as confirm'd if it gave not occasion to that proverbe that *A shepheard may begett a Pope.* Hee was son to a poor peasant of a village neer *Senogaille* in *Marche Ancona*[2]; two *Cordeliers*[3] tooke him from his fathers house and carried him to *Rome* where hee made such a progress in all learning and sciences that hee at length came to bee *Father Guardian* of their *Convent.* about w^ch time some little disputes and differences in *Religion* arising in *Spaine*, hee was sent thither by *Pius quintus*[4] (then *Pope*), in quality of *Inquisitor* of w^ch charge hee so well acquitted himself that at his return to *Rome* hee receivs a *Cardinals* hatt for his recompense. mounted to this dignity hee beginns to doe good to his poore kindred, and among others takes a brother of his named *Altomont* into his house. who though brought up all his life time in the village yet seem'd to have naturally a good sense such as if polisht with other breeding and beaten to business might proove very capable of imployment.

The *Cardinal* his brother one of the greatest and best discerning personnages of his age, having observ'd thus much of him, bought him an honorable office at *Rome* whereof hee acquits himself without reproch, w^ch is the first degree of praise. hee past some years in this imployment, a quiett good meaning man, neither discontenting others by his actions nor himself by his passions. at this time there was a young *Lady* in towne calld *Flaminia*, well borne, bred up in all the galanteries of that age, and those little imbellishments of singing dancing and playing on the lute in w^ch last shee surpass'd all the *Masters* of *Italy*, for the rest, of good humor, a ready witt, but cunning withall and one of the known bewtys then in *vogue.* I know not how it fell out but *Altamont* fell in love with this *Lady* and that so passionately that distrusting his

owne meritts for the winning her favor hee never lett his brother rest till hee had gott him to make an overture of the match to her friends. the *Cardinall* though very unwilling (whether presaging the evills that followed, from the unsuitablenesse of their humors and breeding, or for some other reasons,) yet at length preferrs his brothers satisfaction before them all, and demands her of her friends. they considering *Altomonts* meanes and the rise hee might have into greater fortunes from his brothers favor, agree to the match without ever taking any light of their daughters inclinacons. *Tis too common a fault in parents*[5] *and too often of most unhappy consequence; for those children are seldome found who can intirely deny themselves and their owne satisfaction in conformity to their Parents desires, nor can thees bee admitted as soveraign iudges of what agrees with their childrens humors and inclinacons. for besides that no man can take any certain measure how to iudge what pleases another, for the most part, parents of all people know their children the least, so constraind are wee in our demanours toward them by our respect, and an awfull sense of their arbitrary power over us, w*^{ch} *though first printed in us in our childish age, yet yeares of discretion seldome wholly weare out. besides a certaine straungeness wrought between those relations by the disagreement of age and consequently of customes w*^{ch} *is hardly so farr wrought out by the greatest kindness, as to admitt such a freedome and confidence as is common between friends of our owne choice, for kindred are friends chosen to our hands.* Thus *Flaminia* is disposd of without her knowledge, and w^{ch} is worst against her consent. shee dares not forfeit her duty to her *Parents* but shee cannot forget her affection to *Cleanthes*. twas a young *Gentleman* of *Rome* noble by birth, accomplishd in all qualitys that commend a person of his ranke and his years, but much more obliged to nature then fortune. hee had by his merits, his passion, the length of his services, and the constancy of his faith, made an intire purchase of *Flaminias* affection, for w^{ch} hee had given her up his heart in exchange. some respects of fortune kept them from giving a sudden[6] issue to their desires, w^{ch} aimd at a

marriage unlikely to bee approov'd of by the friends of either party, both of them designing that their childrens merits should advance them to a much greater fortune then their owne could expect. this made theese lovers disguise their intentions and their kindness from all other eyes but their owne, resolving to attend till time or chance might bring forth some favorable coniuncture for the owning their designs. in the mean time *Altomont* comes in, and stilted up by his brothers greatness robs *Cleanthes* of the fruits of so long a pursuit. when hee first hears the marriage is concluded beyond any reverse, what complaints what curses against his love and his fortune does not dispaire putt him upon. nor is *Flaminia* in less disorder shee accuses her starrs of iniustice her parents of rigor, and sometimes herself of ingratitude to preferr any respects of fortune or duty before what shee owed to *Cleanthes* loyalty and her owne vows. sometimes shee resolves that the ende of her life shall end the dispute between duty and love, but they are both stronger then her courage and shee finds shee can doe any thing else but dye for *Cleanthes*. Meanwhile *Altomont* visits her whom in appearance shee receives civilly enough, to give her parents no occasion of displeasure; till in the end all things prepared by her friends as if shee were to act the least part in the play, shee is given up into *Altomonts* armes the marriage is solemnizd, and hee reaps the flower w^{ch} is but once to bee gather'd, whilst another has it in wish, nor can shee helpe it, nor give her heart from *Cleanthes* however fortune and friends have disposd of her body.

Poor *Cleanthes* now no longer bewaild the wooes of absence, the cruelty of occasions, was no longer pursued with those usuall apprehensions of *Flaminias* change, or iealousy of rivalls, hee now had livd to see that w^{ch} hee always thought hee should have died to see, the fulfilling all those presages of his cruelst suspicions; and that so much in preiudice of all his hopes all his dearest pretensions, that in the state hee now was in, a languishing death was the best hee could expect from the least of his wooes. with thees and such thoughts was his mind overflown upon the

first tide of his dispaire. but at length the despite of *Flaminias* inconstancy made him unwilling to dye for her, who was content to live for another, or else perhaps death not coming while hee was in humor hee was een contented to live for himself. how ever hee strives to forget his passion to teare *Flaminia* from his heart, fortune having torne her from his eyes. to this end hee seeks all diversions by books, company, and inticing himselfe into some new *amours*. time seem'd now to have clos'd up the wound and wholly to have damp'd his flame, when by chaunce hee was engaged to bee at a *Cosens* wedding of his where *Flaminia* and her husband were likewise invited. their eys at first meeting seem'd to strike fire from whence some sparks falling on their hearts w^ch^ had been before burnt to tinder kindled them againe on a sudden, and they at first touch sett their desires on a flame. had they had the opportunity their words would have been as passionate as their glaunces were, but it needed not, their eyes had formerly been too well acquainted not to understand one another. those languishing lookes, those piercing regards easily discover'd to *Cleanthes* how kindly her heart would have lookt were it as visible as her face.

After dinner the bridegroome calld for a lute and ioynd with the rest of the company in requesting *Flaminia* to perfect the pleasure of their meeting by giving them a lesson, w^ch^ shee could not refuse after they had gott her husband to second their desires. having played many aires, at length casting such a regard on *Cleanthes* as was able to have fird the most frozen heart shee sings some verses of her owne composing w^ch^ in *Italian* begin *Crude amor.*[7] in *English* they goe thus

Cruell love, why dost pursue mee?
Knowst thou not my heart is thine?
And so long as day shall shine
Nothing else shall ere subdue mee.
First the Sun shall bee benighted
Ere my constant faith shall change
And ere fortune shall estrange
Hearts w^ch^ love has once united.

The company was ravishd with the sweetness of her voice and was busy in extolling the perfections of this *Lady*, while *Cleanthes* watches some time to accost her, and acquaint her with the wretched condition whereinto shee had reduced him, nor was *Flaminia* in less paine how to accomplish her desire of entertaining him with some freedome. at length the houre of the companys parting beeing come they all take their leaves, and retire to their severall houses leaving the new lovers to their pleasures and the old ones to their paines. assoon as *Flaminia* was come home with her husband feigning some indisposition, shee goes up to her chamber, where the violence of her love began to play too much the tyrant to leave her reason any sway. But am I condemnd (*sayd shee*) to live alwayes in flames, and yet so neere the fountaine where I may so easily allay them. how can I hope for any diversion or cure when I am in love with my disease, or how can I expect to fly from a paine w^{ch} I carry alwaies about mee, and shall doe as long as I weare my owne heart. because my parents condemn mee to bee miserable must I consent myself to the arrest. *what is this wee call honor that keeps us in awe but an idle dreame of iealous husbands; if nature intended it should bee so necessary to bee innocent why did shee give us desires why did shee make it so pleasing to sinn*; with the end of thees thoughts shee flung from the bed where shee was lay'd and taking her penn and inke writes this letter to *Cleanthes*.

Wee have both suffer'd enough, and my love is now growne too strong for my duty w^{ch} was once too strong for it. the unpleasing bond w^{ch} is upon mee has not force enough to withold mee from seeing you if you have courage enough to meet mee at the time and place this faithfull messenger shall assign you. if you love mee (w^{ch} without beeing a thousand times periurd you cannot deny) you will not faile to find there a person, who dies with the impatience and lives onely upon the hopes of seeing you. adieu deare life of my desires.

Having seald up this letter shee calls one of her maids namd *Lucia* who had deservd an intire confidence in the

weightyest affairs, and having coniurd her to imploy her discretion aswell as her faith and her silence in this, discovers to her the last result of her first affection to *Cleanthes* and encharges her to give this letter with the greatest secresy shee could into his hands. *Lucia* was so dextrous and so fortunate as to meet him late that night at his owne door, where shee had an opportunity to speake to him, deliver the letter, with the message her *mistresse* had enchargd her to tell him in private, and to return home, unseen and unsuspected. how pleasd *Cleanthes* was with this encounter tis for none to imagine but such as have had experience of the like occasion, or such who by a sudden turne of fortune have been shifted from a tedious dispaire to the full blowne hopes of possessing a good they have long had in pursuite. having kissd the letter a thousand times over and as often read the contents, hee goes up to his bed but not to his rest; his ioyes are as wakefull as his griefs use to bee, and hee is equally impatient in them both; *so fantasticall is our composure*[8] *that the expectation of pleasure is a trouble as well as the apprehension of pain.* having by his dreams and his thoughts so mingled together as hee could hardly distinguish them, linger'd out the greatest part of the night, hee rises with the day, for fear of failing the assignation w^ch^ *Lucia* had given him. the *rendezvous* was a church on tother side the river, whether hee went, this once with devotion enough to have sanctifyed a more innocent purpose. He had been not long in the *church* when his *sainte* appears and with a counterfeit gravity goes strait to an *altar*, where with her beads shee begins to mumble out her prayers, perhaps for the good success of her amorous designs; *Cleanthes* goes and kneels down at the same *altar*, where hee beginns in appearance his prayers to the *shrine* before him but in effect his thanks to that by his side; the subiect of their discourses beeing nothing at first but passionate complaints of their late divorce fram'd their countenances to such an aire as ioyn'd with the length of their conference made them pass for the two devoutest *votarys* that were that day in the church. *so painted and so maskd is the face of our actions*

that tis impossible to fix a true iudgement of their bewty or deformity; nay should they come never so naked and undisguisd into view yet would they like some kind of pictures represent severall faces according to the severall lights they are considerd in. Before they part *Flaminia* advises him of a way to see one another with more freedome then now they did. twas a little doore that answer'd both to a garden and to her chamber by w^ch^ hee might enter with out fear of discovery. *Altomonts* house was seated in a place the most out of the way that could bee desir'd by our lovers themselves, twas called his brother the *Cardinals vineyard*, beeing a little out of towne, few houses neere and most of them houses of pleasure such as commonly are but thinly inhabited. having thus contriv'd a means of meeting again suddenly, and more to their satisfaction, they thought fitt to part for fear of beeing surpris'd together by some that might know them and bee thereby putt in mind of their former *amours*. *Cleanthes* with a low reverence to the *altar* w^ch^ his heart meant to *Flaminia* rises and leaves her on her knees in pursuit of her tædious devotion.

Hee fails not that night to bee at the appointed rendezvous. *Lucia* attends him at the garden gate while her *Mistress* was walking in a close alley not farr from it. they are no sooner in sight but wing'd by their desires they runn towards one another and meete with so many kisses with such tender embraces as the murmuring winds seemd to envy their pleasures, and the silent shades to admire at their loves. but the opportunity was too faire and their long starv'd passion too keen to content itself heer. having recoverd their senses and motion w^ch^ the excess of their contentment had for a while taken away, *Flaminia* leads him into her chamber where hee soon finds out the bed and where in *complaisance* to the lovers wee will for a while draw the curtains about them. *Altomont* is all this time at his brothers palace, cursing the necessity of his affairs and pittying his wife who by their occasion was left so much alone. *may it bee all their dooms whose cursed fortune tears in sunder two hearts that blessed love had*

united, and preferrs[9] *them to the spoils and triumph of a victory w*[ch] *anothers meritts had obtaind. may it bee their dooms to bee kind to their wifes while they are so to some other.* By this time our two lovers, (the heate of their passion melted away in one anothers embraces) have reason enough to consider what a hazard they runn by beeing longer together, and to prefer their safety before their contentment. they part with the same kindness they mett, vowing a freindship as constant as their breath, and as long as their lifes. for many dayes together they continued their pastimes undiscover'd; *Altomonts* business (w[ch] kept him for the most part at the *Vatican* or at the *Cardinal* his brothers) beeing their *baude*, and his good nature free from all suspicions and iealousys, their security. but how can a flame bee long undiscover'd, or any great pleasure last long undisturbd. they would have thought this a heaven had they found it eternall. While their *amours* continue in this traine, it fortunes one day that a maide of the house who was native of the same village with *Altomont* going into the garden to gather some certain hearbes, tir'd out with the heate of the day w[ch] was now in declining, sate her downe under a shadowy tree where shee fell so soundly asleep, that the night surprised her there. when shee waked not a little amazd to finde herself in that place and that shee had slept so long, shee begun to rubb her eyes and gaze about her, when shee seem'd to heare two persons discoursing not farr from her: curiosity husht her up awhile to listen what it might bee; and indeed shee was so unhappily seated that shee heard the greatest part of those amorous expressions (often interrupted by their kisses) w[ch] passd between *Cleanthes* and *Flaminia* at their parting. the wench naturally envious and lately picqued at her *Mistress* about something had passd in the *menage* of the house, was pleasd with so good an occasion of satisfying her envy and her spleen. shee sitts still till shee saw the garden was clear, and then goes in with out any ones perceiving where shee had passd all that time. bigg with malice and impatient of beeing deliver'd shee attends her *Masters* comming in and that

very night relates to him all shee had seen or heard pass between the two lovers while shee sate in the garden. *Altomont* easily swallows the baite w^ch^ carrys such a hooke as shall tear out his heart, *where iealousy once enters all contentment is banishd, tis the onely torment w^ch^ contrary to all others is both violent and long,*[10] *a feavor without intermissions, a sower bastard fruit of a noble stock, springing from love, but beeing once full blown never decaying till its root bee quite dried up.* *Altomont* was by complexion the least subiect to it of any, but not to have been moov'd at such appearances as thees were to have been insensible indeed, *to bee all passion is to bee a beast but to have none at all is to have something of a block.* hee grows pensive on the sudden, and cannot so well dissemble but *Flaminia* soon perceivs the change of his humor, and soon iudges the cause, beeing a *Lady* whose witt was as piercing as her eys, and such as sure would have been the mirrour of her age had not her friends sacrificd her contentment to their ambition, and by suppressing that vertuous passion shee had for *Cleanthes* been the occasion of its breaking forth into a dishonorable flame, w^ch^ scorchd the bewty of all her other perfections. the next morning shee sends to advertise *Cleanthes* all shee had discovered of her husbands suspicions, and for that reason to desire him not to come any more till shee sent perticularly to him w^ch^ hee might bee secure should not bee delayed beyond the necessity of that constraint w^ch^ shee owed to her owne honor and her husbands satisfaction. Meanwhile *Altomont* beginns to bee more curious in observing his wifes actions and humor, and secretly imploys others to track *Lucia* wherever shee goes, who are so diligent in their charge that one day they discover her talking to *Cleanthes.* *Altomont* had before been acquainted how long and how passionately this *Gentleman* had been in love with *Flaminia* so as the hearing this news strait confirmd him in his suspicions, and gave him an occasion to breake out into the bitterest reproches and the cruellest usage hee could find out for his wife to debarr her of her liberty and defeat *Lucia* of her service.

The *Cardinal* his brother is acquainted with this dis-

order, w^ch^ hee had before seemd to prophecy by his aversion from the match. hee saies no more but that hee had inioyed the pleasure of his folly and must now bee content to suffer the paine, and een to pay his owne ransome since his owne indiscretion had made him a prisoner. *Rome* is full of the rumor, while *Cleanthes* is like to burst with despite and regrett to have lost the opportunity and almost the hopes of seeing his *Mistress* any more. yet this is not halfe his misfortune, compar'd to the racke of those thoughts, how for his occasion *Flaminia* had sufferd the staine of her honor, the loss of her liberty, and the hazard of her life now prostituted to the mercy of an iniur'd husbands revenge. there was no attempt so rash and so desperate w^ch^ hee was not tempted to by the rage of his passion, w^ch^ had surely brought forth some straunge extravagancy if not restraind by the regard of his *Mistresses* honor much more powerfull then that of his owne life w^ch^ hee valued not equally with the meanest of her concernments.[11] six months passd towards the composing thees imbroilments w^ch^ were not so great in the family as in the lovers minds, who esteemd themselves more wrongd by their present separation then they thought *Altomont* had been by their former conveniences of meeting together. *So uniust are wee in the iudgement of our owne causes that wee commonly ressent as an iniury to ourselves the beeing disappointed of those iniurys wee had intended others.* During this time *Flaminia* (by the force of those charmes w^ch^ had so often been conquerors, by her faignd caresses, and those flattering tears w^ch^ under pretence of her wronged innocency were really given to the absence of her friend) had so lulld asleep all her husbands suspicions and calmd the disquiets w^ch^ they had bred in his minde, that his iealousy is changd into a most abandond confidence and her confinement into a securer liberty then ever before shee had inioyed. shee had sworne never to see *Cleanthes* againe, perhaps contented to meet him onely in the darke, or else beleeving that heaven made no account of lovers oaths.[12] *Altomont* returns to his former train of business and absence from home the greatest part of his time, w^ch^

calls back to *Flaminias* remembrance the deare entertainments and pleasures shee had formerly enioyed by the favor of those opportunitys. thees thoughts blew up into a flame those sparks w^{ch} her husbands suspicions and her dissimulacon had long rak'd up in embers; shee no sooner had procur'd the key of the garden gate, but it stood open for *Cleanthes* at all those houres when *Altomonts* absence and the privacy of the garden seem'd to secure his approches; and having by the charmes of her witt and humor soon dispos'd another maide (who by *Altomonts* appointment had succeeded *Lucia*) to bee wholly at her devotion; by her means shee finds out a convenience of their meeting together at hours agreed on between them, in a little house of pleasure not farr of, where they pursue their pastimes with fewer alarums then they were usd to at home. heer they laugh at *Altomonts* patience, at his credulous folly that had been so easily charmd by a few dissembling looks a few treacherous tears w^{ch}, shee is no woman who hath not at commande.

Could desires have any ende our lovers would have contented themselves with theese stolen libertys they so often enioyed by the favor of their good fortune and *Altomonts* good humor. *but a full grown affection has always some aime beyond what it enioys, rest in our passions beeing a step to decay.* they at length grow weary of their fears they thinke their pleasures too innocent to deserve any constraint, and that they iniure so perfect a love by not daring to avowe it. this puts them upon a proiect, by the death of her husband to cleare a way to their marriage, and rather fall in the attempt of their delivery then linger out a life in such a tædious restraint. *Flaminia* was determind to have done it by a potion beleeving *Altomont* too kinde to refuse his death from her hand, but *Cleanthes* who thought himself most concernd in the iniury would bee so too in the revenge, and not suffer his *Mistress* to hazard a life so much dearer then his owne, by beeing any further guilty then her wishes could make her; hee therefore takes the charge upon himself, and having gaind one of his servants to bee of the party, beginns to watch for a

fitt opportunity of effecting his design; w^ch^ is not a little aided by the lonely scituation of *Altomonts* house encompassd with gardens and houses of pleasure w^ch^ most of the owners made use of onely for aire and recreation seldome lodging there a nights but upon some such occasions as left them little curiosity for other mens affairs. besides *Altomonts* custome was to retire home very late in the evening either from the *Vatican* where his office forcd his attendance or from his brother the *Cardinalls*, the government of whose house hee was lately enchargd with; so that it seemd much easyer to compass the execution then to entertain the thoughts of such a murther. *Cleanthes* and his man (whom by[13] many faire promises hee had induced to bee a complice of his intended *assasinate*[14]) having watchd him one night very late were now almost at a losse of all their expectation and imagining w^ch^ way hee could have escap'd them, when they espie the poor man comming home all alone in the darke, a secure innocent pace, as who was equally free from all fears and all ill intentions. they assault him on the sudden and give him two mortall wounds before hee has leasure to speake or bee assurd whether his danger bee a dreame or no. scarce had hee cried out murther, when a stream of blood gushing out of his mouth gave an ende to his words and his life; twas so near his owne house that one of his servants came running out at the noise; but alas twas to late, hee finds his *Master* strecht along[15] upon the ground all besmeard with his blood whose little streams trickling still from his wounds was all that gave any signs of motion about him. all the house runns out at the alarum this servant gave by his outcrys, nor was *Flaminia* the last of the troope, or in appearance the least sensible of so bloudy a disaster. shee feigns to fall down in a swoun upon the corps, from whence shee is forcibly retir'd[16] by her servants and both conveyed into the house. *Flaminia* seeming to come again to herself (though indeed since shee first knew *Cleanthes* shee had never been her owne) with incomparable artifice personates such a passion as might have been expected from a *Lady* in her case newly widowed by so unhappy an accident. her

tears, her regretts, her complaints against heaven and fortune, her revengefull threats against the author of this murther, beeing all but feign'd will not become the truth of this story. while shee kisses and embraces the dead body of her husband w^ch^ indeed shee never liked so well as in the posture it now was, his brothers palace is filld with the whispers of this fatall adventure. The *Cardinal* was in a sound sleep (a thing not usuall with men of so greate State or imployment) when one of his servants comes and wakes him with the news of his brothers unfortunate murther. hee tooke it in appearance with much more coldness then was expected from so neer a relation, beeing the personne of the world best practisd in disguising his humor and concealing his inclinacons; but what wanted in shew was supplied by the deepness of his inward ressentment. hee assures himself this traine could bee laid by none but *Cleanthes* and *Flaminia*, having been acquainted with the whole story of their *amours* and the disorders w^ch^ for a time they had causd in the family, besides considering his brother to have been a quiet peaceable man obliging all people and who never had ofended any so much as hee had done himself by his owne too much good nature. but that w^ch^ most confirmd him in this beleefe was the report of *Flaminias* complaints and passionate bewailing the death of a husband whom all knew to have been so indifferent to her in his life. hee thought it suspicious her pretending a desire to dye with him who would have been so well contented to have lived without him. while hee was musing on thees appearances and the means to bring them to light and so make them ripe for his revenge, hee shews another countenance then agreed with such thoughts, and shrinking up his shoulders as in submission to heaven utterd onely thees few words, God bee praisd both for the good and the evill hee sends mee; God bee mercifull to my brothers soule and pardon those who were the occasion of his murther. Next morning the whole city is filld with the discourses of this lamentable adventure and descants upon it. all opinions meet in *Cleanthes* and *Flaminia* whose former practises had been so notorious. had the *Cardinal*

pleas'd hee might have questiond them both and made up such lively suspicions as ioyn'd to his authority would have serv'd by the rack to have forced out the truth. but his owne interest was above his ressentment, hee considers that should hee once beginn the pursuit, his honor oblig'd him to see an issue to his advantage, that hereby hee should acquire many powerfull enemies both *Flaminia* and *Cleanthes* beeing allied to the principall personnes of the *City* and to many of the chief *prelates* and *Cardinals*. this consideracon was of force with him who at that time aspird at the *Papacy* w^ch^ hee knew was not purchasd by making many enemies. *sometimes a little companion an inconsiderable fellow may strike a naile in the wheel of ones fortune, may give it such a stop in the very turne as neither friends nor endeavors neither witt industry nor meritts shall bee able to overcome or retrive.* Thus the *Cardinal* makes his ressentment strike saile to his ambition, while all the people admire at his bounty and patience as much as they bewaile and deplore their occasion. *Flaminia* having solemnizd her husbands funerall and buried all her griefe together with his body began now to take heart, seeing all husht up by the *Cardinall*, and knowing how soon popular rumors would weare away of themselves if unregarded and unbackd by those whose interest it was to blowe them up. But *Cleanthes* beleeving the aspersion to reflect most upon himself, (swords beeing not the weapons with w^ch^ women use to kill) goes to wait on the *Cardinal* at his palace, who receives him with the same civility hee formerly usd. *Cleanthes* tells him that hee came to cleare himself of a fact w^ch^ a base rumor, the common accuser of innocence, seemd to lay to his charge, giving him out to have been his brothers *assasin*. that hee was little concern'd in what the vulgar said or beleevd any farther then as it might have an influence upon the opinion of his friends or such persons whose esteem hee was perticularly ambitious of. for this reason hee thought himself obligd to lett him know twas the basest calomny w^ch^ ever any person of honor lay under, that hee detested such a thought, that hee should have found a more honorable way of revenging

himself in case of any iniury or spleen, w^ch^ hee profest never to have receivd from *Altomont.* that hee had much rather die then doe an action so unbecomming a *Gentleman.* and therefore beseechd his most illustrious *Siniorie*[17] not to entertain a thought so much to the preiudice of his honor and innocence, w^ch^ some of his enemies had by sowing thees false rumors abroad, endeavourd to blast, but to hold him still in the ranke of one of his most humble servants, till time should discover the truth of the fact.

The *Cardinal* still dissembling his thoughts told him, hee might rest secure of that side, that hee had never beleevd so unworthy an action to have parted from a Gentlemans hand. could I command peoples tongues (*said hee*) you should have no reason to complain of the iniustice they doe you, but if my good opinion will make you any amends, bee assured you have as much of it as you desire. I have alwaies had too great an esteem of your meritt and your gallantry to beleeve you could bee guilty of a crime so much below any person that makes profession of honor; therefore pray no more of thees discourses, of your company as much as you please; when your occasions will give leave I shall esteem it a favor, and shall bee very glad to serve you in any thing. *Cleanthes* kissing his hands goes away the most satisfyed person that could bee, smiling to thinke at how easy a rate hee had purchasd a friend who had so much reason to bee his enemy and so much power to effect whatever his ressentment might have prompted him to. but hee himself was abusd and so was *Flaminia* to beleeve the *Cardinals* civility to *Cleanthes* or kindness to her was any more then appearance, though hee came often to visitt her at her fathers house whether shee had retird upon the death of her husband. Our lovers now free from that envious constraint w^ch^ before disrelishd their sweetest delights enioy their *amours* with all the freedome they could wish till they might owne them by a publique marriage: for the accomplishment of w^ch^ they onely attend till *Flaminias* yeere of mourning her widowhood should bee expird. in the meane time their consciences and their fears a little disease them,[18] till at length they conclude

there is no way of securing their former crime but by committing a second. *Cleanthes* servant who was a complice in the *assasinate* beeing the onely person from whom they could apprehend its discovery, is by them sentencd to die for the expiation of *Altomonts* murther, and is easily dispatchd by a pill w^ch^ they give him; a iust punishment in respect of the offender though not of the executioners, receiving a death hee had deservd, w^ch^ was so much more cruel as comming from those hands of w^ch^ onely hee had deserv'd a reward. they now are secure and past the fear of any accusers but the aire and their owne thoughts. all things seem to conspire the happyness of their *amours*; the *Cardinals* feignd bounty makes them imagine hee is a person of another world and to whom all accidents in this are meerly[19] indifferent. this opinion gives them so much assurance as to legitimate their adulterous loves by a publique marriage within few days after the year is expir'd. this action gives new life to all those former suspicions and rumors w^ch^ time had neere worne out, all that were related to *Altomont* exclaime at their impudence and his sister was resolvd to put in a charge against them but that the *Cardinall* supprest it, unwilling for the satisfaction of a fruitless spleen to hazard the defeate of his long breathd[20] hopes, by the loss of that supreme dignity to w^ch^ hee could never arrive but upon the shoulders of his friends. for a time this marriage is all mens discourse some arguing so careless a confidence as a signe of their innocence, others so continued an affection as a signe of their guilt, till at length some fresher subiect arising, this growes out of date and like the rest of things is buried in the ruines of time and oblivion. that w^ch^ most furtherd it was the good countenance the *Cardinall* shews to the new married couple from whom hee receivs and to whom hee returns frequent visitts and civilitys, so as in appearance, none was so great[21] with the *Cardinall* as *Cleanthes*.

While affairs are in this traine the *Pope* dies, *no heigth of dignity or command, no grandeur of minde or fortune beeing of force to stave of that fatall necessity wee are all equally liable unto by the conditions of our birth.* The *Conclave*

meets, where there wants no faction no brigues[22] no divisions, w^ch^ indeed are as naturall to numerous assemblyes as distempers to mixed bodys. in the ende by the successfull industry of his friends w^ch^ for the grace of the business must bee tearmed the inspiracon of heaven our *Cardinall* brother to *Altomont* is advancd to *S^nt^ Peters* chaire, contrary to all mens opinion and to most mens desires. *Cleanthes* and *Flaminia* were not a little startled at this successe, the increase of his power seems to bee that of their danger, and though they were secure nothing could ever bee proovd against them, yet twould bee crime enough to have the *Pope* for their enemy, and his suspicion would bee an evidence whose will was a law. thees respects gave them such an alarum as had soon hurried them out of *Rome* had not the report of the new *Popes* bounty and clemencys beeing extended to all who had been either his friends or his enemys, given some stop to their present apprehensions. *Cleanthes* resolves to goe in company of some eminent *prelates* neerly related to him, to kiss his *Holynesses* feete and congratulate his arrivall to this soveraigne dignity. the *Pope* receivs him civilly enough, and hee after the accustomed ceremonys, beseeches his *Holiness* to continue him the honor of his good opinion and the assurances of his not crediting any rumors w^ch^ had formerly been raisd to his disadvantage concerning his brothers unhappy murther, of w^ch^ no man was more innocent, and that should his conscience accuse him to have ever done or intended the least disservice to his *Holyness*, hee should thinke himself so unworthy to live that hee would of his owne accord bring his head and lay it downe at his feet. no no (*replyed the Pope coldly*) I never beleevd it, nor if I did, am I of so revengefull a humor as to thinke iniurys not to bee forgiven when they are repented. yet I wonder you beeing so innocent in your owne knowledge should bee so concernd in other mens beleefe, however I freely forgive you on condition you heerafter demean yourself in such sort as may give mee occasion to thinke you deservd it.

Cleanthes with this answer and a profound obeissance

retires, and comming home acquaints his wife with all the perticulars of the entertainment hee had. *Flaminia* naturally iealous and suspicious as iudging by her owne humor how hardly iniurys were forgotten, interprets the *Popes* words as an ill presage against their lifes or their fortunes. knowing *that Popes usd to bee freeer in pardoning offences against heaven then against themselvs*, shee thought him too wise to blast the fame of his clemency by punishing a crime of w^ch^ hee was not able to convince[23] them, but withall that twould bee a lasting grudge such as would putt an ill gloss upon all their actions, make him watch every small pretence that might iustifye his spleen, and that, *whosoever has a minde to beat his dogg never wants an occasion.* upon thees considerations shee advises her husband where they saw themselves out of favor, to thinke of getting out of reach, to seeke out some retirement where they might securely inioy one another, all places beeing indifferent where there was but room for them both. *Cleanthes* would have taken his owne death much more patiently then his wifes disquiett, and forseeing those many incommodities shee might endure in such a voluntary banishment from their country and friends, is unwilling to secure his life at so dear a rate as the loss of her repose. but shee who never tooke any thing ill of him but his calling in question whether shee did not preferr his inioyment and safety before any conveniences of ease and of fortune soon ended that di[spute ?]. the next was what place would bee their safest retirement, and they both agreed upon *Venice* where besides the freedome of the *republique* from the *Popes* temporall iurisdiction *Cleanthes* had divers friends and allies from whom hee might expect all good offices in case any misadventure should befall them by the way.

This resolution taken up they prepare for its accomplishment the very same day, and in few more having packd up all they had of greatest value and of easyest conveyance, and made over all the rest to some of their friends acquainted with their design, they leave *Rome* in disguise with *Lucia* onely and one servant in company.

they arrive at *Ancona* from whence they embarque for *Venice*.

The *Pope* advertisd of their escape will not seem to bee displeasd at what was not to bee remedied, but the sequele of his actions during the time of his *Papacy* made all men iudge how neer it went his heart to lose a revenge that hee had long in his hands. for what ever before hee made shew of while his pretensions were in the budd, having once attaind the end of his ambition and gott leasure to putt of his disguise, hee proovd a personne proude and haughty in his demeanour, severe in his commands, tyrannous in his actions, delighting in blood, implacable in his enmitys, cruell in his revenge, and as was commonly said of him one that would not have pardond his Saviour. *Cleanthes* and *Flaminia* esteem themselves happy to have escapd him, they are now arrivd at *Venice*, where in appearance nothing wants towards the compleating their wishes and contentment, for what secret twinges their owne consciences gave them none else could bee the iudge. they had not livd there many months when the *Siniorie*[24] of *Venice* taking notice of *Cleanthes* (as a person whose valor and experience in martiall affairs had been signald in many exploits before that fatall passion for *Flaminia* came in and seard on (?) his heart making his ambition give place to his love) bestowe on him the command of one of their armys of w^ch^ hee acquitted himself with equall honor to himself and advantage to his *Masters*, till a lingring feavor forcd him to quitt his charge and retire to a noble house hee had taken in *Padua* where *Flaminia* is well pleasd to inioy his company again upon any tearms and neglects no means that might tende to his health or diversion. The charmes of *Flaminias* humor and conversation ioynd to the renown w^ch^ *Cleanthes* had acquird made there house a kind of an *Academy* where the chiefe *Noblesse* and best company about *Padua* used to meet and pass away the houres of their leasure with more freedome then is usually practisd in *Italy*; but *Cleanthes* was too well satisfyed of his wifes affection to him to suspect it to[25] any body else, and well enough pleased that

shee should make use of her charmes for the engaging the affections or the friendship of such persons whose service they were likely to stand in need of.

Among those that most frequented *Cleanthes* his[26] house was a *Nephew* of his namd *Timante*, whose gracefull person ioynd to his birth witt and good humor servd to give him a wellcome in all companys much more in this where hee had so neere a relation. twas his destiny to fall in love with *Flaminia* and that so passionately as forcd him in a little time to breake through all that constraint his reason could putt upon him by the consideration of his *Uncles* honor, *Flaminias* constancy, or the fondness[27] of his owne design. beeing reduced into that desperate condition that hee must either dispaire of his life or seeke for a remedy, hee discovers it to his *Aunte* with such sighs such tears such languishing looks such dispayring complaints of his wretched estate, as might have moovd any heart less constant then *Flaminias*, but love had so wholly taken up hers that there was no room for compassion. all his sufferings his services and importunitys reape no other reward but a cold indifferency as great an enemy to love as the cruellest disdaine.

While *Timante* lies at the last gaspe of a mortall dispaire, fortune seems to give a sudden turne in his favor, *Cleanthes* his feavor will suffer no longer delays, nature will accept of no more excuses that strength and youth can make in his behalf. hee leaves the world and w^{ch} hee is much more sensible of, hee leaves his *Flaminia*, who seemd at first to take it ill to stay a moment behind him, shee tears her haire, beats her brests, and poures forth all those tears those complaints w^{ch} are the usuall tribute of any violent griefe. but *alas how many passions find a remedy from time w^{ch} they would never have done from reason*; the diverting her melancholy and helping her of with those mourning weeds is so good an occasion of visitts that in a few months her house is as full as it used to bee in *Cleanthes* his life, while *Timante* who succeeds his uncle in his fortune and imployments leavs no ways unattempted of succeeding him in his *amours*.

Flaminias yeare of mourning was hardly expird when her perfections having gaind her many new servants, *Adonio* a young *Gentleman* of *Padua* was the onely person whose meritts shee thought worthy to bee preferrd before the memory of her deceased *Cleanthes*; how partially *Flaminias* eyes seemd to speake in his favor was too easily remarqued by his rivals, but by none with a displeasure equall to what *Timante* receivd from so ungratefull a return of his long services, and so sudden a relapse of those lively hopes w^ch^ *Cleanthes* his death had furnished him withall. hee had found patience for all those martyrdomes w^ch^ her indifference her disdains and refusals had given him; but to see another preferrd before him seemd to wrong his honor as well as his love, nor could hee suffer a denyall of what had been graunted another. shall I always (*would hee say ready to burst with despite*) court a disdainfull face, love where I am hated, pursue one that flyes from mee, no if I doe it any longer it shall bee for revenge and not out of kindnesse. shee is deafe to my prayers and my vows, but would bee loath *Adonio* should bee so to hers. ungratefull woman, thy owne choice will bee thy punishment, but twill not bee enough for mee unles it come from my hands. no shee shall not live to repent of having preferrd *Adonio* before *Timante*, shee shall dye in her sinn, and Ile live no longer in mine of loving too much too[28] ungratefull a person. thus giving the swing to his iealous dispair it hurries him on to such a fatall resolution as no malice could have brought forth w^ch^ had not sprung out of the ruines of so violent an affection. nor is hee slowe in the performance of what hee had too rashly determin'd. hee goes one day to *Flaminias* house followed by seven or eight of his servants, at a time when shee was without company and sure had little need of his upon so unpleasing an errand. at her chamber door hee meets *Lucia* whom hee suspected for the secretary[29] of her second *amours* as well as the first. blinde with his rage hee gives her a part of what hee had onely intended for her *Mistress*, by a mortall wounde in the brest with a stilletto hee carried about him. *Flaminias* brother who alone was with her alarumd at the

cry *Lucia* gave upon so discourteous a salute, starts up and seeing the violence offers to make resistance, but by the number of the assasins is soon sent to accompanie her whom hee desired to revenge. meanwhile *Flaminia* comes out of her closet hearing the noise and not suspecting the occasion, when *Timante* runns to her and embracing her with his left arme begins to court her in such language as neither desird a consent nor sufferd a denyall. hee stabs her three or fowre times into the brest with thees bitter reproches, *Tis thus Madam tis thus I find the way to your heart, tis now onely I find it sensible, and this dagger can enter where compassion never could.* the miserable *Lady* screeks out till her bloud soon stops the passage of her voice but not of her life, which makes an escape by a way w^ch^ her lover had indeed opened to her heart. This execution thus ended *Timante* with his companions leaves the house as if hee had been unconcernd in all had past and had onely come from an ordinary visitt. hee retires to his owne so secure in the eminence of his command of his birth and his courage, that hee scornes the advise of his friends who counsell him to fly. meanwhile the rumor of this action is spread all over *Padua*, and the people scandalizd at so enormous a fact, crie out that such excesses must not goe unpunishd, that the publicke iustice and authority was too much concernd, and that conniving at such offences would imbolden men to despise all law and give them selves the raines to the utmost disorders. the *Siniorie of Venice* made acquainted with this cruelty, orders *Timante* to make his personal appearance before them, but hee laughs at their summons, mocks at the officers of iustice that bring them, and threatens them some violence unless they gett um out of doors. tis uncertain what putt him upon such a fond extravagancy, whether the enormity of his crime had made him desperate of his pardon, or the ill success of his passion made him careless of his life, or whether the succeeding stages of his love iealousy and revenge had distracted his passion beyond any use of his reason. upon the report of his contempt the *Siniorie* sends him a personal arrest, with command to the

ordinary *Justice* of *Padua* to putt it in execution; the *Magistracy* unwilling to put the people in minde of tumult and sedition by using force, where faire meanes and persuasions might prevaile, acquaint *Timante* with their orders. hee is obstinate in his folly and retires[30] thirty or forty tall fellows into his house who had been under his command and were at his devotion, and with this garrison makes shew of defending himself. the *Magistrates* raise the *militia* of the towne and goe about to force the house. but the defendants are desperate and give such proofes of their resolution as above a hundred of the assaillants fall in the first heate of the game. the widowed and orphand familys fill the towne with such crys and lamentations as it lookt like some publique calamity; for the preventing of further noise and mischief they send for canon and resolve to batter down his house over his head in case his obstinacy continues; but the artillery had not long playd when Timante offers a surrender, having already lost a great part of his men. the rest beeing taken were all hangd and their Captain in respect of his nobility and his former commands was dispatchd in prison.

This was the last act of *Flaminias tragedy* who had been the cause of so many deaths besides many more silent ones perhaps, which her eys had occasiond. her disloyalty first and then her cruelty to *Altomont* admitt no excuse, yet sure lovers would have wishd her a happyer end, had her passion for *Cleanthes* been perfected by a constancy to his memory; shee that preferd it before her duty and honor ought never to have debased it to a second inclinacon or indeed to the inioyment of a longer life. *but wee are all mortall, and how can our passions bee constant when alas our lifes are not so.*

ESSAYS by S[r] W. T.

Written in his Youth at Br*
in 1652† when he was about*

* Paper torn. The top of a '2' after 'about'.
† 'in 1652' substituted for a date now deleted.

The remembrance of past good and apprehension[1] of [future evil] are our greatest torments; no accident but has a right ha[nd as] well as a left,[2] and tis in a wise mans choice which hee will ta[ke] but in the feare of evills if there bee any aspect can bee said to have the aire or the shaddow of good tis the glimmering of hope w^ch allwa[yes] beares it company, for feare destitute of hope sinkes into despaire. Now if this very hope insteade of an ease prove a part of the torment and like water in a feaver feeds the thirst insteade of quenching it, increases the disease instead of releiving, twill easily appeare that feare is the simplest of evills,[3] being of such a viperous nature that it converts the most soveraine ballsome[4] of our soules into poyson. Tis vaine hope that hinders from comming to a firme resolution, w^ch is the onely triumpher over all disastrous accidents, w^ch like basilisks if the man falls not are kild themselves,[5] if they overcome not our patience, they are overcome by it; tis hope shakes the settled constancy of mind wherew^th wee should stand the shock, receive the charge of assured evills, thus cowards tremble at the danger while tis yet uncertaine, but rush into it when tis not to bee avoyded, and loosing theire fears together with their hopes many times by an excesse of vice reape the rewards of virtue, praise and victory. For I am no wayes of opinion that can w^th reason bee termed valor w^ch springs from the roote of feare, or that a company of men who flying out of the battaile and in theire course falling into a sudden ambush fight like Alexanders, deserve more praise for the last action then the first, no they are greater cowards then they were before, for if theire feare had left them sense enough to have knowne the way or turne their backs, they would doubtlesse have fled againe. an excesse of feare renders men stupid and they who are clearly void of any sense of danger can no more bee calld valiant for any action they atcheive then a blind man for going upon the mouth of a Canon, then a deafe man can bee call'd con-

stant for being unmov'd at an alarum, or a man cast into a dead sleepe patient for not groaning at the cutting of of a limbe. this may bee the reason if there bee truth in the observation that commonly the greatest witts are cowards, for they seeing dangers clearest, are easiest dazled[6] by them,
2 and as the more | one knowes of good the more one desires it, so the more one knowes of evill the more one feares it, unlesse that bee restrain'd by continence this by prudence or constancy. take away all acts of stupidity rashnesse despaire vanity and ignorance, wee should have few other historyes besides Romances so crowded with heroycall actions and attempts, the most part of what the world miscalls valour springs out of one of theese roots, and that many beasts have in a greater measure then any man; whereas to bee truely valiant is not onely to see danger but as it were to feele or handle it before wee approach it, and knowing the worst of death, yet upon discourse[7] to preferr it before the staine of our honour, the neglect of our freind or countrys profit, the declining[8] of our Princes commands. and to have this kind of heart a man must have a head too, to bee first coole in examining a dangerous attempt and afterwards hot in atcheiving it; for methinkes the Stoicks garb[9] to bee as unmov'd and repos'd[10] in the assault of a breach as in rising from ones table might better passe for a Platonick Idea[11] then a Philosophicall precept.

Hope does not onely thus cause the continuance of feare in a coward, but often shakes the constancy of a couragious man, no man but sits firmer upon one stoole than hee does betweene two. that mind must needs waver that is plac'd betwene hope and feare, now tis very difficult for the firmest and best manag'd mind in midst of darke apprehensions not to apply or divert it selfe towards the glimps[12] of hopes if any appeare; as tis hard for a man in a dungeon not to cast his eye upon the light, that through some little crevice crowds in,[13] rather to disease[14] then comfort him by keeping alive in him the regrett and desire of light w^{ch} would soone dye in a continued darknesse, or at least by custome come to bee as weake in him, as they are by nature

in a blind man, being created in the one by an imperfect remembrance, in the other by an imperfect fancy. Propension rather to good then evill is as naturall to mans mind (I meane that w^ch it esteems good and evill) | as descent is to 3
heavy bodyes or ascent to light; ne[ver is] there any one that where they both beare the same price of honor and profit would not preferr peace before warr, security before danger. as long as a man can w^th any appearance thinke of avoyding evill [?] hee cannot bee wholly vacant for[15] the thoughts of sustaining it. patience is our last refuge, and I thinke cannot justly bee calld a vertue being allwayes the child of necessity, and wee can neither deserve blame or praise from actions produc'd by that. many an o[ne] that has stagger'd and chang'd colour at the hearing his sentence has walk'd to the block with as repos'd[16] a gate and countenance as hee would have done to a carelesse visitt. y^e weakest hope serves to undermine our resolution, but if it grow strong and equall our feares the very delay of assurance is an unparallel'd torment. when in a man's body the strength of death and nature come to grasp[17] then are the pangs, whereas the victory of either brings us ease. I have been all this day, (or rather all this yeare upon such leaden minutes has it rould away) in an excesse of perplexity about the miscarriage of a letter, which I would not stand with the post for[18] though hee should aske mee one of my eares; the sunn and my hopes of it sett together, and are succeeded by a time of rest; as I could not sleepe while the sunn was in my eyes, so could not my mind repose while there was hope in my fancy. tis a good kind of expression to say I am now satisfyed that tis lost, that is undoubtedly beleeving that tis lost, I am now satisfyed, and doe really find as much difference between now and 3 houres agoe as betweene a rough and a calme sea; so feare of paine makes many a man sound,[19] when feeling the paine hee fear'd brings him to life againe. yet w^th all persons tis not so, nor so with mee in all kinds of crosses, I have knowne a case, where for the whole earth, I would not have had my suspition lasted, but for heaven and earth both I would not have had it prov'd a truth.[20] so uncertaine

4 is the mind of man | and the traine[21] of the world, that who will fix a judgement upon ones actions or tothers passions must venter to bee deceived or else stay till they are past. Tis strange that such variety of motions[22] and passions, so many degrees of capacity and understanding should bee incident to soules w^ch^ are all formally[23] alike, and have no other then an accidentall difference, so that such diversity of opinions should proceed from one reason w^ch^ is the same in all men but onely diversely applyed; yet the first may bee easily comprehended by similitudes of sense; as of the same water[24] issuing forth in divers formes if conducted through engines of divers shapes, of the same breath yeelding several sounds if organiz'd[25] by different instruments one high another low, this cleare that confused; the other[26] I suppose too [?] is meant onely of potentiall not actuall reason, yet methinkes where potentialls are wholly incapable of being ever put forth into act, they are but empty and vaine sounds and twere no matter though they were none at all, they are like titles to men that are disposses'd of theire dominions, and incapable of recovering them; fortune makes void theese sounds and nature the other. to say that a foole has potentially as much reason as a wise man, because could his body bee reduc'd[27] and fram'd againe by a new mould and of a perfect temper hee would bee a wise man, is the same thinge as to say an Eunuch is potentially a father, for sure his impotency is as irrecoverable to whom the cruelty of nature has denied convenient organs, as his whom the cruelty of men[28] has depriv'd of them. tis a quarrell I have to our common Philosophy that a greate part of it is meere childs play or rather playing w^th^ words, w^ch^ I take to bee occasion'd by a vicious inclination in most mens natures more diligent to seeke doubts then to resolve them, to start the game rather then take it, and as I find it very much my selfe, rather to search what is false then what is true, contenting our selves to know what is to bee shunn'd, w^th^out examining what is to bee follow'd. and this is it w^ch^ makes the obscure and tædious prolixity of treatises concerning arts and sciences the principles of which are but few and easy; that makes

controversyes so | voluminous whilst that w^ch^ is necessary 5
to [be knowne can][29] bee digested into a few sheets [?] because false is inf[inite and true] but one; there is but one path [?] to satisfaction the [chase of] doubts is endlesse. the vice of this inclination is [such that the course] of it would bee worth tracking. I imagine it springs [from the] ambition of knowing men or from the impertinency of ignorant persons dealing in such thinges as they are incapable of: men of wit and reason arriving after a long chase to the utmost confines of the truth of thinges, because they find some others have been there as well as themselves become impatient of being rival'd and thinke they know nothing because others have knowne as much, and because tis impossible (in suche a thinge) for them to know more then they doe, they will endeavour to make others appeare to have knowne lesse then they did. in pursuite of this designe they raise batteryes against those knowne truths, they give assaults where there is no breach, and because they cannot with any likelyhood of successe doe this in a direct line they doe it obliquely, they undermine by raising probable doubts, or such as are made so by gaining impression in weake minds then as the French in theire Rebellions against theire King allwayes sett up a Prince of the blood, so they sett up one truth against another. if the opposition bee hardly to bee made good in the light, by clowded and confus'd arguments they raise a mist between the camps, by w^ch^ meanes partyes come to clash contrary to the intentions of the generalls, that is contrary to the originall meaning of the principles or assertions. thus the party formd, men being more apt to follow then leade, it never wants favourers and upholders. where one sheepe breaks an hedge the whole flock rushes after and makes a gapp; so that that w^ch^ at first was in one an errour of ambition becomes afterwards in many an errour of judgement; and in process of time the common errour by its authority causes perticular ones, as at first a perticular one caused the common. the other ground is the impertinency[30] of ignorants who sure should bee kept from handling what they can doe nothing but pollute, as

wee see the auncient sages wrapt up the sciences in poeticall
6 fables and misterious allegories | [throu]gh w^ch^ no witts could pierce but such as were fit to see and conserve, or [me]rely[31] to encrease the treasure they found; they held it unfit to prostitute the secrets of Nature and divinity naked to common [vie]w. they knew they would soone decay and corrupt by the touch of unprepared Hands the pure wine by comming into uncleane vessels. I thinke Plato was the first who desirous to propagate and enlarge science [?] released it from one of its fetters y^t^ of verse or measurd numbers to w^ch^ all before him had confin'd it, but yet kept to the other of fables and allegoricall discourses. but after Aristotles ambition wholly ungir't it, producing his Philosophy loosen'd from the constraint both of verse and fable, shee became afterwards an hackney to every unskillfull horseman that could but make a shift to gett up. neither doe I beleeve this philosophicall Tyrant[32] who governs all by his arbitrary word, knew more then any of those before him, but onely sett open the dore w^ch^ they had allwayes kept lock't, and stripping theire notions prostituted them to us, and so though hee knew perhaps no more then they, yet hee made us know a greate deale more then they would, in fine hee was our pandar.

Now since science has been made so common tis so strangely corrupted or rather confus'd and made intricate that hee knowes most who knows as much as the auncients taught us.[33] every foole that cannot comprehend a reason can raise a doubt and as many times a mungrell curr starts a hare which the noble grey-hounds course, so often witty men undertake the patronage of foolish and impertinent opinions either to exercise theire owne wits or our patience, or perhaps to please themselves with making a foole of the world, when they find themselves able by the force of theire witt to impose upon them what beleefe they please. then besides, thinges being naturally prone to soile and corrupt, whereas tis art and labour that cleanses and refines, tis one ages worke to unravell what the former has woven ill, rust grows upon iron both by ill usage and
7 by none, tis not brightned | but by paines and filing. tis

harder to con[vince men of] theire error then of a truth, in the first if their [faith] doth not engage theire obstinacy theire credit does, [ ] men will rather continue in an errour then acknowledge to bee convinced, which they thinke argues them of a double weakenesse, one to have err'd and tother not to have been able to maintaine theire errour, tis greater ability though lesse virtue to maintaine an unjust then a just cause. I remember a witty charge one drew up against Socrates who in prison discoursing of his owne innocence, tother told him hee was guilty of the most pernicious art that was practis'd in the State, w^ch^ was by the force of his witt and eloquence to perswade men what hee pleas'd, to make truth seeme falsehood and falsehood truth,[34] good evill and evill good. indeed there is nothing so purely good that a luxurious witt and fancy is not able to veile over with a shade of ill, and nothing so simply evill that it cannot varnish with some shine or gloss of good, tis true this like a picture is to bee examin'd onely at a distance. Fancy is but a cobweb which to the eye is the finest of all works in nature but if once you come to touch it you breake. this came into my head the other morning as I lay a bed and put mee upon the tryall of what such a blockhead as I could say for two thinges both which I dislike, one by a naturall aversion, tother by a reasonable persuasion; they are a stooping gate, and taking Tobacco. I conceiv'd some of my thoughts though they were in the darke were worth the light not because they were good but onely extravagant, which is commonly a greater cause of regard, though the other bee the greater of respect. I cannot hope my memory should reach my past fancyes, when both it and my pen together cannot keepe pace with my present ones; such a strange running imagination I have, that when tis once in my pen can | [f]ollow it but at a large distance,[35] and most by the 8
track and yet commonly I doe but gleane after it, I lose halfe my thoughts between my fancy and my tongue but tis well I doe for otherwise I should bee an unconscionable talker, perhaps I should find and utter them all if I spoke through the nose they being lost between my forehead and

mouth. but whither am I runn? so much from my purpose that it is allmost quite runn from mee. Stooping puts a man in mind of the earth his object and so is a morall meditation, tis the posture of humility and so is a virtuous action, tis our expression of respect and so is a signe of civility, tis the action of drawing ones sword and so an argument of courage, tis a guard for ones throate and so a means of safety, it keeps us from stumbling and so secures our walking, from loosing ones way and so hastens our journey, it helps us to find what is lost so tis a precept of fortune, tis doing as wee would bee done to so the command of heaven, tis the way to our graves and so obedience to nature, for example, tis us'd by old men who are known to have most wisdome, by crooked men who are observd to have most witt, and by porters who seem to have most patience. Tobacco gets a man a stomack to his meate and digests what hee has eaten, tis meate to a poor man and sawce to a rich man, it makes a man melancholly in company and is company to him thats alone, it makes a sick man well and a well man[36] sick, a sober man drunke and a drunken man sober, tis an excuse for silence and subject for discourse, taking it makes a foole passe for a wise man and a wise man for a foole, by concealing the ones wisdome and suppressing the others folly, it makes rich men poor
9 and poor men rich, it | cooles men in summer and heats them in winter, it dwells in the ayre but holds correspondence by the smoake with heaven by the ashes with earth, that makes ones mouth black theese ones teeth white, tis some mens pastime and tis other mens businesse, it spoiles a good breath and conceals an ill, it consumes other paper but it saves this, and in fine I should thinke twere an omnipotent thinge but that it can't make mee take it; now I defy any foole to say so much against theese two virtues for that discourse would have reason in i[t] and such I am sure no foole can make.

Thus as breath in our lungs has onely a cooling quality but in our mouths blows either hott or cold as wee please, so wee can thinke but one thinge though wee speake two, no man is double hearted that wee terme so is to bee onely

double tongu'd. reason is one though fancy bee infinite neither can wee perswade our selves what wee can perswade another. a jugler that makes us see strange sights and admire them knows wee are abus'd, laughs at us and beleeves nothing ont himselfe. there is no authority but that of seeming reason able to range opinion under its laws. therefore methinkes tis too magisteriall even in matters of religion to impose any thinge upon mens beleefe, faith must bee purely an inspiration of heaven or an operation of custome, not a worke either of force or reason, it being out of both theire sphears. to say theese articles theese miracles you must beleeve, when perhaps I can no more make my selfe beleeve them then I can that 3 and 4 make 8, that water will scorch mee that aire will drown mee, tis een as much as to say S^r^ you have a wry nose, it does not become you by any means you must lay it aside and take one streight and well shap'd; or you have a grey hollow eye leave it of and put in a full black one, alas I can doe | neither, I can if that will serve turne put in a glass eye 10
put on a false nose, take up a seeming beleefe, but not a reall one, that must grow right of it selfe or continue as it is; to say you can beleeve it, signifyes nothing to mee, so perhaps you can see a mile off, when I am purblind and cannot see an ell. I know some mens faiths are Weathercocks. they turne with every breath, not that tis in theire power to change theire owne beleefe as they please, for if that were it would bee equally in theire power to fix and keepe it from changing. theire reason is like an open and unmann'd fort, who assaults it first takes it, but keeps it no longer then till the next assault is given. this kind of imperfection is of a generall as well as a particular prejudice, for men are allwayes desirous and industrious to propagate theire owne opinions, engaging sometimes the credit of theire word or oath where the strength of theire arguments will not availe, so that what theire owne weakenesse perswaded them theire authority perswades another. theese kind of men are well if amongst so many other opinions they come to bee convinced of theire weakenesse, and so wise in declining conflicts which they are unable to main-

taine. tis no small expression of the serpents wisdome to stop its eares against the charmes which hee cannot otherwise resist, holding it better to suspend one sense then to lose all; tis easier avoyding the encounter then sustaining the shock; tis wisdome indeed where the consideration of future evill is more prevalent then that of present pleasure, this being certaine the other appearing through the perspective of hope either very distant or very small.[37] Charming of serpents seems to denote that wise men are subject to bee overcome by flattery, of w^ch^ virtue and worth are the proper objects, greatness and riches the common ones; the serpent stops one eare with its owne taile, the other with the earth,[38] this may point out humility
11 which is the onely fortresse able to hold out | seige against the force of flatterys and insinuations, w^ch^ it does onely by lying under theire shot. they are adversaryes indeed best fought with after the Parthian manner by flying, and the more dangerous because hardlyest[39] discover'd, none can doe like enemyes so much as they that looke like freinds, hee is happy that never meets with false ones and next hee that allwayes has them, for they will bee sure to leave him if hee prove miserable. the serpents stopping one eare by laying it on the ground may yet teach more, that men whose brains are fixt on earth w^ch^ imports wealth and treasure, such are commonly proofe against flatterers, ambition and vanity lye open, avarice allwayes upon its guard. come come leave of all your fine words and pay mee mony, was not ill said of an old thrifty lord whom a young courtier thought to have pay'd with a sett of well tun'd words whereas hee thought counting mony much the better Musick.

I must confesse there is no voice so sweet as that of praise where a man thinks he deserves it, and that tis the right kind of praise w^ch^ rewards worth and virtue, not that bastard one which sooths greatnesse and fortune: on tother side praise where a man knows himselfe unworthy seems rather a harsh sound, for it makes a man either suspect an Irony in those that give it, or puts a man upon the thoughts of his owne imperfections w^ch^ is seldome a

pleasing meditation; indeed in my eye others good opinion seems onely pleasant so farr as it tends to the begetting of a good opinion in a mans selfe, which is the main root of contentment, let who will have the honor of an action, so I have the conscience and know the want of tother proceeds onely from mens envy or ignorance, if the price of vertue were to bee rated by vice twould runn very low, and few men would traffique for it were it not of use at home as well as valew abroad. to the composing of true praise there must bee worth in the giver as well as in the receiver, whereas hee that commends mee for what I have | not 12
does it out of ignorance or interest, in fine the pleasure of undeserv'd reputation is but like that of a dreame, this ends when I wake, that when others.

I find soe little ease and satisfaction by giving my 13
thoughts full scope and liberty of rambling that I must een recall them, but they are past it allready, noe sooner out of hand but out of sight, besides they take such a very pathes and are soe light themselves leaving neither impression nor sent behind them that tis impossible to follow them by the track of either, well let um goe they are not worth an hue and cry, should my memory overtake them I question whither shee would know them at a second interview, though indeed they have all my markes of folly and lightnesse upon them, but that is soe common an one that if I did I should bee ashamd to owne them; all they have rob'd mee of is but a little idle time and to one that has soe greate commings in as I that loss may bee easily endur'd. I know not what tis makes mee soe prone to this posture of musing which is betweene melancholly fitts and those doting visions that use to rocke men asleepe whose soules or bodyes are distemper'd with disease or passion, tis properly that the French call resvery, and wee in my opinion more properly thinking I know not what. whither it bee a faintnesse in my mind complying with the weather which may render it like my body disabled or unfit for any vigorous action (as indeed I find it hath most hold of mee in this season)[40] or whither it bee rather a discomposure

caused by a meslèe of severall passions whereof none is strong enough entirely to gaine the field and none soe weake as to quit it, for if that were the current being turn'd one way would confine it selfe to some continued channell, but this I speake of is a crowd of restlesse capering antique fancyes, bounding heere and there, fixing noe where, building in one halfe houre castles in Ireland, monasteryes in France, palaces in Virginia, dancing at a wedding, weeping at a buriall, inthron'd like a King, inragg'd[41] like a beggar, a lover, a freind, an indifferent person and sometimes thinges of as little relation one to another as the greate Turke and a redd herring, to say the truth tis at least a paineless posture of mind if not something more, and why not? abortive births have the pleasure in conception equall to others, and escape the paine of bringing forth. the raising of a bitter passion is sweete if it bee suddenly calmed as a light touch of a thorne is but a tickling, tis handling and griping makes the wound; theese thoughts are all by snatches as one begins
14 to seaze another staves it of,[42] the raigne of each | is soe short as it hath not time to play the Tyrant; the best on't is, if they please not my fancy, neither doe they burthen my memory, they ride post through one but fly through tother; of all I ever had I remember noe more then I doe of my last years dreams, yet I have been at it an houre this afternoone, and I beleeve there goe as many to the houre as theire doe feathers to the pound; the lightnesse of each makes the comparison proper enough, though they differ in this that a pound of feathers weighs as much as of gold, but millions of theese can never balance one serious thought. I put my selfe upon this taske of writing not out of a desire to preserve my fancyes but to destroy them, weeds wither as soone as they are gather'd, though corne lasts the longer by it. my resveryes dread paper as another element knowing they have nothing to doe in a place which is intended onely for the best of thoughts; life is theire death, order and continuance dissolves theire being, theire independency will suffer nothing of law nor constraint. twere happy if by this or any other invention, I could

reduce or refine my thoughts in such measure as I might remember them my selfe without regrett, and without shame expose them to anothers eye, but as twould bee vanity in mee to hope it soe perhaps twould be impertinent in any one to desire it, for to thinke nothing is to bee a beast or something æquivalent, nothing but good is to bee an Angell, I may add To thinke nothing but ill is to bee a Divell, and that to bee a man is to have something of all three. tis not the worst soile that brings forth weeds, the best does it if not manur'd; barren ground is onely that which beares no price, art wants in the other but nature in this, and as art is the perfection of nature, soe is nature the foundation of art, they runn well hand in hand, for being asunder the one can hardly end his cariere and the other hardly begin. Shee that brings forth a deformed may bring forth a well-shap't child, Jacob and Esau were brothers, tis onely the barren womb that is accursed. for what greater curse can there bee then what Solomon gives it of being | never satisfyed, and sure most truly; whither it is that 15
being barren is the cause of its not being satisfyed, or (as at least it often falls out) that not being satisfyed is the cause of its being barren. but all this would not acquit mee from the guilt of theese empty luxurious resveryes were I arraignd before any other Judge then my selfe; as it is I am like to bee quit, for being undiscover'd; yet this is eene the right traine of this worlds justice, darkenesse makes innocence, theft or murder is noe crime to them that can conceale it, soe that it is not want of honesty but want of witt or fortune that is punished: let this passe for if I should once begin to bee angry with the world, God knowes when I should end, for my part I beleeve never unlesse the passion should cease before the cause.

I observe all theese thoughts (which none could bee soe idle as to talke on besides hee that is idle enough to thinke 'um) though they have noe substance I meane materiall, yet they have a forme, and needs must they bee thus imperfect, produced like meteors without any influence from the sunn[43] of understanding; theire forme is like and dislike, neither is there one Individuall amongst them, not

the smallest insect but has this stamp, they are children of the braine. none that are borne alive come forth with a settled countenance all laughing or crying, and the most with the last, some dye in the womb, and they cost mee most paine, I am then in travaille and cannot bring forth, like one in a fitt of the stone when he must necessity[44] urine and finds the passage stop'd, or to make a neerer comparison tis such a perplexity as a man finds himselfe in that longs to call somethinge to mind, which is not yet above halfe an inch out of his memory, tis at his tongues end an yet he can't spit it out. theese two suckling passions of like and dislike first drench 'um and then drowne them for those that are not distroyed by theire brothers, ordinarily die stifled with swallowing downe to much of theese which come in upon my mind like a tide
16 not onely overflow it, | but leave it wett for a good while after it is ebd away. many times having had theese waking dreams before my sleepe, at my waking next day either a pleasing or a sad disposition of mind gives mee good morrow, whilst at first I cannot imagine any cause of either, and at last can find out noe other but that the night before such a fancy tickled mee, or such an one pinch'd mee. tis strange to consider how all mens thoughts are inseparable from theese two shaddowes of inclination or aversion, for my part my very senses are soe, I never saw any sight, heard any sound that was purely indifferent, but I could say I would rather have it continue or rather have it cease, perhaps tis, that being satisfyed there is soe little positive pleasure, I take all for pleasure that is not paine; and noe marvaile this is soe often in the senses, when tis so often in the mind without reason, not onely I cannot see two pins or two feathers (allwaies meant there bee a difference)[45] but I shall more like one, nor reade of two persons in a knowne fiction without giving one my better wishes; but let mee heare two men onely named, and no more, presently my fancy must give one the place, een with the same reason and perhaps no more right, then place is dispos'd of amongst us, that is onely by the sound of empty titles. I speake this in the first person, because

I can hardly beleeve others so foolish, as rather then lay hold of nothing to catch at the wind; I know not whither any body else have theire eares placed so forward that is so neare theire fancyes[46] as I have. I make as determinate a judgement upon persons by theire names where I know noe more, as I doe afterwards by a yeares acquaintance, I never heard of an Arabella but I thought her hansome, | nor of a Marmaduke without fancying a 17
proper man valiant and of free open disposition; nay in comparisons which are not very serious this sound beares the force of a reason, so weake is my mind, never shall I gaine so much of my selfe[47] as to beleeve Cæsar superior to Pompey in any thinge but fortune, equall perhaps in vertue and vice: nor that Charles Stock[48] was so brave a fellow as Gustavus Adolphus, though this never made (I thinke) other expedition then two into Germany one of which was his tombe, whilst the other made two voyages into England, two into Afrique, 4 into France 6 into Spaine, 7 into Italy 9 into Germany, 10 into the low countryes, and after all one into a Monastery which through the prospective[49] of my fancy appears the most glorious of the whole, in regard all his other exploits rais'd his pride, this pul'd it downe, those hee did in company who shar'd the honor, this alone, in warlike actions hee hath had many equalls, this onely methinkes leads him out of the crowd, and gives him a seate by himselfe, and in fin[50] as the boasting A[t]henian crowed of his victoryes, in this fortune had noe part.[51] but to returne to my story, whatever a man with a greate beard in a chimney corner may averr to mee upon his owne knowledge I cannot allow Bess Tidder[52] worthy to bee a maide of honor to her Predecessor Boadicea,[53] . . .

I was in Paris at that time[54] when it was beseig'd by the King and betray'd by the Parliament, when the Archduke Leopoldus advanced | farr into France with a powerfull 18
army, fear'd by one, suspected by another, and invited by a third, in sort that his name fild every ones mouth (and indeed it might the biggest in France) this and his being of the house of Austria was all I knew of him before I came

into Flanders; such towring titles gave mee occasion to draw his picture like the Knight that kills the Gyant in a Romance; upon my comming to Brussels I was impatient to see him which I did last night, and that in a posture (if any does) commanding respect and reverence, in his chappell, before the Altar, under his pavillion, his pages on one hand, Preists on the other, the Knights of the Order before him, and yet for all this methinkes hee lookes as like Tom or Dick as ever I saw any body in my life; his nose or beard or uprightness of gate give him some aire of our late King,[55] I found it not alone, and yet I am apt to beleeve it might bee his dignity and pomp more then countenance or person that abus'd our fancyes to draw a resemblance; wee are resolv'd to find some likenesse betweene those who are given us for brothers when there is none, and perhaps no reason why there should bee any. but many other things may bee said more to the Archducks advantage then this, hee is certainly a person that has many virtues and few defects onely his ill luck is that his virtues consist in such things as value a private person, his defects in such as accomplish a Prince; nature and fortune were not of counsell together when they[56] made him one a man, and
19 tother a ruler of men. in a meaner condition | hee had been a greate personage, whereas in this hee appeares a meane one, so the same planet which shines a sparkling glorious light in a lower sphear, were it advanced to the sunns height would not bee gazed at, or if it were, twould bee to despise its dimnesse not admire its light. hee is so excellent a Linguist that twould bee hard to judge by his language whither high Dutch, Italian, or Spanish were his mother tongue, ready and eloquent in the latin not unvers'd in the French, onely his Masters quarrell forbids him the use; this seems to mee no small perfection, that speake none well but still as much as I gain in another language I loose in my owne, and use to flatter my selfe with the beleefe that when a tongue is cloven no part can retaine the force of an whole tongue. hee is a good Philosopher, better divine, understands Chimestry well, and I am apt to beleeve hee understands it the better in that hee doth not

practise it, eminent in the theory of Musick both to judge and compose, exquisite in that of peinture,[57] and rather asham'd then ignorant of using the pencill;[58] for the virtues of the mind, devout even to superstition, temperate in all meats but eggs, and if his riot in that bee more then rumor, tis thought to proceed rather from a necessity of his constitution then from any luxury of his palat, chast in such an excesse, that if his hair were noe thicker upon his beard then it is upon his head, I beleeve his manhood would bee call'd in question, personally very valiant and yet not stupidly hardy, to charge with the first and not runn with the last, wittness the battle of Lans.[59] neither did I ever heare his justice taxed for the rigor of severity or the abuse of clemency; what can bee said more, sure any modest | man will take this in payment; but yet what 20
can commend a Prince that wants strength of judgement, able to shock[60] the very wheele of fortune, a quick and reaching foresight to discover the storme whilst clouds are gathering, height of spirit to scorn any guide but reason, active courage and able conduct to manage a warr as well as to fight a battell, a generous obliging carriage to enslave mens minds as well as govern theire bodyes, and dispose theire fortunes. I am confident our Archdukes mind was never so intent upon ordering a pitch'd field as a consort of Musick, his eye never so curious in viewing a fortification as a lanskip, hee is more pleasd with his image in wax made by a Nunn then hee would bee with his Statue in brass set up by the States of Flanders, more proud of composing a new aire for his quire then of subduing a new province for his King. whilst hee sits under line affaires are bandy'd about by the two court rackets[61] Count Schomberg and Fuensaldagra this the Kings that the Archdukes minion; hee is liberall to none but his picture bauds, to bring one of Titians Masterpeices into his Gallery is an equall merit as twould bee to bring one of natures Masterpeices into the Turkes Seraglio; while his Italian capons[62] are fed fat in the Court, the brave Spanish cocks are famish'd in the very pit, so that for my part I admire all his souldiers are not

long since turn'd Musitians that being the onely way to bee duely pai'd, twould bee something yet if hee would
21 but pay the drums and trumpets for | theire affinity to Musick; but alas point des novell[es] there is no newes for them but of the siege of Dunkir[k][63] and ammunition bread. the truth ont is, how ever hee hath purchas'd it I know not, but hee hath the ill luck to have no mans good word and all womens bad, yet all theire tongues seeme to bee guided more by generall fancy and example then by any particular reason, in fin I cannot tell what better to compare him to then his Mistresse fortune, upon which all people that suffer exclaime and cry out, accusing her for doing all the evill that arrives in the world whilst alas shee poore wretch does nothing at all.

23 Tis unreasonable that I should give fortune so great a place in my thoughts, while shee gives mee so small an one in hers. I have often said I could never adore a disdainfull face, never smile upon a frowne unless in scorn, never pursue a fugitive unlesse for revenge, in fin never love any thing that hated mee; and yet while I most unjustly detaine the tribute of my thoughts from a kinder Mistress, why doe I thus lavish them away upon this cruell and yet common strumpett, for the last is the word which most speakes her disgrace or rather mine, to bee at the paines of courting a common whore and after all at the shame of a refusall, sure would create a gall in a dove, beget despite in a Stoick, and so it would in mee could my pashion find any thing to seise upon, but to raile at fortune were to scold at an Eccho as one has no voice so t'other has no power but what wee give it, I might frett out my spleen, weare out my lungs, but to as little purpose as I do my penns. fortune is nothing, and my thoughts een as empty as if they were so too. Wee say shee is blind when the truth 'ont is tis wee that are soe, our ignorance gives her a name; when wee cannot discover the cause of any effect, either because the way is darke or wee are purblind, tis but beleeving there is none, and then comes fortune in, like a cypher that signifies nothing and yet you may make it

stand for whatere you please. sure hee were a wise man would conclude there were no sea further then hee could see, or there were no bottome because his line were at an end; never any huntsman said the hare was vanish'd where his hounds came to a loss;[64] what hounds are wee that with our noses groveling on the earth and sensible objects presume to trace that eternall order and series of thinges, which though it soone leaves us at a loss, yet mounts up by the linkes of a continued chaine the end of which is in the hand of its maker. Wee beleeve that Nilus has a head[65] | though by dividing it selfe into so many 24
streams it deludes the search of all that seeke it out; that noe drop of water but comes from some streame, noe streams but come from the sea[66] though some are deriv'd[67] through visible channels, and others invisibly convey'd into the bowells of the earth or into the womb of a cloud; but I begin to fly out of my spheare, the application and our folly is easily found. If I should soare high I should bee forc't to make a stoop, tis easier running upon plaine ground then rises and discents; indeed I distast and avoid nothing more then a swell'd stile, having observ'd it commonly proceeds from a swell'd mind (which makes schollers and youth its onely patrons) and that naturally the emptyest thinges make the greatest sound, in heavens thunder the vapour, in earths thunder the powder onely make the noise, whilst the bolt and the bullet pass silently but give the blow: mettalls that have most pores give most sound,[68] fools the greatest talkers, and I have seldome heard a man speake very lowd and much to the purpose though I must confesse my selfe no competent judge having a generall and innate aversion from[69] a lowd voice. this makes mee much more apprehensive of provoking a woman then a man, as who[70] without difficulty would choose rather to bee beaten than rated; yet there may be another reason of being carefull in observing a particular complaisance to women, in that mens injuryes[71] may bee reveng'd with honour, theirs not without shame. Besides that the tone of anger and dissension becomes not freindly discourses, lowd talking appears in my eye an effect of vanity

or presumption, rather then any naturall imperfection of necessity, there is no man but can make a shift to whisper what hee is asham'd should bee publike, as on the other side hee must bee very farr gon in a consumption whose lungs will not serve him to shoot a witty saying to the further end of the roome, if | there bee noe Eccho neere him to convey it (w^ch^ seldome failes). I have knowne some throats as very wind guns as any are made at Utrec,[72] and that carry a charge if not so dangerous yet sure as painfull. I hate a lowd beggar because hee robs mee of my mony and my charity too, w^ch^ is lost by proceeding from a desire to relieve my selfe and not him, from compassion of my owne trouble and not of his misery. tis at most mens ears as at theire dores w^ch^ are opened to them that knock lowdest not to them who come first or have most businesse yet reason is of their side. methinks tis strange (if it bee true) that in our Parliament upon some votes the determination passes without examining further then the sound of the I'^s^[73] or No^s^; why at this rate with a score of high Germanes I'de undertake to carry every vote in spite of the whole house. Indeed the Allmane[74] is a language I should never learne unless twere to fright children when they cry, yet methinks it should bee good to cleare a mans throat that were hoarse with a cold. I have heard some speake it soe as has made mee expect theire words should breake downe theire teeth as they rush'd out of theire mouth. there are noe souldiers like the Germans, where the interest of the army is in a darke engagement, to make a few seeme many, where 10 talke with a good will they may well passe for a 100. Flemmish is a lower yet to my eare a worse sound, I never could esteeme any woman hansome whilst shee spoke, and I beleeve the Ladyes are generally conscious of it, for in company none of them will ever use it. the tone is the more displeasing because it sounds as if they who speake it were allwayes displeas'd, and something arrogant withall, they talke as if a man ow'd them mony and would not pay them. to conclude with ill sounds if I were to make a consort of Musick to entertaine the Divell it should bee compos'd

[illegible] bee one [illegible] to serve him to convey [illegible] with [illegible]
[illegible] I have knowne some swords as [illegible] as any
[illegible] at Otter and that carry a [illegible] not
[illegible] as [illegible] [illegible] because
[illegible] of my [illegible] as [illegible] too, [illegible]
[illegible] from a [illegible] to relieve [illegible] are not [illegible]
[illegible] of my own trouble are not of [illegible]
[illegible] at most mens ears as their dores [illegible] to
them that knock [illegible] to them who come first or [illegible]
most businesse get reason is of their side methinks [illegible] is
strange if it bee true that in our Parliament upon some
votes the determination passes without examining further
then the noard of the Ayes or Noes; why at this rate
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hoarse with a cold: I have heard some speake it so
as has made me wheet their words should breake
downe their teeth as they rush out of their mouth.
there are noe soldiers like the Germans, where the

of a child, a catt, a scritch-owle an ass and | Minheer 26
Vandenberg.

But to returne from sounds to fortune which is nothing else (for I had better use an idle terme then abuse a serious one by mingling it with such idle discourses) I sometimes thinke that mine and nature were at feud when they gave mee each of them a being, that I should have had a better rise upon any other spoke of fortunes wheel then that I was plac'd upon; were it on a lower I should have had the advantage of my owne forc't industry, if a higher of my owne free election; as I am, expectation of plenty flatters mee out of the first, and the sense of want forces mee from the last. had I been constrain'd to set up for my selfe whatever shop it had been in I should not feare breaking;[75] I have been plac't at a better oare, in that the improvement of the mind is a farr nobler end then the advancement of fortune, but I am very sensible how many occasions of enlarging that, the closenesse of this[76] has lost mee; how many are idle for want of mony to purchase imployment! a man must have tools before hee can bee set on worke, without them hee may have an able body an industrious mind and yet bee forc't to continue a beggar. But to take the right hand as well as the left,[77] sure fortune could not have seated mee in any place so squar'd to the frame of my mind as where I am. I have been long satisfied that there is no contentment for mee but in expectation, so that where this has the best feeding that has the best growth. the reason why wee can never come to the enjoyment of this Mistresse so ador'd and so sigh'd after is because having never seen her without her mask wee know not her face but after a tedious search[78] when wee meet her pass her by; wee expect more in it then is, fancying a substance that may bee grip'd and handled, wee are fooles. content is not a thinge | to bee felt as all paines and 27
some pleasures are, I take it to bee onely such a disposition in the mind as health is in the body which consists in nothing but a privation of illnesse and paine, wee commonly say I feele my selfe ill, never I feele my selfe well, for wee are then well when wee feele nothing, I am not sensible of

any pleasure, when my legg is whole, but I am of paine when tis broke. there is health where all parts of the body without interruption or disorder performe the functions, guard the stations wherein nature placed them, where the hands bringe nourishment, the mouth receives, the teeth prepare, the stomack digests, and delivers over the best to bee refined for supply of the veines, the worst to be ejected for the ease of the body &c. in the same manner there is content where all the facultyes of the mind with repose and moderation moove in that spheare w^ch^ heaven ordain'd them, when senses or memory present objects to the fancy, fancy to reason or understanding theese discerning betweene the good and ill passe them over to the will, which approving theire choyce divides them among the affections, the best part to bee refin'd for the supply of satisfaction in what is past, joy in the present, hope in the future, and the worst or excrementitious part to bee ejected for the easing of the mind from the burthen of feare greife envy and vaine or impossible desires. there may bee another kind of contentment proceeding meerly from stupidity and this answers to that kind of temper a man is in when hee sleeps, his body may bee distemper'd and yet hee not sensible of any illness or paine: if a clock not being wound up stands still wee cannot say tis out of tune,[79] where neither is nor has been any motion there can bee no disorder. some men have such hard skins that the same prick of a thorne which would wound another will scarce tickle them; some minds are so crusted over with stupidity sloth or ignorance, that they stand insensible of the same stroke of greife which would kill a tender heart, they are scarce mov'd to dislike by the same occasion which would raise a storme of rage and fury in another man. in my opinion all that are of this temper have much of the child or foole, to bee all passion is to bee
28 a beast, but to have none is to bee a block. Theese | are all the notions I have of contentment, w^ch^ I beleeve cannot bee enjoy'd in excesse without being more or lesse then a man, and in degree is competent with all stages of mind or fortune; in the meane time wee fancying some strange

Chimæra of pleasure to bee signifyed by this word, no marvell if wee never find it, because tis nothing but fancy, never meeting it in thinges wee have, makes us allwayes imagine tis in thinges wee want, and this spurrs us on to weary our selves in the pursuite of [what] wee might as well or better obtaine by standing still; so a benighted travailer wandring after a Jack in a lanthorne finds himselfe in the morning tir'd, but no farther advanc'd in his way then if hee had past all the night there where hee began it, tis a just punishment that whilst wee seeke after a good which is impossible, wee are hinder'd from enjoying that w^ch^ is possible. methinks a man searching for happinesse through the glass of fancy upon the table of fortune is like one looking for a peice of gold through a multiplying glasse,[80] hee sees a thousand appearances of that w^ch^ is but one, claps his finger on that is next him, finds nothing there, upon another lesse, and so going over an hundred still finds nothing where hee feeles, and fancys something where his finger is not. Honor and content consist both in meere opinion onely the difference is, the first consists wholly in others opinion, the last wholly in ones owne. I may be honor'd and yet know and esteeme my selfe unworthy, others may esteeme mee content and happy, and yet I know my selfe to bee farr from it. let any man but perswade himselfe and beleeve he is contented, and that man really is so, the worst ont is that tis impossible for a man to make himselfe beleeve what hee please. Tis folly to judge of others by our selves, there is as greate variety of humours as there is of faces, as much diversity in the temper of our minds as in the cons[t]itution of our bodyes; and | needs it must bee so, because our soules 29
being originally and formally[81] all alike, their operations are diversify'd according to the severall constitutions and organs of the body wherein they enter. so in waterworks[82] we see the same water issue forth in an hundred severall fashions and disguises according to the severall shapes or figures of the little engines put upon the head of the spout. that food w^ch^ nourishes one body infirms another, the same condition in which some would bee content

I should despayre; besides the degrees are as numerous as the kinds, one shall bee as hot with a sheet as another with a rugg, and though much of this proceeds from custome, yet much from the inward constitution; nay more then this, besides the difference of kinds and degrees, time and occasions make a difference in the same mind. I may bee sometimes of one opinion sometimes of another, surfet at the sight of that to morrow w^ch^ to day I long for. it matters little that reason is one and the same in all minds, whilst so many usurpers as fancy, appetite, custome, example and interest continue to take theire turns in its throne. tis impossible to judge of a face that either never comes abroad unmask'd, or when it does, tis but a glance and that commonly when least expected. men are there most to bee seen, where they are least taken notice of, and the best guess is grounded upon the slightest occasions; a sudden passion, an unstudied action, a carelesse word often betray that w^ch^ would ly undiscover'd in a weeks serious discourse in a years publique employment. they undertake to much that will tell you y'are melancholly because your eye is fix't, that y'are merry because you smile, wee can no more judge of the thoughts by the countenance, then wee can of the face by its shaddow, or of the fire by the smoake that comes out of the chimney which sometimes
30 shall bee greater from a smotherd coale | then from a Christmas fire. the mind hath more changes then the face w^ch^ makes the same looke serve for severall passions red is the colour of shame and desire, palenesse of greife and feare, wee laugh at witt and folly, smile upon persons wee like, and upon those wee disdaine, tis the common beleefe that teares come from an excesse of joy as well as sorrow, and I am sure they doe from an excesse of rage. on tother side sometimes the same thought produces severall and contrary looks, so when wee would remember a forgotten or understand a perplex'd intricate notion, wee fix our eyes now upon heaven now upon the earth. I am for the Gibsies way of looking in your hand rather then your face, I am sure tis that onely which declares a wise man or a foole, yet there are some people that judge it

from the mouth but are in my opinion as much out as others that judge it from the beard. I have little faith without workes, hee may bee deceiv'd that concludes any man valiant from his vaunts or threatnings, liberall from his promises, prudent from speaking sentences, experienc'd from telling storyes, or temperate from railing agaynst wine and women. witty sayings from fooles are as common as foolish sayings from wise men; in my judgement I have not heard a more impertinent answer then a learned Byshop made mee tother day, discoursing of the plague, twas said that infection enter'd as much at the mouth as the nose, I asked what then should bee the reason that in places infected people defended theire noses by smells and oyntments not theire mouths, the rest being at a stand, hee answered with much applause of some in company, twas because one smells farther then hee tasts, mee-thoughts the resolve[83] was as unfit for him as the doubt was fit for such an ass as I am for | sure the reason is plaine 31
enough in that our mouths are commonly shutt, our noses allwayes open. I was since as much pleas'd with a reply from an impertinent fellow as I was distasted at this; going into a bookesellers shop I asked for Mountaigne's essayes, hee told mee hee had it not, a young fellow that I tooke notice of for nothing but the lace upon his cloake standing by, presently sayd (whither to mee the man or himselfe I know not) I have it at home, I a[s]k'd him S^r doe you sell bookes, hee reply'd no S^r but I buy books, and cry them when you have done sayd one in my company. so quick and patt a reply invited mee to talke a little more with my gallant, but when hee told mee hee lov'd Mountaigne's Essayes because they were so like Austins confessions, I kiss'd his hands, and made an end of the story. of all the fooles sayings I ever heard theese two please mee best. a Gentleman riding by M^r Grantams house in Lincolnshire met a foole in his coate and ask'd him, whose foole are you, hee presently answer'd I am M^r Grantams foole whose foole are you. Anon upon the way comming to a river hee ask'd the next hee saw whither hee might goe over there, twas a foole that answer'd, I. within 3 or 4

steps hee and his horse were both over, but twas head and eares, out hee gott, and asking his guide why hee sayd hee might goe over, the foole told him hee was sure his ladyes geese went over there every day. Heere is a naturall at next dore that I dare say is more pleas'd then the Pope, and perhaps has more reason, if that may properly bee say'd of one that has no reason at all. Content is lasting and continued pleasure, and pleasures may bee say'd to bee broken peices of contentment, this is a sufficient proofe
32 that | it is not a thinge that may be handled, but consists in a well dispos'd temper of mind. had it any relation to the pleasure of the senses it could not bee constant and consequently not contentment, for all sensuall delight (I meane the enjoyment of it, the expectation hopes and desires in the pursuit being of the fancy and not the sense) consists in imperfect acts w^{ch} are so farr from encreasing the pleasure as they destroy it by causing satiety, whereas in pleasures of the fancy as are riches and honor, or of the understanding as are knowledge and virtues or morall good the enjoyment is so farr from causing satiety as it begets a new offspring of fresh and more keene desires. in the first, possessi[on] is the end, in the second tis the beginning of delight; in the first the chase is smooth and easy because ever accompanyed with some fantasticall delight, but for a recompence the enjoyment is short imperfect and commonly followed wth the sting of a mentall remorse, in the other, the pursuit is rugged lying commonly among sensuall diseases[84] and troubles, as industry, labour, abstinence, vigilance, continence, forbearing pastimes and recreations (for theese are the paths trod by ambition, covetousness, learning and morality) but in recompence the possession once acquir'd is of a more lasting nature, consisting in a constant and contin[u']d habit, and to boott followed either with a power to enjoy even sensuall pleasures or else with a will to contemn them. observe the life and contentment in a young gallants contenance that is going to the enjoyment of a Mistress the clouds and anxietyes in another mans face that is going to heare a cause upon which depends a greate

portion of his honour or estate, none but by theire outward aire would give the first for the happyer man of the | two, but attend them both a while till one comes from 33
his visitt, tother from his plea, and each with his desired end, I am mistaken if the tables prove not turn'd, if the first appeare not with a loosers countenance the last w^th a winners, and deservedly both. this may bee the reason why luxurious[85] persons that designe nothing but the satisfying of theire appetites are for the most part of a merry and joviall humour, whereas covetous or ambitious men are melancholly and retir'd, Scholars and rigid Moralists [are][86] serious, if not Cynicall, in regard theese are in a continuall pursuit of their object by reason that every degree of possession brings a fresh recruit[87] of desires, whereas tother has allwayes at least an imaginary pleasure in his chase, and when hee once catches the game, theres an end of the story. besides that pleasure w^ch has its seate in the sense appeares outwardly in the eyes or the mouth, while that which is seated in the mind continues invisible, so men love to talke what Lady they have debauch'd, what Musick has ravish'd them, what sights, tasts, and smells have pleas'd them, but you seldome heare a rich man talke of his treasure, a glorious personage[88] of his honor and renowne, an able man of his learning or wisedome, nor a good man of his virtue, I meane those that are really so, for where there is but a superficiall substance and an inward emptinesse there is commonly a sound: Sensuall Epicures[89] (for I love to speake w^th the vulgar w^ch has abus'd this philosophers name by giving it an application so contrary to his customes) are sooner reclaimed from theire dotage then the others are, for satiety following every act makes them at length take notice of the defect in theire object, or if not, time and the decay of nature constrains them to take notice of a defect in themselves, on the other side, | time and 34
enjoyment encrease the desire and greediness of riches honour knowledge and virtue, and the reason is because where the object is good the more you know of it the more you desire or love it, and sure the more you possess of any

thinge the more you must needs know it. besides time and age augment theire desires as seeking by theire possession to supply its[90] outward defects. many men grow covetous as they grow old fearing least the weakenesses of old age should expose them to theire freinds neglect, and despayring of being valued or courted for any thinge else but theire power to benefitt, what they distrust to get for love they hope to buy; most women when time has been more bold then wellcome with theire beauty betake themselves to vertue as the onely paint they have left wherewith to fill up and varnish the wrinckles of theire faces, some to guild the coursnesse of theire birth and to repaire the breach or meannesse of theire fortune. Tis well my paper is at an end for my roving fancyes having once left theire theame, the farther they had marched the farther they had strayed, in this sheet I forgive theire extravagance for I had done a thinge contrary to the straine of all the world had I begun a discourse with fortune and ended it with content. |

35 Amongst all those passions w^ch^ ride mens soules none so jade and tire them out as envy and jealousy; theire journey is longer then any of the rest, they bate seldomer, and commonly ride double, for sure a man cannot bee jealous of his Mistresse w^th^out being at the same time envious of his rivall; they seeme to bee twins of one birth, branches of one root, love being the cause of both and hatred the effect; they differ in that the object of envy is some quality wee love in a person wee hate, and of jealousy some quality wee hate in a person wee love. I wonder they should bee so common being allwayes founded upon an opinion of meannesse or some defect in ones selfe. Envy is the more vicious and unreasonable of the two for that proposes good to fasten upon, whilst jealousy proposes at least the appearances of evill, but w^th^all tis not so incurable a disease, being remedyed if not by a mans one[91] virtue yet by his enemyes fall and misfortune, whereas jealousy is desperate of any cure, all thinges nourish, nothing destroyes it, as indeed what can poyson an asp which is it selfe the most

deadly of all poy[s]ons. where this suspicion is once planted, the fondest circumstances serve to encrease it, the clearest evidences can never root it out; though a man beleeves it is not true yet tis enough that it might have been true. nay the plague, the Divell ont is that whatere was before an occasion of love, the mind once infected, becomes an incentive of this bastard passion, that beauty witt disposition grace in behaviour or discourse wherewith hee was taken, are now charms and snares to inveagle others; if his wife bee of a frolick merry humour, shee is then unchast and gamesomè by complexion,[92] if sad or pensive tis with the thoughts of some absent love, does shee looke upon the ground tis that shee abhorrs his sight, upon him tis to deceive him upon another tis courtship, | does shee talke much shee is amorous or bold, is 36
shee silent shee thinkes the more, her kisses are either too hott for a vertuous woman, or too cold for a loving wife, her caresses are either feignd or meant to another while they are apply'd to him, gadding abroad is some assignment[93] with her paramour, keeping at home is to rock asleepe her husbands security, if shee laughs tis at him or how finely shee has deceivd him, if shee sighs tis for some other or for his being neer her, has shee little witt shee is easy,[94] has shee much shee is cunning, if shee be very kind to her woman they are both of the plot, if strange tis because shee finds her not for her turne, does shee make a conscience to [95] sweare her innocency tis without question remorse and guilt, does shee sweare readily what heed to bee given too't ? shee that commits one sinn will not stick at another, is shee strict in her religion tis hypocrisy, if carelesse what should make her true to her husband if false to her owne soule, in fin poore Lady what hopes in innocence where the judge by preiudice is resolvd to condemn, hee is a purgatory to himselfe, but a hell to his wife, or rather the contrary since jealousy is endlesse, and purgatory common to the most innocent as well as the guilty. What shall I say more, tis the madness of love, the moth of contentment, the wolfe in the brest, the gangreen of the soule the vulture of Tityus still knawing at the

heart, tis the ranckest poyson growing out of the richest soile, engender'd of love, but cursed viper, teares out its mothers bowells, tis a bitter branch, of a sweete plant continuing allwayes green till the root bee left dry and saplesse, tis the smoake of the most noble but decaying flame that never vanishes till this bee quite extinguishd, tis allwayes searching[96] what it hopes never to find, tis ever tormenting it selfe, and still hopes tis to no purpose, tis allwayes busy and has never any thankes for its pains; though it bee doubtfull of its grounds, yet is it eternall in its resentment and divelish in its revenge. The Cardinal Hippolito,[97] and his brother, children of the same womb, became rivalls in the same Lady, but shee was not so much charm'd with the Cardinalls hat as w[th] his brothers face, whose too lovely because therefore too unfortunate eyes shee us'd often to praise in the Cardinalls ears; hee stung with the furyes of jealousy and envy resolves to put out |
37 those lights whic[h] so [fa]r outshin'd his, and to make w[ay] for his owne day by his brothers night, so riding one day a hunting together and straying with him into a wood to shaddow the blacknesse of the deed hee caus'd some of his men lay'd there for the purpose to seer out his brothers eyes hoping thereby a diversion of his Ladyes favour or a revenge of her disdaine. alas poore eyes how much longer had yee liv'd amongst curses and reproaches, how much longer had yee lov'd amongst frowns and disfavours ? |

39 The Duke of Nemors[98] Generall of the French was of opinion not to fight the same day hee arriv'd in sight of the enemy; the causes which mov'd him to goe against his owne and I thin[ke] true judgement in it were The heate of his souldiery perhaps proceeding from that of the weather, and the wearinesse of theire painfull march w[ch] made them desire to end the day by purchasing a lasting repose either in death or victory 2 the opinion of the Suisses Generall[99] whom hee durst not disobliege, which hee had done[100] by slighting his Councell 3 that his army before the battaile might not bee discouragd by the news of Oubenis[101] defeate which hee knew would bee divulgd next

morning 4 the despight of M^r^ Alegres having reproach'd him for declining to engage more out of feare then counsell, w^ch^ I beleeve was the most pressing motive by his answer, that being they were [of] opinion to fight hee would that day exchange the loss of his life for the vindication of his honour. twas a fault in him to take advise from his private spleen in the managem^t^ of a publick action. hee fought for his countrey, his King and not for himselfe. better his Officer should call him coward for deferring, then his Master should call him traitour for hastning the battaile. But it may bee said, that a Generall who fights for another though hee bee not concern'd in the profitt of the action yet hee is in the glory, and so though hee bee not to byas himselfe by any private interest of life or fortune, yet hee may bee pardon'd for considering his honour. They are rarely find [*sic*] that would bee content to purchase the good of theire country, the service of theire Prince w^th^ the losse of theire owne honour, though a 1000 would doe it with the losse of theire fortunes, lifes, and some of theire soules. I have heard a Story of a greate person in our Hen 7 court, who having liv'd long an Atheist when hee lay desperately ill, the zeale and arguments of Religious men about him, or the pangs of approaching death within him, forc'd him to recant his obstinate errour, and resolve if God would continue his life, to change that | and his beleefe by beginning this and end- 40
ing that in Monastery; but hee could never bee induc'd to begin in his sicknesse, because hee would not bee thought a coward, or to have chang'd his opinion meerly out of feare of hell, and thus hee died, though a Christian in his heart yet an Atheist in his mouth, resolv'd rather to suffer the losse of his soule then a stain in his honour. this was certainly to overshoote, w^ch^ is as greate an errour as falling short, tis an action a barrs length beyond any of the Romans, but I feare hee gave himselfe a shrowd straine in the throw.[102] twas a gross errour in judgement to preferr the accident before the substance, nay supposing the soule and honour of equall valew twas want of Discourse[103] honour lost being to bee recover'd but the soule never.

In the battaile of Cherinola the Sun was neer setting when the Duke of Nemors begun the charge, and that which most induces mee to beleeve hee had no reason to engage that night is, because the grand Capitan had not put his army in a posture for it, who certainely if it had been theire best play, was too wise not to have foreseen it, and too diligent not to have provided against it. Nemors riding to charge unexpectedly found a ditch that forc't him to a stop, where 'amusing to[104] find out some place for his passage, lying open and within distance of his enemyes shot hee was killd by a muskett bullet. in those occasions where honour is most deserv'd tis seldome most acquir'd, without question there is requir'd more true valour to stand boldly and yet unmov'd the vollys of an enemyes squadron, then to make the most desperate charge where motion and passion heate the courage and many times thaw feare it selfe, yet for a man to stand or fall undaunted in the first posture makes no noise at all, when to dye in the heate of the fight and in the middst of his enemyes is an Epitaph might become even Mausolus his tombe.[105] |

41 Tis but to play with words to say virtue is the middle of two vices[106] and that by going too farr it ceases to bee so.[107] in that which is truly virtue the defect is onely[108] ill, neither is that truely virtue which by the highest flood by the greatest increase turns into vice. wee cannot reach to an excess where wee cannot reach to perfection. for example, fortitude wee say is between cowardise and temerity, why temerity is so farr from being an excesse of valour that it is no valour at all, nay tis often caus'd by an excesse of the contrary vice, feare; w^ch^ is then in the greatest extreame when it makes men fight having so blinded theire sense and reason that they forgett theire danger, and hee that is past the knowledge[109] of danger must needs bee past the apprehension: so impatient men that swoune at the sight of an approaching torment come by that meanes to sustaine it with a miracle of constancy and patience; one extreame passes into another, stupidity

into rashnesse, as the cold fit of an ague into the hot, without touching the meane of a good temper.[110] two opposites [*sic*] points may passe into one another by a crooked line as well as a straight, by the circumference as well as the center. wee must not judge thinges to bee the same by producing the same effects, an excesse of paine or pleasure makes women faint, of greife or joy makes them cry; besides sometimes wee are deceiv'd by false appearances, so an extreame swift motion seems standing still. tis not going too farr in the path of vertue leads to vice, but going out of the way, not the excesse but the corruption of it. superstition is not an excesse of devotion but an ill application of it, so flattery of civility, suspicion of prudence, credulity of that wee call good nature and prodigality of liberality, hee is not prodigall who gives away his mony by handfulls but hee that gives it without just occasion or to an | undeserving subject. The 42
brave Gonsalo [111] hearing some of his souldiers who had gott honour and wounds in the assault of the Castle complaine they had gott nothing in the sacque of it, bid them goe and sacque his owne palace, w^ch^ they did and left it as bare as a haunted house. this had sure been a prodigall act upon any other occasion, and towards any other souldiers, whereas plac'd as it was it appears noble and gallant, being the way to enrich his King though to beggar himselfe. |

Twas a height of vertue or vice in these two prince[s][112] 43
that could bee content not onely to sitt downe with the loss of theire Kingdome, but to choose a retirement the Father in France, the sonn in Spain whose two Kings were at that same time sharing the spoils of theire fallen greatness. yet were it a vertue twas that which [is] least honourable, and if a vice, twas that w^ch^ is most shamefull in a Prince. Some crimes are above mercy and some losses above patience. hee that can forget the losse of a Kingdom must bee of a sleepy temper, and such never deserv'd the possession. Two reasons make mee beleeve this to have been rather an act of sloth then an effect of patience, and that they were as farr from overcomming themselves as

they were from subduing theire enemyes. First that being threatned by fortune they had neither courage enough to withstand her, nor being disgrac't by her, resolution enough to contemn her and quitt her Empire wholly (who had wholly overthrown theirs) either like auncient or modern Romanes by death or a Monastery. They went too farr in theire retirement for the honour of theire courage, and not farr enough for the honour of theire patience and submission to heaven. Where I see my selfe out of favour I would endeavour to bee out of reach, and being despoil'd of all hopes of rising, would stripp my selfe of all fears of falling, by lying low enough. no service can bee honourable for a King but the service of the King of heaven, and that even in the eye of the world is as glorious as commanding others, hee that carries a crosse shall command more reverence then hee that carries a
44 scepter. A cell at the mercy of beasts | had been better then a palace at the mercy of an enemy who would bee allwayes sure to hate the object of his injuries and of his fears. If part of theire fall had been voluntary in time all might have seem'd so, theire necessity masqued by theire virtue, and they have appeard to the eyes of posterity more famous for contemning fortune then for fortunes contemning them. My second is that had they virtue enough to have been feared, they had not had favour enough to have lived. Tis a rare example for a disenthron'd Prince to live long and dye peaceably in his Usurpers power, who are seldome so cruell as to let them outlive theire loss, to languish upon the rack of a continuall regrett. yet questionlesse theire safety was the Father and sonns being divided between the two conquerors, who could not bee sharers without being rivalls in the possession of this ravisht Mistresse, and both them seeking a pretence for the whole kept each other in awe by keeping one of the owners. and I beleive whilst the warr was in dispute had the father died, the Spaniard would have joind the sonns right with his owne power and restor'd him to have disposses'd the French, as the French would have done by the Father if the sonn had mis-

carried, choosing rather to have a freind in the whole then an enemy in halfe. |

Methinkes this would not have been a reproach of 45
cowardise to any other man, yet it was to him;[113] for determining supposes a precedent discourse,[114] and hee that in the middst of a sudden danger retains a mind so repos'd as to form a discourse cannot with justice bee taxed of feare, though the result of it bee to fly; a man cannot bee excessively fearfull that keeps discretion enough to take the right way when hee runns out of choice and not fortune; the hare often runns into the dogs mouth, and many a mans feare hath fix't him like a block in the stand which was the occasion of his feare, or hurried him into the middst of that danger hee desir'd to shunn. So that Mr Alegres determining to fly when hee might have rallyed his broken troopes seems to have been more an effect of judgement then a defect of courage, thinking it in vaine to fight where hee knew it impossible to overcome. but under favour he fail'd in point of judgement when hee determin'd to fly, hee might in a good houre[115] have given his souldiers that order but hee himselfe was certainly obligd in point of honour (for by that a Captaine must square his judgement) not to have outliv'd his Generall nor the battaile, both whose loss was an effect of his rash counsells and insolent reproaches, in fin twas poorely done and I know not who deserv'd more to bee blam'd the Duke of Nemors for seeking death or Mr de Alegre for avoyding it. |

The brave Gonsalo lost as much in his Kings favour by 46
his triumphant entry into Naples[116] as hee got by recovering the Kingdome: twas unjust in the King whilst hee enjoyed the profit to envy the true owner the glory of the deed, to deny him the shaddow who gave the substance, the feare of an injury imprints a deeper resentment[117] in mens minds then the actuall receit of a benefit, they being generally more prone to censure and punish ill actions then to praise or reward good. envy is the moth of greate exploits, and suspicion, of good turns and services, where they

both byas the same way needs must they bee too strong for gratitude, this onely proceeding from the reliques of that goodnesse which was originally in mans nature, those from the strength of that corruption which succeeding still inherits the seate. That subject can never bee a favourite the sun of whose worth and merits, not only outshines the Kings glory but withall seems to have an influence on his power. when Princes find themselves to bee like the Moon receiving theire light from another, to make up the resemblance they prove like it in changing too, and ungratefully eclipse that light which is the cause of theire shining.

47 Twas a hansome and a wise action[118] but some might think too low a condescention in a Generall who keeps his power and his souldiers respect by observing State. It may bee more necessary for a King to be fear'd, but sure tis more necessary for a Generall to bee lov'd. tis the property of feare to fix mens spirits, but of love to loosen them; men may bee quiet out of feare, but never act well without love, and that is never acquird by keeping State or distance. besides I conceive a man does not debase himselfe by stooping downe to his inferiors, but by raising his inferiors up to him. that is the advantage of lying high, hee may fall when hee pleases, whereas hee that lies low cannot rise at his pleasure. I condemn not a Master of meannesse for being sometimes familiar with his servant, but I doe for letting his servant at any time bee familiar wth him; no man will despise a Prince for pulling of his hat to a beggar, though perhaps hee would to see a beggar not pull of his hat to a Prince. Every man will bee ready to give his hand to raise up one that prostrates himselfe, whilst who are throwne downe by others are apt to bee trod on. constrain'd misery poverty and humility are objects of the world's contempt, but where they are voluntary they are honour'd. no man will deny an alms or respect to a Frier whereas who less consider'd then a prince disposses'd of his Kingdome. Example in a Generall is the best kind of commanding, because that

w^ch is voluntary is the best kind of obedience. there is a certaine freedome in mans mind which is avers from constraint though in thinges it likes and approves. those souldiers shall make | a braver assault whose Captaine sayes 48
nothing but marches resolutely up to the breach, then those whose Captaine gives the severest command and stayes behind. Had not Gonsalo taken up one himselfe, every foot souldier that mounted behind a horseman would have weigh'd a stone heavyer then hee did. |

Duke Valentine[119] a Spaniard borne was first made 49
Byshop after Cardinall by his father then Pope. but hee led by the ambition of an unquiet spirit soone quitted his red hatt, though continued to affect the colour ever after. hee begun his fortune by the death of his brother and ended it by the death of his Father, nothing but his being an occasion of the last could have been a punishment answerable to his being author of the first all his attempts and conquests being without any pretence of justice and purely violent his cruelty was doubtlesse the right way to secure them. states being conserv'd by the same arts they are gain'd.[120] Though a wise man hee cannot scape the imputation of a greate folly in a slight action choosing of his Motto Caesar aut nullus, by w^ch in the beginning of his designs hee plainly declard the end of them to the world. His aime was to make himselfe King of Italy w^ch in likelyhood hee might have compas'd had his fathers life and the warr of Naples between the French and Spaniard lasted some few yeares, there being at that time onely those two powers in Italy able to bridle him. but one being suddenly ended by his owne vice, the other by the greate Gonsalos virtue, hee came to lose his protection at Rome and his power in Italy both together, the Spanyard reestablishing in theire usurped states most of his enemyes who had been theire freinds in the Neapolitan warr. The Duke making an escape out of prison in Spaine fled to his brother in law the King of Navarr, and being every where followed by tumult was made generall of an army for the suppressing of a Rebellion which his comming had raisd.

in an alarum transported with the heate of passion hee advanc'd so farr before his troops that 3 of his enemyes
50| turning upon him slew him in the posture of a valiant man. I know not whither fortune may bee said to have been just or unjust in the manner of his death, that being so profess'd a politician hee died foolishly or that being so profess'd a rogue hee died honourably. |

51 In some accidents fortune seems to have eyes and to take reason by the hand, or rather heaven using some mens folly, passions, or unreasonable actions to bee instruments of its unexpected justice gives fortune a name and sometimes a name of reasonable. whereas indeed tis no strange thinge nor by wise men unexpected thinge that a foolish passionate or unreasonable action should intervene to breake or disorder the traine of a likely and well laid counsell. so where the rashnesse or imprudence of a Generall, the untimely cowardise of a Regiment, the trechery of a commander overthrow a powerfull army by the means of one much inferiour to it wee say twas unfortunately lost and twas valiantly wonn but say both unjustly. Pope Alexander[121] being invited to a Collation by some Cardinalls to whom Duke Valentin wish'd no good besides being in heaven; the Duke gave the butler some bottles of wine encharging him to fill out of them onely to the Cardinalls and not to the Pope nor himselfe. sitting downe the Butler having forgot some perches w^{ch} the pope had commanded, and going for them, his head being full with the default of his memory, left the care of filling wine to another, but forgot to tell him how the bottles were dispos'd. in his absence the Pope and Duke calling for wine, were presented wth that w^{ch} was intended for the Cardinalls, the Pope dies, strength of youth and remedyes recover the Duke. Heer the Butlers forgetfulness and negligence were occasions of the accident, yet methinks there is somethinge purely of fortune w^{ch} is the substitutes filling out of one bottle rather then another, being equally ignorant of both. tis a strange meslèe of guilt and innocence, justice and fortune. The Butler was

innocent of the murder, and yet as guilty as if hee had filld the wine, hee that fill'd it was guilty of the murder and yet as innocent as if hee had not touchd it, the Pope instead of being feasted is poyson'd, the | Cardinalls instead 52
of being poyson'd are feasted, the Duke who was guilty onely in intention is punish'd onely by the feare of death, in fin the Pope dies by the Dukes occasion, a just judgement for having gott such a sonn, the Duke recovers by the strength of nature a just recompence for having freed the world of such a father.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS

Upon Mrs. Philipp's Death[1] made at the Desire of My Lady Temple

Why all these looks so solemn and so sad!
Who is that one can dye, and none be glad!
The Rich leaves Heirs, the Great makes room, the Wise
Pleases the foolish onely when he dyes.
Men so divided are in hopes and fears,
That none can live or dye with gen'ral tears;
'Tis sure some Star is fallen, and our hearts
Grow heavy as its gentle influence parts.
Thus said I, and like others hung my head,
When streight 'twas whisper'd 'tis *Orinda*'s dead:
Orinda! what! the glory of our Stage!
Crown of her Sex, and wonder of the Age!
Gracefull and fair in body and in mind,
She that taught sullen Vertue to be kind,
Youth to be wise, Mirth to be innocent,
Fame to be steddy, Envy to relent;
Love to be cool, and Friendship to be warm,
Praise to do good, and Wit to do no harm!
Orinda! that was sent the World to give
The best example how to write and live!
The Queen of Poets, whosoe'er 's the King,
And to whose Sceptre all their homage bring!
Who more than Men conceiv'd and understood,
And more than Women knew how to be good.
Who learnt all young that age could e'er attain,
Excepting onely to be proud and vain;
And made alone so rich amends for all
The faults her Sex committed since the fall,
Can she be dead! Can any thing be great
And safe! Can day advance and not retreat
Into the shady night! But she was young
And might have liv'd to tune[2] the World, and sung
Us all asleep that now lament her fall,
And fate unjust, Heav'n unrelenting call.

Alas! can any fruit grow ripe in Spring,
And hang till Autumn? Nature gives this sting
To all below, whatever thrives too fast
Decays too soon, late growths may longer last.
Orinda could not wait on slow pac't time,
Having so far to go, so high to climb;
But like a flash of heavenly fire that falls
Into some earthly dwelling, first it calls
The Neighbours onely to admire the light
And lustre that surprize their wondring sight,
Till kindling all, it grows a noble flame,
Towring and spiring up from whence it came;
But e'er arrived at those azure Walls,
The house that lodg'd it here, to ashes falls:
Such was *Orinda*'s Soul. But hold! I see
A Troop of Mourners in deep Elegie,[3]
Make room and listen to their charming lays,
For they bring Cypress here to trade for Bays;
And he deserves it who of all the rest
Praises and imitates *Orinda* best.

Upon My Lady Giffard's Loory[1]

Of all the questions which the curious raise
Either in search of knowledge or of praise,
None seems so much perplexed or so nice
As where to find the seat of Paradise.
But who could once that happy Region name
From whence the fair and charming *Loory* came?
To end this doubt would give the best advice,
For this was sure the bird of Paradise.
Such radiant colours from no tainted air,
Such notes and humour from no lands of care,
Such unknown smells cou'd from no common earth
From no known Climate could receive a birth.
For he alone in these alive outvi'd
All the perfumes with which the Phœnix di'd.

About a gentle Turtle's was the size,
The sweetest shape that e'er surprized eyes.
A longish hawked bill, and yellow brown,
A slick black velvet cap upon the crown.
His back a scarlet mantle cover'd o'er,
One purple sploach upon his neck he wore.
His jetty eyes were circled all with flame.
His swelling Breast was, with his back, the same.
All down his belly a deep violet hue
Was gently shaded to an azure blue.
His spreading wings were green, to brown inclin'd,
But with a sweet pale straw colour were lin'd.
His tail, above was purples mixt with green,
Under, a colour such as ne'er was seen,
When like a Fan it spread, a mixture bold
Of green and yellow grideline[2] and gold.
Thus by fond Nature was he drest more gay
Than Eastern Kings in all their rich array,
For Feather much, as well as Flow'r, outvies
In softness, silk, in colour mortal dies.

But none his beauty with his humour dare,
Nor can his Body with his Soul compare.

If that was wonder, this was Prodigy,
They differ'd as the finest Earth and Sky.
If ever any reasonable Soul
Harbor'd in shape of either brute or fowl,
This was the Mansion, Metamorphosie
Gain'd here the credit lost in Poetrie.
No passion moving in a humane breast
Was plainer seen, or livelier exprest.
No wit or learning, eloquence or song,
Acknowledg'd kindness, or complain'd of wrong
With accents half so feeling as his notes:
Look how he rages, now again he dotes;
Brave like the Eagle, meek as is the Dove,
Jealous as Men, like Women does he love.
With bill he wounds you sudden as a dart,
Then nibling asks you pardon from his heart.
He calls you back if e'er you go away,
He thanks you if you are so kind to stay.
When you return, with exultation high
He raises notes that almost pierce the Sky,
But all in such a language that we guest,
Though he spoke ours, he found his own the best.

Such a *Badeen*[3] ne'er came upon the Stage,
So droll, so monkey[4] in his play and rage;
Sprawling upon his back, and pitching pyes,[5]
Twirling his head, and flurring[6] at the flies.
A thousand tricks and postures would he show,
Then rise so pleas'd both with himself and you,
That the amaz'd beholders could not say
Whether the bird was happier, or they.
With a soft brush was tipt his wanton tongue,
He lapt his water like a Tyger young,
His Lady's teeth with this he pickt and prun'd;
With this a thousand various notes he tun'd.
A chagrin[7] fine cover'd his little feet,
Which to wild airs would in wild measures meet.
With these he took you by the hand, his prey
With these he seiz'd, with these he hopt away.

With these held up he made his bold defence,
The arms of safety, love and violence.

With all these charms *Loory* endow'd and drest,
Forsaking climates with such creatures blest,[8]
From Eastern regions and remotest strands
Flew to the gentle *Artemisa's*[9] hands.
And when from thence he gave the fatal start,
Went to the gentle *Artemisa's* heart.
Fed with her hands, and percht upon her head,
From her lips water'd, nested in her bed.
Nurst with her cares, preserved with her fears,
And now, alas! embalmed with her tears.
But sure among the griefs that plead just cause,
This needs must be acquitted by the laws,
For never could be greater passion,
Concernment, jealousie, for Mistress shown,
Content in presence, and at parting grief;
Trouble in absence, by return relief.
Such application,[10] that he was i' th' end
Company, Lover, Play-fellow and Friend.

Could I but hope or live one man to find
As much above the rest of humane kind
As this above the race of all that flie,
Long should I live, contented should I dye.
Had such a Creature heretofore appear'd
When to such various Gods were Altars rear'd,
Who came transformed down in twenty shapes
For entertainment, love, revenge, or rapes;
Loory would then have *Mercury* been thought,
And of him sacred Images been wrought:
For between him sure was sufficient odds
And all th' *Egyptian*, *Gothick*, *Indian* Gods:
Nay, with more reason had he been ador'd
Than Gods that perjur'd, Goddesses that whor'd:
Yet such the greatest Nations chose or found,
And rais'd the highest Plant from lowest ground.

A description of Mother Ludwell's cave[1]

hæ latebræ dulces, et si mihi credis, amœnæ[2]

lett others with Parnassus swell their theam,
drinke inspiration from th' Aonian[3] stream:
lett them draw Phœbus down to patch a line,
invoke, that hackney fry,[4] the tunefull nine:
I that of Ludwell sing, to Ludwell run,
her self my muse, her spring my Helicon.
the neighbouring park its friendly aid allows;
perfum'd with thyme, o'erspread with shadie boughs;
its leafie canopys new thoughts instill,
and Crooksberry[5] supplies the cloven hill.[6]
Pomona does Minerva's stores dispence,[7]
And Flora sheds her balmie influence;
all things conspire to press my modest Muse,
the morning herbs adorn'd with pearly dews,
the meadows interlaced with silver flouds,[8]
the frizled thickets,[9] and the taller woods.
the whisp'ring Zephyrs my more silent tongue
correct, and Philomela chirps a song.[10]
is there a bird of all the blooming year,
that has not sung his early Mattins here?
that has not sip'd the Fairy Matron's[11] spring,
or hover'd o'er her cave with wishfull wing?
an awfull Fabrick built by Nature's hand
does raise our wonder, our respect command.
three lucky trees to wilder art[12] unknown
seem on the front a growing triple crown.
at first the arched room is high and wide,
the naked walls with mossie hangings hid;
the cieling sandy: as you forward press
the roof is still declining into less;
despair to reach the end—a little arch
narrow and low forbids y^r utmost search.
so to her lover the chaste, beauteous lass

Ha Lateleme dulces, et, si mihi credis, amena.

a description of Mother Ludwell's Cave.

In the Pleasure Grounds at Moor Park, Surrey, 1725.
Julius Scot.

Let others with Parnassus swell their theam,
drinke inspiration from the Aonian stream.
Let them draw Phebus down to catch a line,
invoke, that hackney fry, the tunefull nine:
That of Ludwell sing, to Ludwell run,
Her self my muse, her spring my Helicon.
The neighbouring park it's friendly aid allows,

without a blush vouchsafes to shew her face,
her neck of Ivory, her snowy breast,
these shown, she modestly conceals the rest.
A shallow brook, that restless under ground
strugled with earth, here a moist passage found.
down thro' a stony vein the waters rowl
o'erflowing the capacious iron bowl:
oh! happy bowl, that gladness can infuse,
and yet was never stain'd with heady juice.
Here thirsty souls carouse with innocence,
nor owe their pleasure to their loss of sence.
Here a smooth floor had many a figure shown,
had Virgin footsteps made impression,
that soft and swift Camilla-like advance,[13]
while even movements seem to fly a dance.[14]
no quilted couch, the sickman's daily bed,
no seats to lull asleep diseases made,
are seen; but such as healthy persons please
of wood or stone,[15] such as the wearied ease.
O might I still enjoy this peacefull gloom!
the truest entrance to Elizium.
who would to the Cumæan den[16] repaire?
a better Sybil, wiser power is here.
Methinks I see him from his palace come,
and with his presence grace y^e^ balefull room:
Consider, Ludwell, what to him you owe,
who does for you the noisy court forego;[17]
nay he a rich and gaudy silence[18] leaves,
you share y^e^ honour, sweet Moorparke receives.
you with y^r^ wrinkles admiration move,
that with its beauty better merits love.
Here 's careless Nature in her ancient dress,
there she 's more modish,[19] & consults y^e^ glass.
Here she 's an old, but yet a pleasant dame;
there she'l a fair, not painted Virgin seem.
Here the rich Mettal hath through no fire pass'd,
there, tho refin'd, by no allay debas'd.
Thus nature is preserv'd in every part,
sometimes adorn'd, but nere debauch'd by art.

When scatter'd locks, that dangle on the brow,
into more decent hairy circles grow,
after enquiry made, tho no man love
the curling iron, all the comb approve.

ENGRAVING OF MOTHER LUDWELL'S CAVE (MOTHER LUDLAM'S HOLE), *by* SPARROW, 1785

To Mother Luddwels[1] cave & spring

13th Ode of ye 3d Book of Horace

Oh limpid spring! that dost surpass
The clearness of ye purest glass
For thee to morrow I will twine
A chaplet with a Boule of wine
To thee a kid Ile sacrifice
Whose budding Horns begin to rise

And arm'd for youths adventrous feats
On love & war he Meditates
In vain: for to yr Honnour slain
This frisking offspring soon shall stain
The streams with his lascivious blood
And turne them to a common flood

The Dogstar in ye sultry days
Can't pierce thee with his Noxious rays
From whose malignant scorching heat
The wandring flocks to thee retreat.
And oxen panting from ye Plough
For thy refreshing coolness low.

If I can give this fountain fame
It shall not want a Noble name
Nor will I fail ye rock to sing
From whence thy murmuring waters spring
And ye tall oaks yt bending grow
And overshade its mossy Brow.

NOTES

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

Lady Giffard left her Life without a title, though in her later years she headed the MS. 'writ in 1690'. The MS. now has the (eighteenth-century ?) heading 'Life of S^{r} W^{m} Temple written in 1690' and a certificate in a more recent hand (I think that of the late M^{rs} F. L. Longe): 'This MS. is in the Handwriting of Lady Gifford.'

1 *the retirement I am now in*, that is, at her brother's house, Moor Park, near Farnham.

2 *haveing lived with him . . . from the age of twelve.* Lady Giffard (Martha Temple) was baptized at Penshurst, where her uncle Dr. Henry Hammond was rector, with her brother Henry, on 28 Aug. 1638. See note 10. Lady Giffard would have been twelve when her brother returned in 1650 from his sojourn in France.

3 *the.* Originally, 'I have seen the', then deleted. In the Broadlands version, she says she saw the pedigree 'in Ld. Cobhams famely'.

4 *father.* After this, 'who both endeavour'd it' written and deleted.

5 *Sir Wm. Temple.* Lady Giffard's account of her grandfather suffers from imperfect knowledge. It would take me too far, however, were I to attempt to point out the errors and omissions of her narrative either here or elsewhere. I hope to have another opportunity of dealing with Sir William Temple the elder.

6 *there*, 'who' first written.

7 *but knowing . . . being.* Originally written, 'wch all ended in his owne choice of being'.

8 *ending*, wrongly corrected to 'end'.

9 *He was.* Originally, 'where he was designed to fall wth the first in ye Masacre intended at Dublin in 1641 & executed over all the rest of the kingdome. Being'

10 *four sons & one Daughter.* Until Professor J. A. Rice found the other day at Broadlands, Sir John Temple's own statement of the number of his children and the dates of their birth, as well as Lady Giffard's brief account of her family, we were not in a position to understand the reference here to 'four sons'. The document is so valuable that with Colonel Ashley's kind permission and Professor Rice's, I give the substance of it here:

'I was married June 24, 1627. My son William was born on Friday (S^{t} Mark's Day) 25 April 1628. My daughter Mary was born on Tuesday 23 Feb. 1629 [1630] and died 21 May 1632. My son John was born on the saboath day, our Lady day, 25 March 1632. My son James was born on "Whitsonwesday" 27 May 1634. My daughter Mary on "wesdenday" 13 Jan. 1635 [1636]. Died 23 Aug., 1641. [Buried at Penshurst 25 Aug. 1641]. My daughter Martha on Munday 27 Aug. 1638 and my son Henry within less than a ½ hr after.

My wife died Sept. 5 1638.'

She was buried at Penshurst on 6 Sept. An interesting letter of Sir John Temple's to Lord Leicester dated Penshurst, 4 Dec. 1638 is found in Collins's *Letters and Memorials*, ii. 577.

11 *Education.* After this originally written 'by wch he Contracted a Considerable debt, but lived to se it all payed'.

12 *restoration.* Originally, 'revolution'.

13 *he returned.* Originally written: 'being made one of y^e^ Council of State, w^ch^ made way for the Kings returne, & though he had bin long & perticularly in the acquaintance & friendship of General Monke made no other use of it then to returne' . . .

14 *Startford . . . M^r^.* Originally written: 'Starford under D^r^'.

15 *us'd.* Originally written 'use'.

16 *he use to.* Originally written: 'I have heard him.'

17 *Travels.* After this a passage deleted, now only partially legible.

18 *S^r^ John Dingley.* He had married Jane Hammond, elder sister of Temple's mother, and in Aug. 1616 when Dr. John Hammond made his will had already three children. He is not the John Dynely, Wotton's secretary, with whom he has been identified by Mr. L. Pearsall Smith (*Life and Letters of Sir H. Wotton*, ii. 470).

19 *Coll Hammond.* Robert Hammond was second son of Temple's uncle, Robert Hammond of Chertsey. Lady Giffard slurs over this relationship.

20 *Inne.* B. adds 'to goe a shipboard'.

21 *us'd.* Originally 'use'.

22 *us'd.* Originally 'use'.

23 *publick.* After this, the following written and deleted: '& wch perhaps might keep them from passing so well with niser people, as they did with me.'

24 *at More parke.* In Herts.

25 *a near Relation.* Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Cheke.

26 *fifety three*, that is, Feb. 1653/4.

27 *saw y^t^*, saw her life.

28 *in the Country* at Reading, where they lived with Temple's widowed aunt, Mrs. Robert Hammond of Chertsey, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys.

29 *wholy to it*, substituted for 'soe much to it that he us'd [orig. 'use'] to say after he understood the business of a Shepheard, & a Gardener, much better, then y^t^ of a Statesman or Ambassador.'

30 *he use to* substituted for 'I have heard him'.

31 *misfortune.* B. adds 'being an extream fond father'.

32 *his . . . doute* substituted for 'I don't know'.

33 *place.* B. has 'in a very pleasant seat there w^ch^ his Father gave him up entirely ye management off'.

34 *Carlow.* After this, written and deleted, 'wch was to follow yt wch succeeded the long parliament of England in voteing the kings restauration'.

35 *D^r^ Hammond.* Dr. Henry Hammond the divine.

36 *Eustace.* After this, written and deleted: '(an inveterate enemy of his Fathers)'.

37 *warmest* substituted for 'most earnest'.

38 *have heard* substituted for 'remember'.

39 *who . . . time.* MS. B. has 'where he first came to be knowne to his Maj^{ty} and y^{e} great men then in the Ministry'.

40 *Lieuetenant.* After this, written and deleted: 'who he found very cold to him, as he thought upon what is already mention'd, y^{t} had past with his Father in King Charles the first time.'

41 *his Sister*, Lady Giffard herself. She was married 21 April 1662 to Sir Thomas Giffard, Bt., of Castle Jordan, co. Meath. He died on 4 May following.

42 *her* perhaps a slip for 'his'. At any rate Lady Giffard lived with her brother till his death.

43 *us'd.* Originally 'use'.

44 *us'd.* Originally 'use'.

45 *arrant.* Substituted for 'designes'.

46 *contation*, a slip for 'contagion'.

47 *Madames*, the Duchess of Orleans, sister of the king.

48 *that.* After this written and deleted, 'I remember'.

49 *Marquis del Fresno*, Spanish Ambassador. See the *State Papers Domestic.*

50 *His . . . Mary* written later.

51 *his son.* Probably, as Courtenay takes it (i. 497) Temple's son John, though being only 13 he would seem to be young to be entrusted with an important state missive. The Lord Treasurer was Danby, who had figured in Dorothy Osborne's letters as her cousin (on her mother's side), Sir Thomas Osborne. Danby's son Edward, styled Viscount Latimer, had been born about 1655.

52 *never . . . to*, substituted for 'I never saw him'.

53 *the great Duke*, Cosmo III, Great Duke of Tuscany (1642–1723), whose travels made before his accession are well known. On his first visit to the Netherlands, he received Sir William Temple, the English Envoy Extraordinary, at the house of Prince Maurice of Nassau at The Hague 7 Feb. 1668 (N.S.). On his second visit he met Temple at the house of a painter (probably G. Netscher) at The Hague 17 June 1669. He had few estimable qualities, but Temple continued to correspond with him. See *De twee Reizen van Cosimo de' Medici, Journalen . . . uitgegeven door G. T. Hoogewerff*, Amsterdam, 1919.

54 *y^{t} had . . . England*, substituted for 'I ever saw since I was of an age to be sensible of it'.

55 *he . . . to*, substituted for 'I have often heard him'.

56 *all . . . subject.* Perhaps for 'all his life long as good a subject'.

57 *often turned*, substituted for 'I have seen turne'.

58 *business &.* After this (deleted) 'that (without being asur'd wch he could never be)'.

59 *often came*, substituted for 'to come'.

60 *ye cruel blow.* Temple's only son John drowned himself in the Thames, 14 April 1689, a week after being appointed Secretary at War. Among

Mr. Longe's papers is the following, neatly written on a square of paper, about 6 inches by 6 inches. It is endorsed in the hand of Dorothy, Lady Temple, with the touching words:

'Child's paper he writ
before he killed himself.'

'Tis not out of any Dissatisfaction from my ffriends, from whom I have rec^{d} Infinitely more ffriendship and kindness than I deserve, I say it is not from any such reason that I do myself this violence, but having been long tired with the Burthen of this life, 'tis now become Insupportable. From my ffather and mother I have had especially of late all the marks of tenderness in the world, and no less from my Dear Brother and Sisters, to whom I wish and all my ffriends Health and Happiness and forgetfullness of me. I am not Conscious to my self of any Ill Action, I despair not of ease in a futurity, the only regret I leave the world with is, that I shall leave my ffriends for sometime (I hope but for a little time) in Affliction.'

THE CHARACTER OF S^{r} W. TEMPLE

1 Certified (I think by the late Mrs. F. L. Longe): 'This MS. is in the handwriting of the Lady Gifford.'

2 *His*. After this 'fortune' is inserted and then deleted.

3 *besides*, 'apart from'.

A TRUE ROMANCE

Introductory Matter

1 *A True Romance*. It is curious that Temple should give this general title to a group of stories. Probably little is meant by the statement that they had been 'too truely acted upon the Stage of Europe'. The Italian motto means, I suppose, 'I know both to do and to hold my tongue', and has reference to the anonymous character of the stories.

2 *censure*, opinion favourable or otherwise.

3 *disquiets*. After this written and deleted: 'But I beginn too lose my selfe in theese thoughts though indeed tis not now I beginn to lose my selfe.'

4 *Poor Lydias misadventures*. The story in which Temple recounted them is among those now lost.

5 Of the nine stories here given, only Nos. 3, 4, 5, 8, 9 seem to be preserved.

The Constant Desperado

1 *The Constant Desperado*. The Man Constant in Despair, The Inconsolable. In this first sense of 'desperado' the *O.E.D.* quotes Giles Fletcher, *Christ's Victory*, 1610: 'The holy Desperado wip't her swollen eyes.'

2 *Love . . . will many times finde out some appearances from hope where there are none to bee had from reason*. Had these words of Temple appeared in print they might have been thought to have suggested Lord Lyttelton's (1709–73) epigram:

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair;
But love can hope where reason would despair.

3 *Dordona.* The river Dordogne joins the Garonne north of Bordeaux and forms the Gironde. On 10 June 1584 Henry of Navarre had become heir presumptive to the throne of France. Excluded from it by the treaty of Nemours 1585 he began the 'war of the three Henry's' by a campaign in Guienne 1586 and defeated Anne, Duc de Joyeuse at Coutras, 20 Oct. 1587 (*Ency. Brit.*).

4 *the party of the league*, the Catholic party headed by the third Duc de Guise.

5 *a house of pleasure.* The phrase seems not to be in the *O.E.D.*, which however has 'pleasure-house', 1688. Temple has it again in *The Disloyall Wife*: 'houses of pleasure w^{ch} most of the owners made use of onely for aire and recreation, seldome lodging there a nights but upon some such occasions as left them little curiosity for other mens affairs.'

6 *hee flyes*, he hawks. The *O.E.D.* quotes from Greene's *Friar Bacon* (1590): 'We'll fly the partridge or go rouse the deer.'

7 *hearne*, heron.

8 *the fonder*, the more foolish.

9 *the Catholike Kings*, the King of Spain's.

10 *the Province*, Picardy.

11 *in fine*, at last.

12 *defend*, forbid.

13 *hee and his Lady walke him out into the garden.* See *O.E.D.*, 'walk', v^{1} 22.

14 *abusing a man who understands himselfe*, deceiving a man who has full possession of his faculties.

15 *the course of the markett*, the way of the world. (Not in *O.E.D.*)

16 *Before Phillis killing eyes.* Probably a translation.

17 *the little* (reason).

18 *resentment*, sense, feeling.

19 *pistolls*, pistoles, gold coins.

20 *the noblest city of Europe.* Probably Paris is meant.

21 *in lieu*, in exchange.

22 *would . . . stay him dinner.* The *O.E.D.* 'stay' does not give this use.

23 *his ordinary*, Fatyme's meal.

24 *successe*, course.

25 *the hardlyer*, the less easily.

26 *the Duke of Alva* was in the Low Countries 1567–73, long before the date at which this story opens.

27 *traverses*, crosses.

28 *hee gives Fatyme a part of the letter*, apparently='donne part de la lettre à F.', informs F. of the letter. This usage is not recognized in the *O.E.D.*

29 *resentments*, feelings (frequently used by Temple).

30 *disease*, unhappiness, disquiet.

31 *how little time I intend to linger out.* Cp. Shaks. *Sonnet* xc:

'to linger out a purpos'd overthrow.'

32 *retire him*, drag him away.

33 *injuryes*, reproaches.

34 *selfe murtherers*. The word 'suicides' was not yet in use in this sense.

35 *that day of the Barricados*, 'journée des barricades,' 12 May 1588, when the Parisians forced Henry III to retire.

36 *picture-drawer*, portrait-painter.

37 *Argier*, Algiers.

38 *wert*, were it.

39 *Madam*. This letter seems to be a first draft of the letter 'To my Lady' prefixed to the group of stories.

40 *if you had continued cruel*. This suggests a phase in Temple's love-affair for which we were not prepared.

The Force of Custome

1 *a bookbinders shop*, seems to be equivalent to 'a bookseller's shop'; cp. R. Ascham, *Toxoph.* (Arber), p. 83: 'Textor hath them in his boke, on whom I loked on by chaunce in the bookebynders shope.'

2 [*page torn*], Perhaps Temple had in mind Waller's lines 'To Mr Henry Lawes,' published first in 1645:

'As when in open air we blow
The breath, though strain'd, sounds flat and low,
But if a trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high and makes it last.'

The lost word may be 'mouth'.

3 *the grand Signior*, the Sultan of the Turks.

4 *in esteeme of beeing*, with the reputation of being.

5 *taken a turne*, been hanged. So later in this story, 'hee comes to the gallows . . . gotten up on the ladder hee . . . takes a turne and goodnight.' The phrase is hardly recognized in the *O.E.D.* See 'turn', vb. II. 8. b.

6 *one and thirty*, a card-game.

7 *Henry the second married his daughter Marguerite to the Duke of Savoy*. The marriage of Emmanuel Philibert Duke of Savoy and Marguerite sister (not daughter) of Henry II took place in 1559.

8 *condition*, situation, employment. Frequent in Temple.

9 *disorder*, perturbation of mind.

10 *a*. MS. 'a a'.

11 *if he came to breake his* [*the captain's*] *head*, to drive him wild. Fr. *casser la tête*. The use not recognized in the *O.E.D.*

12 *mee*. The MS. here has 'bee'.

13 *to keep such a coyle*, to make such a disturbance.

14 *iniures*, reviles.

15 *calls his hostess all to nought* (sc. good-for-nothing). Cp. Shakt. *Venus and Adonis*, 993: 'it was not she that call'd him all to naught'.

16 *ressentment*, sense, realization.

17 *capable to reclaim*. The *O.E.D.* quotes from Bp. Hall, 1634, 'capable to apprehend'.

18 *the Carmelites church*. Its site is recalled by the Rue des Carmes, SW. of the Place Maubert.

19 *out of order*, put out, agitated.

20 *swadling*, beating, cudgelling.

21 *the owner*. The cloth belonged not to the tailor but to his customer. Tailors were frequently charged with stealing part of the cloth. Cp. *Macbeth*, II. 3.

22 *hoite*, romp.

23 *the theft*, the stolen article.

24 *the place Maubert*, south of the Seine, near the rue Monge. It was here that Étienne Dolet was burnt in 1546.

25 *takes a turne*, see n. 5 above.

The Generous Lovers

1 *Mahomets sepulcher*, at Medina.

2 *beating up quarters*, disturbing or harassing an enemy (?). The *O.E.D.* has the phrase in the sense 'arouse', 'disturb' from 1670.

3 *defences*, prohibitions.

4 *stavd of*, staved off, forced to desist, as dogs at a bear-baiting.

5 *upon the place*, 'sur-le-champ', then and there. A favourite phrase of Temple's.

6 *redoubted*, feared.

7 *Moyencourt castle*. There are still remains of the castle at Moyencourt in the department of the Somme, about 52 kilometres ESE. of Amiens.

8 *assasinate*, assassination.

9 *a sudden issue*, rapid accomplishment.

10 *the King*. Probably Henry IV is meant.

11 *Prevost de l'hostel*, provost of the household—an officer of the law.

12 *the Countes of Crequy and Solt*. The house of Créqui was one of the most distinguished in France.

13 *petards*, engines charged with powder, resembling in shape a high-crowned hat, much used for breaking down gates, &c.

14 *Arria* wife of Paetus, who having first wounded herself gave her husband the poniard with the words 'Paete, non dolet'. Pliny, *Epist.* xvi. 6.

The Maids Revenge

1 *There is I thinke a tragedy of this name*. 'The Maides Revenge, a Tragedy,' by James Shirley was printed in 1639.

2 *story*, history. So lower, 'places renown'd in story'.

3 *Wee shall heer . . . was reason*. This sentence deleted. Temple had written at the side of it: 'read on and tell mee what thou thinkst.'

4 *those civill warrs*. The wars of the League, as is clear from the reference later to 'Henry the great'.

5 *the infidels*, the Turks. Sulciman made his last descent on Hungary in 1566. A truce lasted from 1568 to 1593.

6 *drole*, make sport. The *O.E.D.*'s first example is of 1654.

7 *babies*, dolls.

8 *abuses*, deceits.

9 *Tell mee Love, how hast offended?* Probably Temple's translation of a French song.

10 *all along*, at full length.

11 *discover'd*, uncovered.

12 *indifferent to her*, one who left her unconcerned. A little lower, 'shee perceiv'd hee was not indifferent to her'. Dorothy Osborne in Letter 13 of 19 Mar. 1652/3 (in my edition) says of Lady Diana Rich: 'Is it posible that she can bee indifferent [an object of no concern] to anybody.'

The use is not clearly shown in the *O.E.D.*

13 *Ch[l]orisses*. Is this a slip for 'Lucidamor's'?

14 *research*, suit, courtship, the Fr. 'recherche'. Not recognized in *O.E.D.*

15 *a picture . . . in little*, a miniature.

16 *to seeke a condition*, to seek a situation.

17 *secretary*, confidant.

18 *besides*, so well as.

19 *the end*, contrasted with 'the manner'.

20 *incarnate*, red, flesh-coloured.

21 *bodys*, now a word in the singular 'bodice'.

22 *on the place*, then and there.

23 *pinks*, stabs.

24 *whether hee would have any thing to his master*, whether he would like any message taken to his master.

The Disloyall Wife

1 *I picqued O.B.* These words, written on the MS., may have reference to the great lawyer and friend of the Osbornes, Sir Orlando Bridgeman. The *O.E.D.*'s first example of *pique*, irritate, is of 1671, but Temple has it in this story: 'picqued at her Mistress about something.'

2 *Marche Ancona*. The Marches lie between the Apennines and Ancona on the Adriatic.

3 *Cordeliers*, Franciscans or Gray Friars.

4 *Pius quintus* was Pope 1566–72. He excommunicated Queen Elizabeth in 1570.

5 *a fault in parents*. Temple's words are certainly inspired by his own experience. He was a good son and had an exceptionally kind and wise father, but the latter had done what he could to separate him from the object of his affections.

6 *sudden*, speedy. Frequent in Temple.

7 *Crude amor*. Apparently Temple gives a translation of an Italian song.

8 *composure*, nature, constitution.

9 *preferrs*, exalts.

10 *both violent and long*, in spite of the proverb 'violentum non est diuturnum'.

11 *concernments*. Dorothy Osborne, Letter 58, Feb. 1653/4, criticizing Lord Broghill's English, says 'my concerne, or of great concern, is it seems properer then concernment'.

12 *that heaven made no account of lovers oaths*. Shaks., *Romeo and Juliet*,

II. ii. 92–3: 'at lovers' perjuries, They say, Jove laughs;' Ovid, *Ars Am.* i. 633 'Iupiter ex alto periuria ridet amantum'.

13 *by*. MS. 'by by'.

14 *assasinate*, murder.

15 *along*, at full length.

16 *retir'd*, dragged away.

17 *his . . . Siniorie*, his lordship.

18 *disease them*, trouble them.

19 *meerly*, absolutely.

20 *long breathd*, long-lived, long-cherished.

21 *great*, intimate, influential.

22 *brigues*, cabals, intrigues. The *O.E.D.*'s first example is of 1701.

23 *convince*, convict.

24 *Siniorie*, Senate.

25 *to suspect it to*, to suspect her affection given to.

26 *his*. MS. 'his his'.

27 *fondness*, folly.

28 *too* perhaps should be 'so'.

29 *secretary*, confidante.

30 *retires*, withdraws, conducts.

EARLY ESSAYS

1 *apprehension*, fear.

2 *a right hand as well as a left*. Cp. n. 77.

3 *the simplest of evills*, i.e. purest, most unmixed.

4 *the most soveraine ballsome*, the most potent preservative, from the Paracelsian use of *balsamum* as a preservative essence found in all organic bodies. The *O.E.D.* quotes Donne (Sermon xxxii): 'Everything hath in it a naturall Balsamum which if any wound or hurt . . . be kept clean . . . will heal of itself.'

5 *like basilisks if the man falls not are kild themselves*. The *O.E.D.* quotes Lord Lindsay, *Chr. Art.*, i, Introd., 147: 'The abbot . . . cried "Lord, either I must die or this basilisk!" And instantly the basilisk died.' The basilisk, or king-serpent, killed by its glance.

6 *dazled*, i.e. half-blinded.

7 *upon discourse*, on grounds of reason.

8 *the declining of*, the swerving from.

9 *garb*, behaviour, fashion.

10 *repos'd*, composed.

11 *a Platonick Idea*, here=something visionary.

12 *glimps*, flash.

13 *crowds in*, forces itself in.

14 *to disease*, to disquiet.

15 *bee wholly vacant for*, be able to give his whole mind to.

16 *repos'd*, see n. 10.

17 *come to grasp*, come to close quarters, come to grips.

18 *a letter, which I would not stand with the post for*, which I would not haggle for with the post-boy.

19 *sound*, swoon.

20 *I would not have had my suspition lasted but . . . I would not have had it prov'd a truth.* Perhaps='(to have) lasted', '(to have) prov'd'.

21 *traine*, course.

22 *motions*, desires, impulses.

23 *formally* (in a logical sense) essentially, not merely accidentally. See n. 81.

24 *the same water.* Temple repeats this illustration later. See n. 82.

25 *organiz'd*, given shape, adapted.

26 *the other.* What Temple means by 'the first', 'the other', is not quite clear.

27 *reduc'd*, i.e. to its elements.

28 *men*, substituted for 'fortune' deleted.

29 The tops of pp. 5 and 6 are worm-eaten and tattered and two passages are omitted by Courtenay as illegible. I have given both, putting in square brackets words that are doubtful or quite conjectural, and am certainly not very far wrong.

30 *impertinency*, interference.

31 [*me*]*rely* (if correct), absolutely, actually.

32 *this philosophicall Tyrant.* Aristotle. Perhaps Temple inherited a little prejudice against him from his Ramist grandfather.

33 *hee knowes most who knows as much as the auncients taught us.* Courtenay thinks Temple is already expressing the view he expressed later in his Essay on *Ancient and Modern Learning*.

34 *to make truth seeme falsehood and falsehood truth.* This charge was met by Socrates in his *Apologia*, before his judges—not in the prison afterwards.

35 *when tis once in my pen can follow it but at a large distance.* Courtenay inserts 'I' before 'can'.

36 *a well man.* The *O.E.D.* under *well* adj. 5. *c.* quotes examples of this use of 'well' from Dryden (1700) and others.

37 *appearing through the perspective of hope either very distant or very small.* The *O.E.D.* quotes Buck, *Rich. III*, Ded. (1646): 'To looke at other mens actions and memory by the wrong end of the perspective.'

38 *the serpent stops one eare with its owne taile, the other with the earth.* Cp. Topsell, *Serpents* (1608), p. 57: 'That place of *Dauid Psalme.* 58. which is vulgarly read, a death [*sic*] Adder, is more truely translated *A deafe Aspe*, which when she is enchanted to auoyde the voyce of the Charmer, she stoppeth one of her eares with her taile, and the othir she holdeth harde to the earth.'

39 *hardlyest*, least easily.

40 *in this season*, probably summer.

41 *inragg'd.* The *O.E.D.* has no example of the word before 1856.

42 *as one begins to seaze another staves it of.* The metaphor from dogs bear-baiting is a little loose, as a dog would not be 'staved off' by another dog but by a man.

43 *imperfect, produced like meteors without any influence from the sunn.* J. Prideaux, *Hypomnemata*, p. 128, defines *Meteoron* as 'corpus imperfecte mixtum ex fumo seu exhalatione & vapore conflatum'.

44 *necessity*, ? [of] necessity.

45 *allwaies meant* (i.e. supposed, imagined) *there bee a difference.* Cp. *Macbeth*, III. i. 132–3: 'always thought That I require a clearness.' This absolute use of 'mean' seems not to be recorded.

46 *so forward that is so neare theire fancyes*, the seat of fancy or phantasia being the forepart of the brain.

47 *gaine so much of my selfe*, so master my disposition.

48 *Charles Stock.* Is this puzzling expression a play on 'Charles Quint'? Cp. *As You Like It*, I. ii. 263: 'That which here stands up Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.' Or does it mean 'Charles head of the family'? The Emperor Charles V is of course in question.

49 *prospective*, magic mirror, or telescope.

50 *in fin*, in fine, (a very frequent form with Temple).

51 *as the boasting Athenian* [written '*Ahenian*'] *crowed of his victoryes, in this fortune had noe part.* Professor E. Bensly kindly refers me to Plutarch's *Life of Sulla*, cap. 6, where Timotheus, son of Conon—*ἔφη ποτὲ πρὸς τὸν δῆμον, ἐπανήκων ἐκ στρατείας εὖ κεχωρηκέναι δοκούσης, "Ἀλλὰ ταύτης γε τῆς στρατείας οὐδέν, ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τῇ τύχῃ μέτεστι."*

52 *Bess Tidder.* Tidder was perhaps used without any depreciatory sense, merely = 'Tudor'. Bacon in his *History of Henry VII* represents Perkin Warbeck as referring to 'our mortal enemy Henry Tidder'.

Temple, however, evidently thought Queen Elizabeth overrated, though he deleted a sentence in which he expressed himself more openly. He probably remembered her severity to his grandfather's master, Lord Essex. The account of the Archduke Leopold which follows gives another case of a reputation gained undeservedly.

53 *Boadicea*, perhaps written 'Voadicea'. After this a sentence has been deleted.

54 *I was in Paris at that time.* Courtenay makes the date Aug. 1648; to me Jan. 1648/9 seems to fit better. See my *Letters of Dorothy Osborne*, p. xxvi.

55 *our late King.* Temple when he was in the Isle of Wight early in 1648 probably saw King Charles.

56 *when they.* The MS. reading 'when then they' is probably a slip.

57 *peinture*, painting.

58 *the pencill*, the brush.

59 *the battle of Lans* (Lens), Aug. 1648 when Leopold was routed by Condé.

60 *to shock*, to assail, oppose.

61 *whilst hee sits under line affaires are bandy'd about by the two court rackets.* Temple takes his metaphor from his favourite game, tennis. By 'under line' he seems to mean 'out of play'.

62 *his Italian capons*, Italian eunuchs in his choir.

63 *the siege of Dunkirk*. Dunkirk had been taken by Condé in 1646. No doubt there were hopes of recovering it.

64 *his hounds came to a loss*. The *O.E.D.* recognizes the phrase 'at a loss' (of hounds at fault) found just below, but has nothing corresponding to 'came to a loss'.

65 *a head*, a source.

66 *noe streams but come from the sea*, the regular doctrine. J. Prideaux, *Hypomnemata*, p. 125, speaks of the sea 'a quo fontes & flumina ducunt originem'.

67 *deriv'd*, carried.

68 *mettalls that have most pores give most sound*. J. Prideaux, *Hypomnemata*, p. 145, describes each of the seven metals in turn and says of copper: '*Cuprum* ab *ære* parum differt nisi quod ob temperamentum *porosius* observetur, & *sonantius*.'

69 *aversion from*. The *O.E.D.* has no such early example of the construction.

70 *as who*, Lat. 'ut qui'. It does not introduce a question.

71 *mens injuryes*, injuries inflicted by men.

72 *as very wind guns as any are made at Utrec*. The *O.E.D.*'s first quotation for 'wind-guns' (not till later called 'air-guns') is of 1644.

73 *I's*, Ayes.

74 *the Allmane*, High German.

75 *breaking*, bankruptcy.

76 *the closenesse of this*, the straitness of my fortune.

77 *to take the right hand as well as the left*, cp. n. 2.

78 *search*, for 'journey' written and deleted.

79 *out of tune*. Unmistakably 'tune', not 'time'.

80 *multiplying glasse*. The *O.E.D.*'s first example of the word in this sense is of 1671.

81 *formally*, see n. 23.

82 *waterworks*, see n. 24.

83 *the resolve*, the solution.

84 *sensuall diseases*, physical discomforts.

85 *luxurious*, lustful.

86 [*are*], a wormhole.

87 *recruit*, supply, renewal.

88 *a glorious personage*, a haughty magnifico.

89 *Epicures*. In his essay of 1685 *Upon the Gardens of Epicurus* Temple again refers to the injustice done to the character of the great philosopher.

90 *its*, time's.

91 *one*, a slip in writing for 'own'.

92 *complexion*, temperament. A similar picture of the distorting effect of jealousy will be found in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. III, s. III, m. ii.

93 *assignment*, assignation.

94 *easy*, indolent, careless. The *O.E.D.* quotes from Taylor's *Holy Living* 'no easie healthfull and indolent person was ever chaste'.

95 *make a conscience to*, scruple to.

96 *searching*, in the obsolete sense, 'seeking'.

97 *The Cardinal Hippolito.* Hippolyto d'Este, son of Hercules I, was born 1479 and died 1520. He had been made a cardinal at the age of 15 by Pope Alexander VI and became the patron of Ariosto. The story of his having had the eyes of his natural brother Giulio d'Este put out from reasons of jealousy, is told by Sismondi, *Hist. des républ. italiennes*, xiii, p. 326, who took it from Guicciardini VI *ad fin.* The date of the crime was 1505. Temple's following discussions deal with the history of the period and seem to have been suggested by his reading of Guicciardini or Mézeray or Paulus Jovius. He seems to agree most closely with the last.

98 *The Duke of Nemors.* Temple proceeds to discuss the Battle of Cérignoles, Cirignuola, or Cherinola, 28 April 1503, in which Louis, Duke of Nemours, the last of the Armagnacs, Viceroy of Naples for Louis XII, was routed by the Spanish commander, Gonsalvo of Cordova, 'el gran Capitan', and met his death at the age of 30. The French and Spaniards had divided the kingdom of Naples between them, Federic King of Naples had surrendered to France and his son Ferdinand to Spain. But disputes arose on the terms of partition and war broke out between the two powers. The French army was under Nemours, the Viceroy, who had under him the more experienced soldier, d'Aubigny. However, d'Aubigny was defeated on 21 April 1503 when without concerting with Nemours he threw himself on the line of a Spanish force encamped at Seminara, and a few days later surrendered. Nemours at once marched against Gonsalvo who anticipates him in seizing and fortifying Cerignuola, and the battle then took place to which Temple refers. See Guicciardini, vol. v, towards the end; Mézeray, *Histoire de France*, ii (1646), p. 303; Sismondi, xiii, p. 208. Guicciardini describes Nemours as acting rashly contrary to the advice of Alegre and others. But he is aware of the story which Temple here follows, and which is that told by Paulus Jovius in his *Life of Consalvus* (Gonsalvo). 'It seemed to Nemours, to Formante and to Ars that they should postpone battle till next day. But Ciandejo who was captain of the Swiss and l'Alegria thought they should boldly attack at once.'

99 *the Suisses Generall.* The Swiss general is called by Mézeray Chandron, by Paulus Jovius Ciandeius.

100 *which hee had done* = which he would have done.

101 *Oubenis*, Aubigny's. Paulus Jovins calls him Obegninus. He was Robert Stuart, a Scot.

102 *a barrs length . . . in the throw.* Metaphor from the sport of 'pitching the bar'.

103 *Discourse*, reason. Courtenay prints 'discerne' with a foot-note 'Sic', but must have misread the MS.

104 *'amusing to*, musing how to. See *O.E.D.*

105 *Mausolus his tombe.* The Mausoleum, the tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria (d. 353 B.C.) was one of the wonders of the ancient world.

106 *virtue is the middle of two vices.* Temple is criticizing Aristotle's doctrine of the mean, just as his grandfather had done.

107 *so*, virtue.

108 *the defect is onely*, only the defect is.

109 *knowledge*, substituted for 'apprehension', written and deleted, as 'apprehension', in the sense 'fear', is used immediately after.

110 *temper*, mixture.

111 *The brave Gonsalo.* After the battle of Cerignuola Gonsalvo took Naples 15 May 1503 and Castel Nuovo, to which the French had retired, on 11 June. The booty was immense, but some soldiers complaining of having got less than their share Gonsalvo said, 'I will repair your ill fortune; go to my house, and sack it.' Taking him at his word they pillaged his house (which was however the house of the Prince of Salerno where Gonsalvo had lodged). The story is told by Paulus Jovius in his *Vita Consalvi* (Italian trans., 1552, p. 145).

112 *these two prince[s]*. Frederic (or Federic) of Aragon, King of Naples, and his son Ferdinand. The former indignant with his cousin Ferdinand of Spain for having seized half of the kingdom of Naples for himself, escaped to France 1501, where Louis XII gave him the duchy of Anjou. He died 1504. The young Ferdinand was arrested contrary to his promise by Gonsalvo and died in Spain 1550. (Mézeray, ii. 287; Sismondi, xiii. 126.)

113 *to him*, to Alegre. After the battle of Cerignuola Alegre, says Mézeray (ii. 304), had the rearguard of his army intact and remnants of the routed vanguard and main battle. But though with this force he should have been able to stop Gonsalvo on his march to Naples or to go to the defence of Naples, 'the fear was so great that our chiefs took another course'. Alegre and the Prince of Salerno retired between Gaeta and Trayeto.

114 *discourse*, course of reasoning.

115 *in a good houre*, very well (Fr. *à la bonne heure*).

116 *entry into Naples.* See n. 111.

117 *resentment*, feeling, whether of wrong or benefit received.

118 *a wise action*—explained by the last sentence of the passage. Paulus Jovius in his *Vita Consalvi* tells how Gonsalvo left Barlete and took up a position at Cerignuola, just before he was attacked by Nemours. The march had been terribly hot and many soldiers had died of thirst. Gonsalvo gave orders that every horseman should take up a footsoldier—especially a man in armour—on his horse and himself set the example. 'Id vero aliquanto benignius & alacrius equites præstabant quod humaniore quodam exemplo ab ipso duce receptus in equi clunes signifer Germanus veheretur.'

119 *Duke Valentine.* Cæsar Borgia, second son of Rodriguez Lenzuoli of Aragon, the Pope Alexander VI, was made cardinal by his father. On the murder of his elder brother the Duke of Gandia, Caesar, though suspected of the crime, stepped into his possessions, and resigned the Cardinalate for a worldly career. Louis XII desiring to divorce his wife, made the Pope's son Duke of Valentinois. He accompanied Louis on his invasion of Italy in 1499 and carried on war and devastation with a ruthless disregard of all pledges. He was only checked when his father was fatally poisoned and he himself weakened by the same draught. Julius II had him imprisoned and

Gonsalvo delivered him to the King of Spain who confined him in the castle of Medina del Campo. After two years he escaped to his brother-in-law the King of Navarre and under him fought the Castilians till in 1507 he died of a lance-wound under the walls of Pampeluna.

120 *states being conserv'd by the same arts they are gain'd.* My friend Professor E. Bensly traces this to Sallust, *Catiline*, cap. 2, § 4 'Nam imperium facile eis artibus retinetur, quibus initio partum est.' Aided by a hint of P. Victorius who edited Sallust in 1576, Mr. Bensly found Sallust's source in Polybius, *Hist.* x. 36. 5 οὐκ ἔμαθον (sc. the Carthaginians in Spain) διότι κάλλιστα φυλάττουσι τὰς ὑπεροχὰς οἱ κάλλιστα διαμείναντες ἐπὶ τῶν αὐτῶν προαιρέσεων αἷς ἐξ ἀρχῆς κατεστήσαντο τὰς δυναστείας.

121 *Pope Alexander.* The story of the poisoning of the Pope Alexander VI and his son Cæsar Borgia is told by Mézeray, ii, p. 306; Sismonde, xiii, p. 245. After his death Sannazarius wrote five very scathing epigrams on him (*Epigram.* II). In my copy of Gryphius' 1581 edition, a pious reader has written against them 'Exp.' ('Expunge').

POEMS

Upon Mrs. Philipp's Death

1 *Mrs. Philipp's Death.* Katherine Philips, born Fowler (1631–64), wife of James Philips of the Priory, Cardigan, was known as a poetess under the name of 'The matchless Orinda'. Miss Julia Longe in her *Martha, Lady Giffard*, pp. 38–42, has published a letter from Orinda of 22 Jan. 1664, addressed by her to Mrs. Temple (Dorothy Osborne) from which it is clear that the two gifted women were drawn to one another. About the same time appeared *Poems. By the Incomparable Mrs K. P.*, London, 1664 (Imprimatur 25 Nov. 1663), with prefatory verses by Abraham Cowley and H. A. Her translation of Corneille's *Pompée* had been acted at Dublin in Feb. 1663 and printed both in Dublin and in London in the same year. She died in Fleet Street, 22 June 1664, of smallpox.

2 *tune*, Sir W.T.'s correction of his original 'mend'.

3 *A Troop of Mourners in deep Elegie.* Temple perhaps expected his poem to be one of a number of elegies written on Orinda. One elegy was published as a broadside by 'J. C.', but apparently no collection of elegies appeared.

Upon My Lady Giffard's Loory

1 *Loory*, lory. The term is applied to different birds of brilliant parrot-like plumage. The *O.E.D.*'s first example is of 1692.

2 *grideline* (*gris de lin*), flax-grey.

3 *Badeen.* In the *O.E.D.* an *adj.*=Fr. *badin*, jesting. Here *sb.* a jester, droll.

4 *monkey.* The *O.E.D.* does not recognize the word as an *adj.*

5 *pitching pyes*, query, turning somersaults? Not in *O.E.D.*

6 *flurring at*, perhaps 'making dashes at'. The *O.E.D.* defines *flur* as 'flutter, whirr'.

7 *chagrin*, a grained leather.

8 *blest*, printed with a full-stop.

9 *Artemisa's*. The name is no doubt suggested by 'Martha' (probably pronounced 'Marta').

10 *application*, assiduous study.

A description of Mother Ludwell's cave

1 'In the pleasure grounds of Moor Park, Surrey, S^r^ W^m^ Temple's Seat' (note on the MS. perhaps written by the late Mrs. F. L. Longe).

2 *hæ latebræ dulces, et si mihi credis, amœnæ*. Horace, *Epist.* I. xvi. 15: 'Hae latebrae dulces, etiam, si credis, amoenae.' In the MS. this motto precedes *A Description*, &c.

3 *Aonian*. Aonia was that part of Bœotia which contained Mount Helicon (treated in English poetry as a stream) and the fountain Aganippe.

4 *that hackney fry*. Cp. Swift, *Ode to Sir William Temple*, VII: 'as in a theatre the ignorant fry.'

5 *Crooksberry*, a hill close to Moor Park.

6 *the cloven hill*, Parnassus with its two peaks, the seat of the Muses.

7 *Pomona does Minerva's stores dispence*. If the line is sound, can it mean that Pomona is the agent of Temple, whose skill in fruit-tree lore was so well known? He chose the trees and gave them scientific culture, and Pomona then produced the apples.

8 *the meadows interlaced with silver flouds*, i.e. the Wey running through the water-meadows between Moor Park and Waverley (Sir A. H.).

9 *the frizled thickets*. Cp. Milton, *P.L.* vii. 323: 'And bush with frizzled haire implicit.' The reference is rather to the curled leaves than to their rustling sound.

10 *Philomela chirps a song*. Had the writer of these words ever heard a nightingale?

11 *the Fairy Matron's*. 'Fairy', as in 'fairy godmother', with no suggestion of diminutive size.

12 *wilder art*. Nature is here less wild than Art: no gardener could get so artistic an effect.

13 *had Virgin footsteps made impression,*
that soft and swift Camilla-like advance.

Virgil says of Camilla (*Aen.* vii. 808, 9): 'Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret Gramina; nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas.' This Swift recalls in his poem *Sir William Temple's* late *Illness and Recovery* written in December 1693: 'Time o'er the happy takes so swift a flight, | And treads so soft, so easy and so light, | That we the wretched, creeping far behind, | Can scarce th' impression of his footsteps find; | Smooth as that airy nymph so subtly born[e] | With inoffensive feet o'er standing corn.'

Were there two poets writing at Moor Park at the same time, whose minds separately recurred to Camilla? Or was Jonathan Swift the author of the 'description of Mother Ludwells cave'? He refers to the cave in his lines to Mr. Congreve of the same year 1693: 'Here by a mountain's side, a reverend cave | Gives murmuring passage to a lasting wave.' Pope's

reference to the light-footed lady in *Essay on Criticism*, ll. 372, 3 and Sir Walter Scott's in *The Lady of the Lake*, I. xviii, are familiar to most people.

14 *while even movements seem to fly a dance.* The line is difficult. I consider 'a dance' as a cognate accusative. 'Fly a dance'='dance a dance'.

15 *seats . . . of wood or stone.* These seats, the iron bowl that received the waters from the inner cavern and overflowed with them, and the oaks mentioned in the other poem on the cave, are all well seen in the print of 1785.

16 *the Cumæan den*, the cave at Cumæ where Aeneas met the Sibyl, *Aen.* vi. 42.

17 *Consider, Ludwell, what to him you owe*
who does for you the noisy court forego.

This again resembles Swift's *Ode to Sir William Temple Written at Moor-Park in June 1689*, stanza ix:

'Sing, beloved Muse! the pleasures of retreat . . .
Go, publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain!
How noble a reprisal on the great!'

Swift goes on to say that the Muse whom he invokes to leave the Thames for Moor Park at length 'softly steals in many windings down, As loth to see the hated court and town'. Sir William Temple had left Sheen for Moor Park in 1681 after his son's marriage, had returned to Sheen during the troubles of the Revolution, and finally settled at Moor Park after his son's death in 1689. Swift lived with him at Moor Park from 1689 to 1691, from Feb. 1692 to May 1694, and from May 1696 till Temple's death on 26 Jan. 1698/9.

The expression 'debauch'd by praise' in stanza xii of this Ode is again an echo of l. 72 of the poem before us: 'debauch'd by art.'

18 *a rich and gaudy silence.* Temple has not only abandoned the Court, but his pleasant retirement at Sheen.

19 *modish.* Swift speaks of 'the new modish system' in his *Ode to the Athenian Society.*

To Mother Luddwels cave & spring

1 *Luddwels.* 'Luddals' was first written, and at once, before the next word was written, expanded to 'Luddwels'. Professor Rice sends me the following quotation from a letter of Lady Giffard's to her niece, Lady Berkeley, dated 10 Oct. 1697: 'I could not helpe wishing you could have bin at Moorparke with four steps as Juno went up to Ide & have walked with me as I did first to Mother Luddals in the gravel walke and then out of it.'

In the MS. the words '13th Ode etc.' precede 'To Mother Luddwels cave & spring.'

The poem is endorsed in another hand '13th Ode of the 3rd Booke of Horace applyed to Mother Ludwell'.

POSTSCRIPT

THE SOURCE OF TEMPLE'S ROMANCES

An article by Mr. G. Hainsworth of the University of Leeds on François de Rosset and his *Histoires Tragiques*, which appeared in *The French Quarterly* of September 1930 and which I saw a few weeks later, gave me, what I had looked for at the British Museum without success, the source of Temple's stories called *A True Romance*. The stories were all adapted from a work of which the second edition appeared in 1615 with the following title: *Les Histoires tragiques de nostre temps, où sont contenues les morts funestes et lamentables de plusieurs personnes arrivées par leurs ambitions, amours dereglées, sortileges, vols, rapines, et par autres accidents divers et memorables. Composées par François de Rosset et dediées à feu monseigneur le Chevalier de Guise. Seconde edition reveuë, corrigée et augmentée par l'autheur. Au Pont. Par Antoine Brunet.* MDCXV.[1] This work contains nineteen stories, versions of true stories which had taken place within twenty or thirty years of Rosset's time,[2] the names of the actors being generally changed to avoid offence to their living representatives. 'Rosset's work is thus allied to the *roman à clef* so popular at the beginning of the seventeenth century' (Hainsworth). Many editions of the work appeared, the later ones often with new stories. All Temple's imitations are taken, however, from the earlier set of nineteen. Whether he used the edition of 1615 or some later one, such as that of 1639, one cannot say.

Temple's first story, *The Constant Desperado*, is a version of Rosset's fourth: 'Alidor Gentilhomme de Picardie, apres la mort de sa maitresse, en faict faire deux pourtraits: l'un mort, & l'autre vif & va confiner ses iours aux deserts de la Thebaide.' Rosset's historical source has not been traced.

The Generous Lovers is Rosset's sixth: 'De la constante et desesperée resolution d'un Gentilhomme, & d'une Damoiselle.' Of this Hainsworth says: it 'describes an event of the year 1608. Valérian Mussard (*Valérian*) and his mistress Jeanne Presto (*Amarille*) commit suicide rather than fall into the power of the king's men. The *Mercure françois* (1619) gave an account of this, and Claude Mallingre included it in his *Histoires tragiques* (Rouen, 1651).'

The Force of Custome is Rosset's ninth story: 'D'un Homme, qui apres avoir demeuré vingt ans aux Galeres, est recogneu par son fils: de ce qui en advint, & autres choses dignes de remarque.' Rosset explains that in this tale, contrary to his usage, he has kept the original names of the

[1] The first edition, now lost, seems to have been published in 1613.

[2] Rosset says in his fifteenth story: 'il n'y a point icy d'Histoire en ce volume, qui ne soit advenuë depuis vingt ans.' The fifteenth story goes, however, a little further back than that.

characters, their low rank in life making it unnecessary to change them. The historical source is unknown.

The Maids Revenge is Rosset's eleventh story: 'De la cruelle Vengeance exercée par une Damoiselle sur la personne du meurtrier de celui qu'elle aymoit.' The historical source not known.

The Disloyall Wife is Rosset's fifteenth: 'Flaminie dame Romaine pour espouser son amoureux fait mourir Altamont son mary, de ce qui en advint.' The story is a version of the famous one of Vittoria Accoramboni (1557–85), treated very differently by Webster in *The White Devil*. The true tale is given by Mr. F. L. Lucas, Webster's *Works*, i, pp. 71–83, by Miss Laura McCracken in *A page of forgotten history* (D. Nutt, 1911), and by J. A. Symonds in *Italian Byways* (1883), pp. 156–69. Rosset (followed by Temple) gives Vittoria the name Flaminia. This was suggested by her having a brother Flamineo (murdered with her), whose name Webster gives to another brother, Marcello. Her husband, Francesco de Peretti, becomes the brother instead of the nephew of the Cardinal and is called Altomont (the Cardinal having been historically Montalto, Webster's Monticelso). Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, Vittoria's lover, becomes, in Rosset, Saluste, in Temple, Cleanthes. Ludovico Orsini becomes, in Rosset and Temple, Timante, and is made Vittoria's lover.

Of Temple's stories, now lost (see p. 40), *The Labyrinth of Fortune* was apparently Rosset's tenth: 'Des avantures tragiques de Floridan et de Lydie' (Temple tells us he had treated this story, p. 37); *The Fate of Jealousie* probably Rosset's third: 'Le Funeste et lamentable mariage du valeureux Lyndorac, et de la belle Caliste, & des tristes accidents qui en sont procedez.' The historical sources of these stories are unknown. *The brave Duellists* is Rosset's first: 'De la mort Tragique arrivée à un Seigneur de Perse pour avoir trop legerement parlé, & de la fin lamentable de son Fils, voulant venger la mort de son Pere.' This, as Mr. Hainsworth writes, 'relates how the Baron de Luz and his son (*un seigneur de Perse*, *Clarimont*, and his son *Lucidor*), were killed in duel (January 5th and 31st 1613) by the Chevalier de Guise (*Alexandre*) . . . to whom Rosset dedicated his *Histoires*.' Temple mentions his treatment of this story (p. 35). *The incestuous paire* must be Rosset's fifth story: 'Des amours incestueuses d'un frere et d'une sœur, & de leur fin malheureuse & tragique.' The historical source not known.

Temple's departures from Rosset.

Temple is not very ingenuous when in telling of his method of composing his stories he omits all mention of Rosset. 'The names of persons are disguised', he says (p. 35), 'and sometimes of places': but this had been done by Rosset, not by himself. 'Nor had you seen them before could you know them again, their names being new as well as their faces.' If his Lady had seen the stories in Rosset, this would not have been true.[1] But while

[1] The only change of name made by Temple is the substitution of 'Cleanthes' for Saluste in *The Disloyall Wife*.

Temple follows Rosset's stories closely, he is justified in his claim to have altered 'their color garbe and fashion'.

Rosset wrote his stories when literature was still affected by the graces of Marinism. To die is with him 'to pay the tribute that one owes to the greedy Ferryman' or to have ones eyes closed by 'the Parca that seizes on all things'. A heart unacquainted with love is one 'not yet struck by the darts of that little God who presides over the happiness of human beings': 'for fear lest she commit suicide' becomes 'for fear lest she should imitate Alcyone or Porcia'. If Chlorizander is impatient for the coming of night, we are told 'Chlorizande waits for the Sun to finish his course and the night with her large sails to cover the face of the earth. He accuses Apollo's sister of sluggishness and complains that her brother travels too slowly'. It is not enough to say, as Temple does, 'our lover is up with the sun', one must begin 'Scarcely had Aurora begun to sow her lilies and her roses on the horizon—'. Rosset is fond of bringing in parallels from Roman history. If Morliere (see p. 90) sends Amaryllis' mother to plead for a surrender, it is because he remembers the effect produced in like circumstances by the mother of Coriolanus. In her last hours Amaryllis is compared, not only to Arria, but to Cleopatra. Temple will have nothing to do with this faded conventionality. Flaminia may see no way 'to fly from a paine w^{ch} I carry alwaies about mee', but there is no reference to the wounded hind which carries the barb in its side instead of seeking the herb dittany that would cure it: she may affect to lament her murdered husband, but this calls up no mention of 'crocodiles' tears'.

Again Rosset's attitude to his characters is cold and conventional: he condemns their sins from the point of view of the pulpit: it is dreadfully wicked for lovers to make a church their place of meeting, marriage, however brought about, is a holy sacrament. Temple is a great contrast. A clear-sighted thoughtful young man, reared in a Protestant country in an age of intellectual inquiry, a young man in love and deeply interested in the right of young hearts to rebel against parental and prudential control, he had a warm sympathy with Rosset's characters even in their aberrations of conduct, and when they were punished, was more ready to drop a tear than pass sentence. His strong intellect often suggested motives of action which had not occurred to Rosset, and some comments on human nature as seen by a slightly cynical observer at the age of twenty-two. One has passed from Sidney's Arcadia into the real world of Donne.

It is interesting in the light of Rosset's text to see exactly how much in our Romances is Temple's own. It is he who speaks in the opening sentences of *The Constant Desperado*, p. 41, and in the account of Alidor's country pursuits, p. 42. He turns the general into the particular in describing Callirea's charms, p. 44, not without remembrance of a particular English beauty: 'her eyes black as the night . . . her browne haire curl'd in rings.' It is he who says of his heart, p. 45, 'well tis gone . . . roome of it', and, p. 46, bot., 'tis in vaine . . . things' and p. 48, 'a chamber . . . neere her' and 'in a lovers minde . . . motion.' He rewrites the letter, pp. 50, 51, the passage in italics (p. 53) is chiefly his, and he adds, lower, 'knowing . . .

any harme'. It is Temple who writes of Callirea's death, pp. 55, 56, 'in fine death... in the earth', and lower on p. 56, of Alidor's grief, 'his soule... employment', and of his heart, 'the onely . . . found'. He expands the account of Alidor's anguish in the church, p. 58. The final words of the paragraph, p. 61, 'as if they . . . *overwhelm'd*' are his as well as those, p. 63 top, 'but *alas* . . . another', and the last clause of the first paragraph on p. 64. He expands the addresses to the portraits, pp. 64–6, and on p. 66 adds, 'but alas... dinner'. The words 'or a country', lower in the page, are a characteristic addition. At the end of the story, p. 67, he transfers a prayer for the dead ('Dieu veuille', &c.) to Alidor's friends, and so saves his Protestantism. The following passage is of course his own.

The introduction to *The Force of Custome* from the second sentence is almost wholly Temple's and resembles his Essays. On p. 71 he introduces new motives, 'some out of kindness . . . christians'. The last sentence of the paragraph and the clause 'unless . . . fellow' are Temple's. So the cynical sentence, 'whate're . . . any body else', and the words, p. 72 top, 'a question . . . answering true'. So the humorous turn, p. 73 mid., 'though hee . . . comes', the words, p. 76, 'and his father . . . alike ill', those on p. 77 top, 'much better . . . humor', and, p. 79 top, 'without doubt . . . night' ('il l'eust sans doute mal accommodée'). He rewrites the fight of the two husbands, p. 79, and adds the humorous sentences, 'the woman . . . abler man'. The passage '30 as one . . . part with' is chiefly Temple's, and he adds the last sentence on the page. On p. 80 he interpolates 'as if to marry . . . beggars'. The end of the tale from p. 81 top, 'hee comes to the gallows', is all Temple's and much like his Essays.

The whole of the introduction of *The Generous Lovers* is Temple's. One may, perhaps, see a reference to war-heroes at home in the interpolated words, p. 84, 'for they are but withered lawrels w^{ch} are gathered from such victorys as are losses to our country'. He develops Valeran's character, pp. 84, 85, 'not easily . . . customes'. He adds the last clause of this paragraph. He suggests a new motive, p. 86, 'or that his love . . . preserve it'. He adds, on p. 88, 'and gives many . . . eyes', 'as indeed . . . world', 'and for my name . . . memory'. On p. 89 he adds the last sentence of the paragraph. On p. 90 he expands the account of Amaryllis' mother. He adds, on p. 92, 'since hee can . . . to Paris', and increases our sympathy with Valeran by his account of the servants 'who with tears . . . *himselfe*'.

The opening of *The Maids Revenge* is again Temple's, and he gives a turn of his own to his account of 'those civill warrs w^{ch} religion had kindled . . . all *Christendome* over', p. 94 bot. He credits Adraste with a resolution which was, perhaps, his own, 'and there injoy . . . abroad', p. 95 top. It was, perhaps, from his own experience that he inserted the words: 'after the making . . . putt him upon.' He introduces a conceit when he says that Fleuria's beauty 'seemd . . . a piece'. He vents his cynicism on schoolmasters 'who commonly . . . the best'. On p. 96 he humorously expands Rosset's dry statement ('plusieurs composoient des vers') 'one whining in poetry', &c. He adds the words 'thinking the pleasantnesse . . . to it'. The passage that follows, pp. 96, 97, is mostly Temple's. He

adds a conceit on p. 98, 'as servd . . . the brooke'. He is responsible for Lucidamor's soliloquy, p. 99, and for the account of Fleuria's state, pp. 99, 100. He heightens Fleuria's perfections, p. 101, 'though twas . . . herself', and 'hee began to quarrel . . . a face'. He says of the murdered Lucidamor, p. 103, 'happy onely . . . done', adds the clause on Rumour 'w^ch allwaies . . . dispatches', and describes the grief of Fleuria 'how shee tears . . . ghest'. It is interesting to see that he had no French source for the clause 'as if shee knocked there . . . no'—words which inevitably recall Shakespeare. On p. 105 he gives a motive for Mobrun's conduct, 'stung with . . . *Master*', and on p. 106 top, one for the valet's approaching Fleuria, 'who hee knew . . . intirely hers'. The terse clause at the end of the first paragraph of p. 108 is Temple's, as are the words just below, 'after many . . . obtaine'. He rewrites Fleuria's speech, p. 108, and the murder scene, pp. 109, 110. He adds the significant words, p. 111, 'she ask'd him whether he would have any thing to his *master*'. He rewrites the letter, pp. 111, 112, where Rosset says 'escrit sommairement la trahi. . . . vengeance'.

The Disloyall Wife starts without an introduction. Temple, p. 114, glosses 'without reproach' with the words 'w^ch is the first degree of praise', and adds some touches to the character of Altomont, 'a quiett . . . passions'. He enlarges, p. 115, on the topic of children and parents, '*for besides . . . our hands*', words dictated no doubt by his own experience, as are those on p. 116 top, 'unlikely to bee . . . designs', and, lower, 'all things . . . the play'. The passage, pp. 116, 117, 'Poor *Cleanthes* . . . new *amours*', has been expanded, and we may wonder if the words rest on some imagined experience (cp. p. 67 bot.). On p. 119 it is Temple who tells us that Cleanthes 'kissed the letter a thousand times over', and adds, 'his ioyes . . . *of pain*'. He omits a tirade against desecrating churches by assignations, and speaks of 'the subiect of their discourses' without specifying it as 'leurs sales amours'. He adds a last sentence to the paragraph, p. 120, not very respectful to religion, and intensifies the love-story 'as the murmuring . . . heer'. He says nothing of the lover's violation of the Sacrament of Marriage. The trend of his sympathy is seen more clearly in what he writes of Altomont, pp. 120, 121, 'Altomont is . . . *to some other*'. He inserts, p. 121, '*Altomonts* . . . *baude* and adds a motive for the maid's conduct, 'naturally . . . her spleen'. He philosophizes on Altomont's reception of the news, p. 122, '*Altomont* easily . . . of a block' (cp. *Essays*, pp. 151, 160). He gives the story a different turn by putting the whole blame on the parents, 'had not her friends . . . perfections'. On p. 123 he gives another of his observations on human nature, 'w^ch were not . . . *intended others*'. The last words of the paragraph, p. 124, are a cynical touch, and the words in italics contain a philosophical observation equally characteristic. He adds to the death-picture, p. 125, 'whose little . . . about him'. The italicized words, p. 127, are chiefly Temple's, he adds the parenthesis 'swords . . . kill', and to Cleanthes' speech 'any farther . . . ambitious of'. On p. 129 top, he comments, 'a iust . . . executioner'. He adds to the story of the marriage, 'some arguing . . . guilt', and the italicized words on death are, of course,

his. His anti-ecclesiastical bias is seen, p. 130 top, 'by the successfull . . . heaven' where Rosset, perhaps without irony, has 'par l'inspiration du S. Esprit et par l'entremise de ce grand Cardinal Farnese'. He adds to the Pope's speech, p. 130 bot., 'yet I wonder . . . beleefe', and expresses Flaminia's distrust of Popes, 'knowing . . . *themselvs*' (p. 131). His English delicacy turns Rosset's 'dans l'estomach' into 'in the breast', p. 134 bot. He supplies motives, p. 135 bot., 'It is uncertain . . . his reason', and, p. 136 top, 'unwilling . . . prevaile'.

Verse in the stories.

Until one was acquainted with Temple's source, one was at a loss to know whether the scraps of verse introduced into his Romances were original compositions or were translations of verses found either in the original story or elsewhere. We now see that they were all at least suggested by Rosset's text.

Fatyme's mournful ditty (p. 47) 'that a good witt of that time had lately compos'd in a fitt of despaire' began in French:

> Aupres les beaux yeux de Phylis
> Mouroit l'amoureux Calliante,
> Heureux en sa fin violente
> De ses iours si tost accomplis.

On p. 49 Temple spares us a sonnet which Alidor composed in the night.

On p. 93 the concluding couplet is Temple's version of what in Rosset is in prose: 'Tien, dict elle, Pœtus, ie meurs, il ne me faict point de mal. Le seul regret que ie puis avoir, est de te voir forcé d'en faire autant.'

Fleuria's song, p. 97, is a neat version of eight heavy lines in French:

> Avant que ie m'engage à ce Dieu des Amours,
> De qui la tyrannie est par tout si cogneuë,
> Ie prie aux immortels qu'ils retranchent mes iours,
> Et qu'ils couvrent mes yeux d'une eternelle nuë.
> Ie despite ses traicts, mon cœur est un rocher
> Aussi dur pour ses coups comme il est insensible,
> Il a beau contre moy ses flesches descocher,
> Il trouvera tousiours que ie suis invincible.

The prose epitaph of Fleuria and Lucidamor (p. 113) departs widely from the verse of the original:

> Cy gisent deux Amants, dont le cruel destin
> Trancha les plus beaux iours au poinct de leur matin:
> L'un mourut par la main de la ialouse envie,
> L'amante desolée ayant vengé sa mort
> Se priva puis apres elle mesme de vie,
> Pour monstrer qu'ils n'avoyent tous deux qu'un mesme sort.

Flaminia's song, 'of her owne composing' (p. 117), appears in Rosset with the following introduction: 'ces vers qu'elle mesme avoit composez en sa langue Italienne. Un mien amy me les donna à Rome. Ils com-

mencent ainsi, *Crude Amour*. Ie les ay traduicts mot à mot, en ceste sorte, sans y adjouster ny diminuer.'

Cruel Amour cesse de me poursuivre:
Ne vois-tu pas que mon cœur est a toy,
Et que plutost ie cesseray de vivre
Que de changer de constance et de foy?
Ie ne m'en puis, ny ne m'en veux distraire:
Amour a sceu nos cœurs trop bien lier,
Quoy que le Ciel me soit tousiours contraire,
Ie ne sçaurois son merite oublier.

Temple's Gallicisms.

It is interesting to see how Temple's 'Gallicisms' often arose directly out of the language he was translating, and this suggests the wider question of the influence of translated books on the ordinary literary vocabulary. The word used by the translator may or may not be entirely new to his own language, but, even if not so, its use by him may tend to strengthen its position against forces that would otherwise have caused it to disappear.

Thus, p. 45, 'to defend you her sight' (de vous defendre sa veuë).

p. 46. 'she prepares a collation' (fait preparer la collation).

p. 47. 'abusing a man who . . . knows the course of the markett' (abuser un homme qui entend le cours du marché).

p. 48. 'having given L. . . . the goodnight' (donné le bon soir).

p. 51. 'this Gentleman parts' (Ce Gentil-homme part),
'shee advertises Callirea' (elle en advertit Callirée).

p. 53. 'the whole successe' (tout le succez).

p. 54. 'recompense all the traverses' (le recompensera . . . de tant de traverses),
'hee gives Fatyme a part of the letter' (Il communique la lettre a Fatyme. The phrase 'faire part' is in Temple's head).

p. 56. 'to divert some part of those resentments' (soulagement au mal qu'il ressentoit).

p. 57. 'wash'd over her tomb with my tears' (arrousé de mes larmes son tombeau).

p. 60. 'while his equipage was preparing' (comme son equipage se preparoit).

p. 62. 'to confine the rest of my dayes to the desarts' (confiner mes iours aux deserts).

p. 71. 'among . . . presents in favor of this marriage' (dons conferez en faveur de ce mariage).

p. 75. 'if he came to break his head . . . about that business' (s'il luy venoit plus rompre la teste de ceste affaire).

p. 76. 'a letter of favor' (la lettre de faveur),
'he iniures his host' (il iniuria l'hoste).

p. 87. 'having summoned his obedience' (l'avoir sommé d'obeir).

p. 89. 'whether by his holy remonstraunces hee can range him again to his duty' (par ses sainctes remontrances, de le ranger au devoir).

p. 95. 'gentilesses' (gentillesses).

p. 96 (and p. 120). 'house of pleasure' (maison de plaisance).

p. 101. 'Lucidamors research' (a little later, la recherche que Lucidamor faisoit de Fleurie).

p. 106. 'the secretary of her amours' (le secretaire de leurs chastes affections).

p. 107. 'his compagnon' (compagnon).

p. 109. 'an incarnate sattin petticoate' (de satin incarnat).

p. 120. 'doore that answer'd . . . to a garden' (porte qui respondoit à un jardin).

p. 130. 'there wants . . . no brigues' (Il y avoit tant de brigues).

Temple's possible misunderstandings of the French text.

Temple's knowledge of French was generally adequate to his purpose, and where he departs from Rosset it is generally with intention. The French text suggests, however, that on p. 46 bot. 'one anothers' should be 'one another'. On p. 54 top, 'to bringe him news' corresponds to 'pour y porter de ses nouvelles'. On p. 58, towards bot., 'Next morning' seems a misunderstanding of the story. On p. 72 bot., 'informd' should probably be 'informe'. On p. 74 mid., 'to get out' should probably be 'to get me out' ('pour le tirer'). The most serious case, apparently due to a misunderstanding, is in *The Generous Lovers*, where in the French version Amaryllis' little daughter is at first in Moyencourt with her, as well as a lackey. Temple forgets the child, whom he had mentioned on p. 86, and makes Valeran ask Morliere 'to receive two servants into your grace who are presently to lose both their *Master* and *Mistress*' ('une miserable fille & un petit laquais qui seront bien tost privez, l'une de pere & de mere, & l'autre de maistre & de maistresse').

ADDENDA

p. 132. *sear'd on*, read 'seaz'd on'.

p. 198. *The Maids Revenge*, note 13. 'Chlorisses' importunity' is made intelligible by what Rosset tells us, that Chloris alone knew Lucidamor's identity and signified it to Fleuria, at whose request he removed his mask.

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